

TIM HARINGTON LOOKS BACK



GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARRINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.F.

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Chapter I

EARLY DAYS. SCHOOL AND SANDHURST

I HAVE only written one book and that was the *Life* of my old beloved Chief, Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, to whom I was Chief of Staff in the Great War, and I certainly had no intention of ever writing another. I have, however, recently retired from the Army after a long and happy innings of forty-seven years, and as, during that time, I have had rather a unique experience, I have agreed, at the request of many friends, to write this account of it. These memoirs contain no literary skill; they are merely the honest memories of a long and interesting life.

I suppose all "Memoirs" start from one's earliest recollections. I was born at Oaklands, Chichester, on 31st May, 1872 and, although I left there at the age of four, I have always remembered seeing a soldier in a red coat from my nursery window.

When I was C.-in-C. at Aldershot sixty years afterwards, I happened to be at Chichester on a Staff Exercise, and I called at the old house and asked if I might go over it; I found my old nursery window with the same old bars. My red-coated soldier must have been a recruit from the Royal Sussex Depot.

My name was originally Poë, a family well known in Ireland in past years. My father, who died forty years ago during the South African War, had spent the greater part of his life as an indigo planter in Behar, in the good days of indigo when the sportsmanship, generosity and hospitality of the planters was unsurpassed.

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When I was four years old my father took his mother's name of Harington, and that is why I have the latter both as a Christian and as a surname. It is somewhat embarrassing at city dinners and public occasions when the announcer will have both.

After attending a private school, I was sent, in 1880, to Gresson's School at West Mansion, Worthing. Frank Gresson—who was in the Oxford XI and played for Sussex and who until quite recently has kept on the school (then at The Grange, Crowborough), was the head boy, and his father was the headmaster. I remember Gresson's School principally for two things. The first is that I swam across the baths unaided the first time I was ever put into the water; I always think that this gave me my love of swimming. In later years I did a lot of long-distance swimming, including the swimming of the Bosphorus from Europe to Asia and back. The second thing I remember is the start of my cricket, which has meant so much to me through life. I can see the cricket master now, pegging down my right foot in a net so that I could not run away from fast bowling. I have often thought how much I owed to that man.

Whilst at Gresson's, I was sent in for a Mathematical Scholarship at Harrow. At the end of the first day's examinations the names of those not required to attend on the second day were announced. I have a lively recollection that my name was one of the first to be read out!

From Gresson's I went, in 1886, to Cheltenham, where I had a very happy time. Dr. Kynaston was the headmaster. He was succeeded by Dr. James.

I remember those days principally for cricket and racquets. I was in the eleven of 1890 and used to go in first with Claude Champain. We put up 100 for the first wicket against Clifton, and I got a good score against Marlborough, only to be reminded a few years ago by Dr. Alington, when headmaster of Eton, that he, then in the Marlborough XI,

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missed me in the slips before I had scored. God bless him for it!

Marlborough had a player called Shorland, who had a sister at the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, so, on the second morning of the match before play began, the other twenty-one players accompanied Shorland to see his sister at the Ladies' College. The headmistress was the famous Miss Beale, who will always be remembered for what she did for that college. She was known to be "severe". We rang the bell, little knowing what was going to happen. Shorland told the maid that he had come to see his sister, and had brought a few friends! Miss Beale came to the front door and saw us all in our flannels and college blazers, and she took no time to make a firm decision. Without a moment's hesitation she said: "Mr. Shorland, I shall be pleased to allow you to see your sister, but I will admit none of your friends!" and, quite rightly, she shut the door on us!

When I was at Cheltenham College we won both the Ashburton Shield at Bisley and the Public Schools Gymnastics. Needless to say I had nothing to do with either. My only part was to help drag the winners up from the station in some very old-fashioned carriages. One of my greatest friends was Reymond de Montmorency, the famous golfer, who died recently; he was a master at Eton for many years.

As I write on Cheltenham, all sorts of stories come back to memory, none of them very edifying. Two of them have to do with hymns. In my time there was a junior master named Chalice, and we used to wait for the verse in "The King of Love my Shepherd is" which mentions "Thy pure Chalice floweth," to yell out "Chalice" with such force that the hymn had to be stopped. In a certain match versus Marlborough two of the Marlborough XI were named Wood and Stone, who had both, I think, made a century against us on the previous day. Whether the hymn which contains "Bow down to Wood and Stone" was chosen

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purposely I shall never know, but we were quick enough to spot it and, with both elevens in the Chapel at the time, we did not forget either Wood or Stone!

When I first went to Cheltenham I passed into a class under a master who had started to grow a beard that term. After a few weeks we all sent him a razor and got 500 lines for doing so, but no doubt it was worth it!

Those were the very early days of *Tit-Bits* and other papers starting prizes for Beauty Competitions. One of the masters had recently married a very pretty wife and he had sent in her photograph and got third prize. We each attended class the next day with a copy of *Tit-bits* and each got 1,000 lines. Again I suppose it was worth it!

One day a horrible order came out that if one was going up for Woolwich or Sandhurst that year one could not play for the eleven. It was a terrible blow, but I got round it, thanks to the real kindness of certain masters, who took me in extra work of various kinds at all sorts of odd hours from 7 a.m. onwards, in order that I might play for the eleven. I was then in the Army Class under an old cricketer, the Rev. Hattersley Smith, known to all as "Hatter." I think it was the only time he had the Army Class. The exam for Sandhurst took place. I was sent up for a trial run as I had some more chances. The results came out the day we were playing the M.C.C. at Lord's. I had seen the list but I only looked at the second half, and I went to Lord's to be greeted with all sorts of congratulations. Apparently I had passed in 20th (I passed out 120th), and I had never known it. I found out afterwards that there was another "Harington" up from Wellington; I think I must have got most of his marks. I am sure the "Hatter" was equally surprised. As far as I can remember he was on the selection board of the M.C.C.; anyhow I was then and there proposed as a playing member of the M.C.C., and I actually joined my regiment in January, 1892, as a member of the M.C.C., tie and all—a proud moment.

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I have many other happy recollections of Cheltenham College, and especially of "Woofie", the old Gloucestershire professional, and College coach. I have met so many old Cheltonians throughout the world. I am very proud to be a member of the College Council and I take the greatest interest in the old school. I also have the honour to be a Governor of Wellington College.

I went back to Cheltenham last year on Speech Day. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucester, gave away the prizes, and the Duchess opened the thirteen magnificent new class-rooms presented by the Old Cheltonian Society as part of our centenary celebrations. It happened that there are thirteen Cheltonians, past and present, who have won the Victoria Cross and so it has been decided to call each class-room after one of them.

I enjoyed seeing the old College again, and visiting my old haunts, and I watched the cricket against the old Cheltonians, the match I had played in forty-nine years before.

I attended the Old Cheltonian Dinner and met many old friends. One of them, the holder of a V.C., sat next to me at dinner and asked me what they had taught me at Cheltenham. I replied that they had got me into Sandhurst somehow. But what I hope and believe is that they taught me the true meaning of "Loyalty" and "Unselfish Service", and I venture to think that it was his own loyalty to his gallant little Gurkhas which helped him through the heroic action that earned him the coveted V.C.

This officer, Major-General Neame, V.C., is now holding a high position as D.C.I.G.S., and we are also proud that General Sir John Dill, who commanded the 1st Corps in the B.E.F., is now C.I.G.S. We have many old Cheltonians holding high positions in the war.

Next morning, Sunday, there was a beautiful service in the College Chapel which was packed with boys and their parents. The sermon was preached by the Dean of Hereford,

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who as Canon Waterfield was Principal of the College for twenty years. He preached on "Memories"; and a more beautiful and moving sermon I have never heard. I tried to picture his "Memories" of the old College. He had seen the laying of every brick of the Chapel, which was built to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary and was opened in 1893. As he pointed out, not a boy he was addressing was born when he left the College twenty years ago. He was there during both the South African War and the Great War. The memorials in the Chapel are all erected to those whom he called "The Boys". The memorial to our 670 Old Cheltonians who gave their lives in the Great War is at the entrance to the Chapel. We of the older generation had known those men and are truly proud of them.

Though, as the Dean said, it might be possible for the younger generation to-day to ask, with some reason, what they had to remember except that the older ones had left the world in a worse state than before, the lives and services rendered by these Old Cheltonians to their King and Country could not fail to be an inspiration to those whom he was addressing.

I looked down from my Council stall on those youngsters with the world before them, and on the proud but anxious faces of the parents about to see their sons launched on this troubled world and, as we sang that beautiful poem "England", I knew that those grand lads, and their fellows in our other great schools, would spare no effort to keep our Empire great, and ever foremost in upholding Peace, Justice and Duty. That was in June, 1939. One little thought then that we were within three months of the storm breaking and that those young lads were going to start their careers amidst the horrors of war.

The war hit our College very hard. In the depths of secrecy, known only to our President, Lord Lee of Fareham, and to the headmaster, the Office of Works seized the College.

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But the Office of Works addressed this carefully guarded super secret document to the late headmaster, Mr. Pike, who had very unfortunately died several months before, and it was opened by his widow! So typical of our Government Departments. At the time of writing, several months after the outbreak of war, no Government officials from Whitehall had occupied the College. All our Houses were empty and the only thing that has happened is that all sorts of things had been stored in our Chapel. The College was transferred to Shrewsbury where it enjoyed the help and hospitality of our late headmaster—Mr. Hardy. The Governors protested strongly against this treatment of a school which has given of its best to the Army, and at long last the College returned to Cheltenham at the commencement of the Summer Term (1940).

The College, naturally, suffered severely from this upheaval both financially and in numbers. A new headmaster, Mr. Elliot-Smith from Harrow, to whom we wish every success in the task which he has undertaken, has recently been appointed. I am glad to note that central feeding has recently been introduced which will effect a great improvement and economy. We note with regret that Lord Lee of Fareham has, for reasons of health, been forced to resign the Presidency of the Council after twenty-two years. He has been succeeded by Dr. Allen, Bishop of Dorchester.

In September, 1890, I went to Sandhurst. Colonel (afterwards General Sir Henry) Clive was the Commandant. He was a Grenadier Guardsman and afterwards Colonel of The King's Regiment, the position which I now have the honour to hold.

I enjoyed my time at Sandhurst, in what was then "F" Company, commanded by Major Kenney Herbert. David Henderson, Spens, MacBean, Cooper-Key and Wynyard were amongst the instructors. I was in the cricket eleven and had quite a good season. I played lots of racquets and

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learnt a lot from Spens and Cooper-Key. I rose to be a sergeant, which led to my only conversation with H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge. He was inspecting the College and came to "F" Company of which I was Right Guide. The right-hand man was A. T. Morse, who afterwards went into the Inniskilling Dragoons and was, I think, the tallest man in the Army. H.R.H. said to him: "How tall are you?" and he replied: "Six feet eight," or whatever he was; there-upon H.R.H. turned to me and said: "Makes you look very small, doesn't it?" Nothing to what I felt, which was smaller than the man, in Bateman's picture, going to interview an important person in the War Office and getting smaller and smaller as he was passed from room to room.

I remember very well being in charge of a squad of cadets left in for the final of the cup given for building barrel-pier rafts on the lake. My squad did splendidly and we completed the raft on land well ahead of the rival squad. Unfortunately, when the examiners came to inspect the raft and ordered it to be turned on its side for examination, every single barrel fell out!

Anyhow we beat the Shop at cricket that year, and I got five wickets in the last innings, much to my surprise.

Another thing I remember is making a ninety-one break at billiards and when I went back as an instructor years afterwards an old servant came up and told me he had marked that break. It was always one of my ambitions in life to make 100 break, and I never accomplished it until I was Governor of Gibraltar.

Chapter II

REGIMENTAL LIFE IN THE KING'S REGIMENT

AFTER leaving Sandhurst I was gazetted, on 7th January, 1892, to The King's Regiment, of which I am now Colonel. I went out to join at Aden in one of the old troopships, the *Serapis*. We had a terribly rough journey through the Bay of Biscay. Two or three men were killed, and some boats were washed away. There were a lot of us going out to join. There were no cabins, we only had hammocks in what was known as the Pandemonium. I joined at Aden the very day it appeared on the tape, or whatever you got the news on in those days, that Tim Harrington, another Irish blackguard, had got two years' imprisonment! I have been called "Tim" ever since that day!

I enjoyed my time in Aden. Everything was new and I had never been East before. I got a lot of racquets and swimming. I got unpleasantly near a shark at the Crater; I have never swum as fast for the shore before or since, and never been so thankful to reach it. Since those days they have built special bathing places protected from sharks. One day, from the club verandah at Steamer Point, I saw a native fisherman anchor his boat and begin to wade ashore with the water never above his waist. A shark got him and tore off both his legs.

Another incident at Aden I remember well—my first company training. I, a very frightened second lieutenant, had to instruct the men of my company how to load a camel. This was the first camel I had ever seen outside the Zoo. All

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the men were old soldiers and knew all about camels. I had learnt it all up, as I thought, out of some manual on loading camels and other forms of pack transport. The camel was duly loaded as I hoped, when of course the Commanding Officer appeared round the corner with my Company Commander to watch the result of my instruction. The crucial moment arrived and I gave the order for the camel to get up. It did. Every single thing that had been loaded on it fell off in all directions. Everybody, including the C.O., enjoyed it except me, but the worst part of it all was that the camel enjoyed it too, and tried to bite me to finish off with. I have disliked camels ever since.

Whilst at Aden many officers enjoyed good sport in Somaliland. Our senior subaltern, Lieutenant Stewart, was unfortunately mauled by a lion, but recovered. I shall always recollect his rifle which was twisted just like a bit of wire.

A very short-sighted major once got an elephant; this always amused us, except that for years afterwards we had to cart the elephant's head about, and no mess wall would ever hold it. Later, when we got to Belfast *en route* for Holywood, we heard that this head had fallen into the harbour; unfortunately it was retrieved!

In November, 1893, we left Aden for England in the *Serapis*. When we embarked, the passengers were somewhat alarmed at hearing that we were embarking a lion also. It was the dearest little lion cub belonging to Major Campbell, my Company Commander. It used to play on the deck and was like a big, playful kitten. At Manchester it used to come and jump on my bed every morning; it also tore up most of my shirts! Unfortunately the cub grew, and soldier servants fed it too kindly; it became dangerous, so it was given to the Manchester Zoological Gardens where it subsequently died of pneumonia.

At Manchester we were quartered in Salford Barracks. It

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was a cold place to come to after the heat of Aden, and many men were soon down with fever and ague.

We spent two and a half happy years there, and we had much good cricket at Old Trafford and at the Western at Eccles. I played a lot at Liverpool, and I went on a most enjoyable school tour with Liverpool Club and Ground, mostly Steels and Hornbys playing against Cheltenham, Clifton and Marlborough. I also played racquets and billiards for Manchester against Liverpool.

When Queen Victoria opened the Manchester Ship Canal, I carried the Queen's Colour on the Guard of Honour. I had been warned to lower the Colour very slowly for fear of frightening the general's horse on the cobble stones. Whether, being young, I lowered too quickly I do not know; nothing happened to the General, but an unfortunate policeman fell on his head, and the Queen enquired after him before leaving her carriage at the Town Hall. The Queen made several visits before taking her departure from the Central Station. Our Guard of Honour had to be at each place and we spent the day doubling down all the back streets, in our red tunics, trying to be at the next place in time!

At Manchester we were well placed for the Grand National in 1893 and 1894. Our depot was then at Warrington, and we had a coach in an enclosure opposite the Grand Stand. I shall always remember Cloister winning the National in 1893. We had, at that time, several officers interested in racing. On the Sunday previous to the Lincolnshire and National, another officer, Durham Plomer, and I were sent to return a call which had been made on the mess by a Mr. Platt, the owner of Wolf's Crag. When we returned in the evening, we were asked what Mr. Platt thought would win the Lincolnshire, and we said: "Wolf's Crag." We were roundly abused for being so useless; of course he would say his own horse! That night several officers were making double-event bets, such as two Ms, Mina and Midshipmite, and two Ps,

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Primer and Prisoner, etc. Plomer and I, perhaps with more vulgar minds, selected W.C., Wolf's Crag and Cloister, and as Cloister cleared that last fence at Aintree we were very happy, and each richer by £80, but not too popular with our brother officers!

I never think of Manchester without recollecting one day when the C.O. came in to lunch, very cross, and said: "Who cut the ham?" to which I replied: "I did, sir." All he said was: "Pay for a new one," and I had to! I have never started a ham since!

Soon after we left Manchester, it ceased to be a military station; this was just as well, as there was no ground for training. In our time it had one cavalry regiment and one infantry battalion. In recent years I have twice visited Manchester to attend Test Matches. In 1938 it rained all four days of the match with Australia (and in 1939 one day was completely ruined).

From Manchester we moved to Colchester, in 1895. I remember Colchester chiefly for the amount of games I both played and ran there. Cricket, rugby, association, tennis, racquets, hockey, etc. I think I must have done very little soldiering. I had some very kind officers. I think I only went on parade about twice a year, for the Birthday Parade and General's Inspection!

We had some delightful cricket all round that part in those days, and I recall such happy games at Woolverstone Park with the Berners, and at Bawdsey Manor with the Quilters, and at Felixstowe.

I suppose it is the ambition of every cricketer to make three centuries running, or was in those days. Nowadays they aim, like Bradman, at making seven. I was playing a week's cricket at Felixstowe, and I declared an innings closed when I had made 87 not out, and in the two following innings I got 108 and 118. I have been kicking myself ever since for that.

The Garrison Ground at Colchester on the Abbey Fields,

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of which I was honorary secretary, had the most dangerous wicket in the world; old ginger-beer bottles used to work up through it. We got up a burlesque to raise funds, and it ran for a week. I was dressed as a Turkish soldier in the chorus, and on the last night I jumped off the stage into the stage box and hit an iron seat. I have had scars on my shins ever since. I was also call-boy, and whenever the leading lady got cross, which she did at times, my job was to give her a bottle of stout!

I never think of Colchester Garrison Cricket without recalling a match against Essex Club and Ground at Leyton. The local paper recorded the fact that Harington, Denham and, I think, Potter had "failed to make any impression on the ball". Kortright, who was then the fastest bowler in England, had bowled each of us first ball with his express yorker!

In those days we lived in wooden huts—it was before the barracks were built—and fires were fairly frequent. One Sunday night I was having supper with a married officer and his wife, when I heard the fire alarm; I was acting as Adjutant at the time. As I ran past the quarter guard the sergeant said: "It's all right, sir; it's only Mr. Robinson's hut!" I said: "Good God, it's mine too!" and when I reached the hut I found that I had nothing left in the world except a dressing-gown and a cricket bat! They were in the entrance passage. Then a curious thing happened. I had never before been insured in my life, but I was in charge of the mess at the time and, when I was insuring the mess, I remember the insurance office representative saying that I ought to insure my own things as it would only cost a few shillings; so I did. But that night I had a horrible feeling that I had received a notice a short time before saying that my premium was overdue, and that in case of fire I would get nothing. The keys of the mess safe, locked up in my chest of drawers, were amongst the burning ruins. Suddenly, a man in a brown uniform, with

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"Essex and Suffolk Fire Insurance" round his hat, appeared and was most friendly and sympathetic. I then made the first big decision of my life. I thought that perhaps he might not know, on a Sunday night with his office closed, that I had not paid that premium, so I instantly took him into the mess hut and showered port on to him and got my brother subalterns to do the same. He was quite ready to mark me up as "paid", whatever the premium, which I think was only five shillings. I thought that I had done really well. Soon after he had gone, my faithful servant, McGrath, appeared, black and bedraggled, straight off the ruins, with the keys of the mess safe. How thankful I was, but the real shock was to come. When we opened the safe I found that both the mess and I were insured with the "Phoenix" and not with the "Essex and Suffolk" at all! The wrong man had had the port! Another quick decision had to be made; I had to find the Phoenix agent, and I did. He was in bed, but he came down and told me not to worry; he would mark me up as paid. So good were the "Phoenix Company" to me, an overdrawn second-lieutenant, that they paid my claim in full and gave me a certificate to say it was exclusive of my uniform, and I got another £108 out of the Government for that. That was forty-three years ago; I have insured with the "Phoenix" ever since; that sort of kindness to a youngster is not forgotten. I stayed that night with my future wife's people. Her father, Brigadier-General Grattan, was then a major in The King's Regiment. My wife was under ten years of age, but she remembers that fire very well.

Here is another story of Colchester days. We had a major whose leg it was very easy to pull and who was not very "quick on the uptake". One evening, some of us subalterns pretended to be terribly interested in the news that there was to be a total eclipse of the moon that night, and that one of the very few places in England from which it would be visible was the top of the Racquet Court in our lines. Actually I

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think the nearest place from which it was really to be seen was 100 miles north of Norway or Sweden. Our major was interested; he heard us all sending dummy messages to our servants to tell them to call us at 2.45 a.m., and he duly warned his own servant, who called him at the appointed hour. It is a true fact that he got up and went down to the Racquet Court at 3 a.m.; it was, of course, locked up as usual. He was furious at breakfast and I think he always suspected me!

From Colchester we went up to London to line the streets for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. I carried the Queen's Colour on that occasion also. I remember we had breakfast in the Tower Ditch. We left Colchester at 3.30 a.m. by train and got back at 5.30 a.m. the next day, and all in red tunics and overalls.

In those days, we, in the infantry, did a lot of marching; twenty-five miles four days a week was thought nothing of. We marched from Colchester to Canterbury and back. Nowadays they go in buses, or lorries, or what are called trucks.

In the summer of 1897, we moved to Aldershot and were encamped on Rushmoor Bottom—the site of the present Tattoo area. I remember we were inspected by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught on the Queen's Parade.

I played in the Army Racquets in 1896 and 1897 with Captain Greenway (as he then was). Before the championship we went round and played against several of the Public Schools. At Princes, in 1897, we got into the semi-finals but were easily beaten by the famous 12th Lancers pair, Eustace Crawley and Eastwood, who won the final against the Sappers, Blair and Hamilton. We had a great tussle with the 60th, Oxley and Wyndham, and just got home.

We had lots of good cricket, which brings back many happy memories. We played a match at a place in Lancashire called Longridge. It was real village cricket, with the village band of four marching round the ground. I was batting and

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had made some runs when I was hit on the leg, well wide of the wicket. No one even thought of appealing, and I was just about to play the next ball when "Long Leg" suddenly shouted: "How's that?" The village policeman, who was umpiring, got very red in the face and said: "Out!" Out I had to go, and as I passed "Long Leg" he said: "Lucky idea, wasn't it?"

When we were quartered at Manchester we used to play a match each year at an asylum in Cheshire to interest the inmates. We used to take our regimental band over, but one of the inmates evidently did not like music; he used to hide in the bushes and throw bricks into the middle of the band!

One year we were playing the East Yorkshire Regiment there. On coming out from lunch I was walking with an officer, called St. Clair Ford, when one of the inmates came up to him and said: "What would you give to be as good looking as I am?" To which he replied: "I would give a good deal." Whereupon the inmate said: "You wouldn't if you were sober!"

Later, when I was an instructor at Sandhurst, also as a student at the Staff College, I used to take a side each year against Broadmoor Asylum. Most of the inmates were very interested in cricket. All the opposing side had committed murder; in fact, one year, two of the opposing side had murdered their mother, cut her up and packed her in a trunk, and then had gone to Lord's where they were arrested. One year I had a naval officer called Bach playing for me and I put him to field in the deep. Shortly after the start a ball was hit over his head into the cabbages beyond, whereupon all the spectators in the neighbourhood left their seats and rushed to help him find it. He had never been there before, and did not at all realize the situation. When he returned, he came up to me and said: "Do you know all these fellows? They all call you 'Tim'!"

REGIMENTAL LIFE IN THE KING'S REGIMENT

From Aldershot we went to Ireland and were the first regiment to go to Holywood, near Belfast. We had an adventurous journey, as our second train, under my father-in-law, Major Grattan as he then was, met with a railway accident on the way to Liverpool. No one was seriously injured, but the band and drums met with minor accidents from the drums and instruments in the carriage racks, and we arrived at Belfast with many bandaged heads. We had a very rough passage to Belfast. I was acting as Quartermaster at the time. We had a charming but very energetic C.O. who wanted us to keep going all night and many of us felt very ill, so we hit on a plan. We had an officer called Warren Hastings, a descendant of that famous family. He always smoked the most filthy pipe and tobacco, so we employed him to puff it into the C.O.'s face. We never saw the C.O. again and all got to bed. In the morning the C.O. said: "What an awful night!" We marched out from Belfast to Holywood, our drummers and bandsmen with bandaged heads.

They were nice barracks. There was no officers' mess, as it had not been built, so we used a private house called Merton Hall as a mess. A few months after our arrival the Adjutant left. I was appointed to act. I only had five years' service. The C.O. applied for an officer from the other battalion, actually Durham Plomer, whom I mentioned before as winning the double at Liverpool with me. The C.O. of the foreign battalion in Halifax would not spare him. It then appeared likely that I might get it. The sergeant-major told me later himself how he went to the C.O. and asked him not to make me Adjutant as I had never been known to do a day's work! How right he was. I had done nothing but play games for five years and I enjoyed them all. Anyhow, the C.O. risked it, and Sergeant-Major (afterwards Quartermaster) Hackett and I were the firmest of friends till he died when I was C.-in-C. at Aldershot, where he used to come and see me.

REGIMENTAL LIFE IN THE KING'S REGIMENT

We had an old brass Burmese gun captured by the battalion in 1885, and I remember one guest-night we filled this gun full of old drill books, nails, etc., and aimed it at Belfast, six miles away. Unfortunately, as I let it off, Warren Hastings threw his mess jacket over the muzzle, with the result that part of the breach blew out, just missing myself and my old servant McGrath, and broke nearly all the windows in Merton Hall. We got off very lightly. Lord Roberts was inspecting us the next day and we had a terrible rush to get the windows repaired. The gun is now in our regimental museum.

We had much good fun at Holywood, playing rugby for the North of Ireland, also cricket and hockey. I remember a most amusing incident in league cricket. A few of us played for Holywood and we won the league, and bonfires were lit in our honour after we returned. Then one day, when I went to practise at the nets at Holywood, I observed several gentlemen in their best clothes standing by the net. As I was going in to bat, one of them approached me and said: "We wish to make you a presentation." Apparently, the previous year, some rich cricket enthusiast had offered to give a present to whoever made the first fifty in a league match the following year, and I had made sixty-three. The present consisted of a lovely meerschaum cigar-holder with a lovely lady sitting on it, stark naked, gazing into a looking-glass! I had, in reply, to say that it was the one thing I really wanted! I carried it in my cricket bag for twenty years afterwards until someone stole it. I loved it and had such fun with it!

We had a very good hockey team in those days and had some grand games. A combined team of my regiment and the North Staffords played a team of eleven Irish Internationals and were only just beaten. It was my ambition to play for Ireland and I played in all the trial matches, but only succeeded in being twelfth man, as, in the last trial at Dublin, they moved me from inside-right to outside-right. We were the first side to beat Comber at hockey. Feeling ran so high

REGIMENTAL LIFE IN THE KING'S REGIMENT

that we had to be escorted to the station by police. I had scored all the three goals, so I was no favourite.

We were in Holywood at the time of the Belfast Riots in 1898, the centenary of 1798. We were a fortnight in the streets amongst the brickbats. Luckily we never had to fire. It was like so many situations I have since witnessed in that the strikers were not in the least hostile to the soldiers. They realized that the soldiers were merely doing their duty and were in no way concerned with their troubles. They used to clear a gangway for the C.O. and myself as Adjutant to go through from one side to the other; they bore us no malice. We had to have a strong post on the Holywood-Belfast road to keep peace between the North Down and the South Down Militias—two grand bodies, one Protestant and one Roman Catholic. There was never any bother. I always remember the C.O. of one of them who was so fat that he could only get on his horse by sliding on to him down a sloping roof from the first floor of his house!

It was while we were at Holywood when I was Adjutant, that we were inspected at musketry on the Kinugar Range by Colonel, now General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was then Commandant or Chief Instructor at Hythe. After the inspection he changed in my room and, finding that he had come without a tie, he asked my old servant McGrath for the loan of one. Sometime afterwards I missed my best tie and, on enquiry, McGrath told me that he had given it to Sir Ian Hamilton as he thought that it was worth it in order to get a good report for the regiment! I do not remember about the report but I never got my tie back, as I have reminded Sir Ian since!

In September, 1899, we moved from Holywood to Enniskillen and Londonderry. One half of the battalion went to Londonderry and the other half and headquarters to Enniskillen. Soon after our arrival, the South African War became imminent, and I remember so well a War Office letter

Chapter III

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Enniskillen the next day, complete with my horse, op—the biggest horse in South Africa—my groom, Davies, and my servant, Private McGrath. I had a ad-off from the regiment, being pulled to the station d Irish jaunting car. I went over to our depot, then ington, and embarked next day from Liverpool in ia. I was made Adjutant of the ship, and we went an awful gale to Queenstown to pick up the 3rd 1 60th Rifles, under Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan-

I found that I was one of six adjutants of Home is who had been ordered out on special service. At 12a we all subscribed to give extra money to the coolies re coaling the ship in order that we should get out to frica before the war was over!

eventually arrived at Cape Town and two of the s—Jones, 8th Hussars, and myself—were told to go on an. We landed there in lighters as our ship was too et alongside. I was followed down the gangway by alterns of the 60th Rifles; one was Blundell-Hollingsundell; they were carrying an ammunition box full y for the troops—a large sum; suddenly one of them and fell, and they both let the box go—I can see their w. It was in very deep water some two or three miles hat box was recovered three months later and handed me at Maritzburg.

orses had a very bad time on that rough journey, my

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

big horse, Spion Kop, especially, as he was too big for any box of those days, and he got a great big hole in his chest. Thanks to the kindness of the captain, when we got into finer weather he was allowed to lie on straw on the deck and was really kept alive on apples. The Adjutant of the 60th, Wilson—a brother of Sir Henry Wilson—also had a horse called The Robber on board. My old horse quite recovered after some weeks, and I brought him back to England with Sir Redvers Buller's horses, in a ship called *The Manchester Merchant*, now I believe at the bottom of Bantry Bay; I had the old horse at Fermoy and Limerick, and he was taken on by my successor as Adjutant. He was eventually kicked by a runaway mule at Kilworth Camp, his leg was broken and he had to be destroyed. He was a great old horse.

When we reported at Durban we were told to go on to Maritzburg and we arrived there about 9 p.m. I must now tell a very personal story. My regiment—The King's—had been at Wynberg previous to the war and had gone to Ladysmith. I arrived in South Africa the very day that Ladysmith was shut up. I realized that my future wife, aged about fourteen, and her mother and sister must have been evacuated from Ladysmith, but I had no idea where they could be. I asked at Cape Town, at all the hotels, if anyone called Grattan was there, but no. I asked at Durban with the same result. On arrival at Maritzburg I asked for the name of an hotel and was told to go to the Imperial. I went there by rickshaw about 9.30 p.m. The manageress, Mrs. Thresh, gave me a room, and I then said: "Is there by any chance a Mrs. Grattan and her two daughters here?" Pointing to the nearest door, she said: "That is their room." They did not know that I had left England, or was leaving England; I did not know where they were; and I found myself actually standing outside their room. That was indeed a good omen. I had known my wife since she was eight. She was born in The King's Regiment.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

I was appointed Railway Staff Officer at Maritzburg and was there for some time. During that time my father died.

In February, 1900, Ladysmith was relieved. The day after the relief I took Mrs. Grattan up by ox-waggon from Colenso to see her husband, who had been in command of The King's Regiment during the greater part of the siege, only to find that he had gone down to Maritzburg and that we had missed him. We stayed the night at the Crown Hotel. I shall never forget standing outside a church in Ladysmith, in which a thanksgiving service was being held. I can hear the congregation (seated, being too weak to stand) singing: "Now thank we all our God." Those who went through that siege suffered a great deal more than people ever knew. I saw many in my own regiment whom I could hardly recognize.

After that I was R.S.O. at Ladysmith and Newcastle and Standerton, and from the latter I visited Johannesburg and Pretoria, where I met my brother, in the Lincolnshire Regiment, who had come up through Cape Colony. During that time I went up to Majuba.

Whilst at Standerton a curious incident happened. Sir Redvers Buller and Staff were at Standerton, and there was a question regarding the control of the railway from Natal to Johannesburg. The Natal Railway, under Sir David Hunter, the general manager, a Scotsman, was very keen to get it and I was keen to help him to do so. I was then in charge from Natal to Standerton. I think I had visions of leaving the Army after the war and joining the Natal Railway. The crux came one day. Sir Percy Girouard arrived at Standerton on his way to discuss the problem with the Natal Railway authorities at Durban. He stopped *en route* to see Sir Redvers Buller and the Q.M.G. He was due to go on at a certain time but was some hours late. It was a single line and I had been unable to hold up the traffic—troops and stores—all that time. But when Sir Percy Girouard arrived I did not want to hold him back, as I naturally wanted to show off

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

the efficiency of the Natal Railway, so I rang up each station, personally, and warned them that I was sending down Sir Percy Girouard in his special train "against the Staff". He got there safely. I still have Sir David Hunter's letter thanking me for my effort but telling me what a fearful risk I had taken. Anyhow Sir Percy Girouard never knew! In spite of this, however, the Imperial Railway won, and the Natal Railway did not get the job, so we returned to Natal.

I never think of the Natal Railway without thinking of a great Irishman, Major Brazier-Creagh, who was in charge of an ambulance train. His work and care of the wounded was quite wonderful; I can picture him now, going from carriage to carriage outside the train, carrying ice for the patients in his mouth. That was before the days of corridor carriages.

Shortly after that I was sent home to be Adjutant to the newly raised 4th Battalion, The King's Regiment, which my future father-in-law, Lieutenant-Colonel Grattan, had gone home to command after the siege of Ladysmith.

Chapter IV

. QUARTERED IN IRELAND

WE were quartered at Fermoy—a very delightful station in those days, with every form of sport. I always remember two ladies, daughters of a parson, I think, who never had any meals round a table but kept food in a cupboard, all done to save money and tablecloths so that they could forage another horse to hunt! A brother officer, Captain Sheppard, also had a pack of otter hounds which afforded us much sport.

We taught the whole battalion to swim at Fermoy. I recall a terrific race which I had there with a man in the regiment; I think it was nearly a mile. He was within half a yard of me the whole time, and I naturally thought that he had something in hand with which to win at the end, but he had not, much to my surprise and delight. This reminds me of another story when I was not so successful. Our Quartermaster, Captain Hackett, whom I have mentioned before, was a keen oarsman. He came to me one day to say that a major in the regiment—Major Harington-Swann—had told him that he and another field officer in the garrison would row Hackett and anyone else he liked, a race of a mile, provided the field officers got a start of a quarter of a mile. Hackett was very keen to accept this challenge and asked me to row with him. We went through the list of field officers in the garrison and could think of none of whom to be afraid, so we accepted the challenge. Needless to say there were only two pairs of decent skulls at Fermoy and our opponents had got them both. To our utter amazement

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we found, when the day approached, that a new sapper major had arrived at Fermoy, who had rowed for either Oxford or Cambridge, and we were properly had for mugs. We rowed the race and I don't think we ever saw the tail-end of their boat!

We were at Fermoy when Queen Victoria died.

Shortly after that we received a sad blow. Mr. Brodrick (now Lord Midleton), the Secretary of State for War, decided to disband four or six of the newly raised battalions and we were one of them. We were such a happy and, I think, efficient battalion. I can picture now all the officers, N.C.O.s and men being drafted away to our 1st and 2nd Battalions, leaving just a few of us to finish off. The few of us, however, nearly met with disaster. We had been dining one night in the gunner mess in the new barracks and were returning across the barrack square, a very dismal scene with all the old barrack-rooms in darkness; there was a big clock over an archway and just above the pay office; the clock was all lit up. The temptation was too great. I went into my room and got a shot-gun. (I have the gun still.) We all in turn peppered the face of that clock, and also broke most of the windows in the pay office. It was difficult to explain next morning, but the chief paymaster behaved like a hero and reported that his office had been struck by a meteoric shower. Anyhow we got away with it, and I have always thought it was worth it! General Sir Hugh McCalmont, that fine sportsman, who was commanding at Cork, knew of it and bore us no grudge. I think he, being very human, realized that we had to give vent to our feelings.

From Fermoy, Lieutenant-Colonel Grattan was appointed to command the 13th Provisional Battalion at Mullingar, and I was appointed Adjutant. The battalion was 1,300 strong and consisted of detachments of the K.S.L.I., Duke of Wellington's, and Wiltshire Regiment. At that time a new form of drill was introduced into the Army called "Assembly

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Formation". All I can remember of it as Adjutant is that when I said: "Assembly Formation", everyone shouted at the top of his voice. It did not last long.

After about a year, Lieutenant-Colonel Grattan left to command the 2nd Battalion The King's Regiment at the Curragh. I remained on as Adjutant to Colonel F. A. Fortesque, 60th Rifles, and we had a very enjoyable summer at Ballykinlar Camp. Later I rejoined my regiment at the Curragh as Adjutant, and after a few months we moved to Limerick.

It was curious to find myself back as Adjutant to the same battalion to which I had been Adjutant before the South African War. Before leaving the 13th Provisional Battalion, however, I went to London as Adjutant of a contingent to represent the battalion at the Coronation of King Edward VII. We were a somewhat motley collection from various units and they camped us in Regent's Park and fed us in the Zoo, which always amused me as evidence of a sense of humour on the part of someone in the War Office.

Chapter V

R.M.C. AND STAFF COLLEGE

IN January, 1903, I went as an instructor to the R.M.C. and began a very happy four years. I was engaged at the time and, after a year—on 7th January, 1904, we were married in Limerick Cathedral by Bishop Crozier—Bishop of Ossory and Primate of Ireland—the dearest and kindest of men. How well I remember being brought back from the cathedral to barracks at full gallop in an old landau drawn and ridden by six gunner officers in full dress. We missed the barrack gates by inches. The regiment in which my wife had been born and brought up gave us a grand send-off, and I shall always remember my wife's last act as we left, kissing the Provost-Sergeant—Sergeant Thompson—a very old friend with a very red face!

We had a very trying experience on our honeymoon. We had been staying at the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin and then went to stay with a cousin of mine, Colonel Sir W. Hutcheson Poö, at Heywood, near Abbeyleix, in Queen's County. We had to change trains at Maryborough and, by some mistake, all our luggage went on, and we arrived, my wife with only a dressing-case and a parcel of something to wear in her hair, and I with literally nothing. They had an enormous dinner-party to welcome us and we shall never forget it. To make things worse, my old cousin had only one leg (he had lost the other at Abu Klea in 1885), so could lend me nothing.

Our time at the R.M.C. was very happy. The Commandant, Colonel Kitson (now Major-General Sir Gerald) and his wife were goodness itself to us and he has ever since been

my dearest friend. The second in command was Major Caunter, also a dear friend. I love to look back on those days. I used to run the games, athletics and the physical training. We had such wonderful cricket and had a very good officers' side. I ran the cadets' cricket and the keenness to beat the Shop was worth living for. How I have loved meeting so many of those cadets since, all over the world!

During my time at the R.M.C., Major Gold-Adams, who was in charge of the messing, died, and an advertisement appeared for a successor. So much did I love the life and games at Sandhurst, and so firmly did I believe that I should like to go on with that life for ever, that I applied for the job and was quite prepared to leave the Army and spend the rest of my life in those games. Anyhow I did not get it. A man from Harrods'—Champneys Taylor—got it.

Shortly afterwards the Commandant told me, quite clearly, that I had got to work for the Staff College. Such an idea had never entered my head. I had spent all my life playing games; foreign languages and mathematics meant nothing to me. However I set to work. I spent my holidays at Carlisle and Gregson; I hung my walls and bathroom with "Things to remember"; I learnt an essay in French by heart and thereby hangs a tale. The examiners always set an essay; they generally gave one the choice of three subjects. In those days we had a text-book, called *Combined Training*, all about the employment of the three arms of the Service. I got my sister, who was a brilliant French scholar, to put the opening chapter into French and I learnt it by heart. I still have the manuscript. I went into the examination and hurriedly read the French paper and saw that an essay was asked for on one of three subjects. I did not understand what two of these were about, the questions being in French, but the third said: "Give an account of the last manoeuvres which you attended and the lessons to be drawn from them." That was my chance and the reason I am here to write this story. I put into my

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vile French that I had not been on manœuvres for many years but that the lessons to be learnt were as follows: my entire essay; and I never forgot a word!

They did away with essays shortly after that, which reminds me of a story which old Lonsdale Hale—the writer and examiner—once told me. Those were the days when candidates were always asked to give examples, and crammers used to trade on this. We learnt examples of everything. At last they cut down examples to a limit of two. Lonsdale Hale told of a candidate who, to a question regarding fortresses, showed his knowledge by saying: “Some candidates will give Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo. Some candidates will give so and so; others will give so and so,” going through every fortress in history, “but I will give so and so.” Lonsdale Hale remarked: “Both outside the syllabus. No marks!”

I may say that I had only one objective and that was to qualify. Any idea of passing in was out of the question. The examination came. By some miracle I qualified. The Commandant of the R.M.C. had striven hard each year to get a nomination for one of his instructors. He had obtained one the previous year for a Captain Tyndall, who was killed in the war, and he was determined to get one for me, but I remember very well when he returned one evening from the War Office and told me that my chances were not very hopeful, as there were 187 left in for six vacancies! I got one of those vacancies; why, I simply don't know!

I have so many happy memories of my four years as an instructor at Sandhurst. We were all such a happy family under General Kitson, both the instructors and the cadets. We knew all the cadets in those days. It was before the days of motor bicycles and motor cars and cinemas. Cadets played their games and enjoyed their lives at the College instead of always running away as has happened since. It is so interesting to follow the careers of those cadets; Lord Gort, lately C.-in-C. B.E.F. was one of them.

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My thoughts go back to the old Sergeant-Majors Long and Crook, who afterwards got command of the fire brigade at Aldershot; to the Staff Sergeants; to old Shaw the groundsman, to Jack Clark who succeeded him; and to old Pitchell who kept the livery stable near the College, a real loyal friend.

We had such jolly cricket matches. Charlie Clark used to bring over his banjo with his team from Silwood Park to amuse the cadets. The Woolwich and Sandhurst Sports, cricket and rugby matches, were all great occasions, and for the sports we used to run a special train from London for the parents. I always remember the following incident on the cricket field: Major E. G. Wynyard, known to all as Teddy, came down to play for I. Zingari, after making a hundred the day before for the Gentleman Players. He went in to bat and was hit shoulder-high, the cadet unfortunately appealing, and a very young and frightened groundsman acting as umpire gave him out, and out he had to go. As I was running the cricket I went out to apologize to him and I think he flung everything at me including his boots! As he was a very great friend of mine, and also in my own regiment, the trouble did not last long!

It was in earlier days, the term before I joined as a cadet in 1890, that Teddy Wynyard as instructor at Sandhurst, perpetrated a splendid hoax. He gave out that W. G. Grace was coming down to play, and he got himself made up by Clarkson's as W. G. Grace. He knew all the latter's tricks, and he batted the whole morning and deceived everyone! It was not till lunch-time that he disclosed his identity. He was a very gallant man. He won a very good D.S.O. in Burma in 1885. Won the Cresta Run the first time he went in for it; won the Humane Society Medal for going in under the ice to save a man; also played cricket and soccer for England.

It was just as I was leaving the R.M.C. that the new college

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was being built. The R.E. from Aldershot cleared the site. After cutting down the trees they blew up the stumps. One day I was standing with General Kitson on the old cricket ground, when an explosion occurred and an enormous stump of a tree landed within a few yards of us.

I joined the Staff College in January, 1906, and had a wonderful two years there. The Commandant was Sir Henry Wilson; I shall relate much about him when I come to the time I served under him as D.C.I.G.S.

About Easter that year my great friend, Bob Ricketts, Indian Cavalry, and I were talking to Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Braithwaite (now General Sir Walter Braithwaite) close to the cricket pavilion. He was then an instructor, and I remember so well saying that we seemed to be playing an awful lot of games and Bob Ricketts and I rather wondered whether we were playing too many, and I quote his reply as the best advice I have ever had: "The more you play the better your work." I have so often quoted that since. I captained both the cricket and hockey, and I had an average of sixty for the cricket season.

On one occasion in my second year I was made Q.M.G. on a Staff Exercise which was to take place at Bath. I was given the scheme on a Friday and, with the assistance of Captain Williams, Dorsetshire Regiment, had to work out arrangements for the six divisions of the Expeditionary Force living on the country. The answer had to be handed in on Sunday night. I had no idea what it meant, and the trouble was that we were due to play the Greenjackets at Winchester next day. Was I to give up the cricket for work on the scheme, or not? I decided to play cricket, and I have never regretted it, as I made sixty-five; but before going I had told Williams that I would be at the Staff College at 7 a.m. on Sunday; and at that hour we met. I wrote all day, inventing some imaginary scheme, which I have still. Williams drew all sorts of graphs and pictures, and we handed in a whole volume on the Sunday

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night. There were no typewriters in those days. We went to Bath on Monday, and after dinner that night we all assembled. After going through the appreciations Sir Henry Wilson said: "Now I will deal with the Supply Arrangements." My heart fell; but he continued: "I have received the most amazing paper." Apparently all the stuff we had invented on Sunday had earned the goodwill of the instructors and of the Commandant, and our scheme was simply covered in red ink good words. We had suddenly gone up to the top of the class and all were told to read our scheme. As a sequel, some months afterwards, I was sent to the War Office to write or revise the Requisitioning Regulations! It was too much for me. I could not stand the fraud any longer, so I followed Sir Henry Wilson to bed and told him the truth of how I had decided in favour of playing cricket! It was indeed a lucky scheme.

When I was at the Staff College no motor cars were allowed. We bicycled fifty miles a day three or four days a week and thought nothing of it. The idea of it was to see whether we could still write orders and appreciations, and still keep our tempers when we were tired after a long day. In later years, in the Retreat, and in those long and tiring days and nights of the war, I used often to think how much we owed to those old bicycles of the Staff College.

I think the greatest factor of the Staff College was the firm friendships made there. I have always felt that there was a very true ring when one was able to say: "I was at the Staff College with So-and-so."

Du Cane, Harper, Braithwaite, Banon, Stopford, Ross, Sackville West, George Morris, were amongst the instructors in my time, and Archie Montgomery (now Field-Marshal), Ellington, Hereward Wake, Thomas Cubitt, Ashmore, Wallace Wright, Nevile Cameron, Berkely Vincent, Charlie Grant were amongst the students. I owe a great deal to the Staff College. It was there that I formed the opinion that

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many students took things far too seriously, and were always striving to improve their schemes by altering and altering and, in my opinion, worried themselves unnecessarily. I adopted another course, whether because I only got in at the bottom by nomination and did not think so much could be expected, or whether I spent too much time in playing games I do not know, but I formed a habit of thinking first and then writing straight away and making no alterations. What I write I stand or fall by. Bad as it is I know that I only make it worse by alteration so I never alter anything. In all the operation orders which I wrote throughout the Great War, and in all the papers and reports which I have written ever since as D.C.I.G.S. in Turkey and Gibraltar, I cannot recollect making alterations. This habit formed at the Staff College must have saved me many thousands of hours.

After leaving the Staff College in December, 1907, I rejoined the 1st Battalion of my regiment at Kinsale on its arrival from India. I took the married families over from Fishguard to Cork in an awful gale, so bad that one sergeant's wife—Mrs. Birch—died. Shortly after the battalion arrived from India the majority of officers naturally went on leave, and I found myself doing Adjutant, and Quartermaster, and commanding two companies. I always think that I may perhaps owe my later career to my time at Fort Charles, Kinsale. My wife, being very Irish, had always told Sir Henry Wilson of the same country that she liked periwinkles, and one day, she collected a tin of these and sent them by post to him. They arrived at the Staff College with all his official letters and I believe the smell was beyond words. Whether that was the reason that in later years he took me as D.C.I.G.S. I shall never know.

Chapter VI

WAR OFFICE AND ALDERSHOT

IN the spring of 1908, I went to the War Office as an attached officer and, in 1909, became a G.S.O.3 in the Staff Duties Branch and was employed in dealing with Promotion Examinations. In those days we lived at Eastcote, near Pinner, and I used to go up by train daily. My particular work was to get suitable examiners, and to check and work out their questions before they were set to the candidates. Although, quite naturally, when in that branch one could not be an examiner, yet in later years they were very kind to me, and up to the start of the Great War I really lived by examination work. Actually, during the Retreat from Mons, I received a cheque for having set and corrected a Strategy Paper for the Staff College just before the war. I used to set papers for Sandhurst and Woolwich, Promotion, Staff College, etc., but the best and most profitable used to be the 1st Class Certificate Examination for N.C.O.s in Map Reading. The answers were all shown on a map. With a correct map before one it was easy to see at a glance how a candidate had fared, and as one threw down each map on the floor it meant a shilling. The first time I took on that examination there were 1,087 candidates!

Whilst I was at the War Office, King Edward VII died, and I was appointed a Marshalling Officer at his funeral. I had to marshal his late Household. I shall never forget it. As soon as ever I got four of them into position in a section of fours, one would spot an old friend miles away and rush

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off to talk to him. I shall always remember that march to Westminster Abbey and thence to Paddington. Just as the Q.M.G., General Sir Herbert Miles in full dress, was dismounting at Paddington Station, his horse threw its head up and landed him on his back; it was cruel luck. I acted as Right Guide and was about ten yards behind the Kaiser and all the kings and foreign representatives. I don't think any two of the Household walked in step the whole way. I was clever enough to sneak into the service in the Abbey, but they caught me on the steps of the chapel at Windsor and said that Marshalling Officers were no longer required!

In 1911 I went to Aldershot as Brigade-Major to the 6th (now 2nd) Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General R. H. Davies, a New Zealander lent on exchange, a very practical man, whose goodness to me I can never forget.

The 6th Brigade consisted of the 60th Rifles (under Colonel Oxley and later Northey), the Leicestershire Regiment (under Lieutenant-Colonel Croker), the Hampshire Regiment (under Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson), the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (under Lieutenant-Colonel Hancox), later the South Staffordshire Regiment (under Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson) and my own regiment—The King's—(under Lieutenant-Colonel Bannatyne). We were always a very happy brigade. My Brigadier, as I said above, was a very practical man from New Zealand, and he hated an office and every form of red tape. Whilst other Brigade-Majors were tied to their offices, I sometimes did not visit mine for days. I used to take out papers, including courts martial, in my holsters, and we did our work in the open during field days. He always made a practice of seeing the C.O.s daily and giving decisions on their various letters, which it was my business to confirm later in writing if necessary. It was that training which in later years of the Great War enabled me to do the same. I spent all my time, whether as G.S.O.I of a division, B.G.G.S. of the Canadian Corps, or M.G.G.S. of the Second Army, out and about,

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always visiting Headquarters and trenches, hearing Commanders' difficulties and wants personally and, on return, confirming decisions in writing if necessary.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was C.-in-C. at Aldershot at that time. On my first field day he rode up to me and said: "Is your name Harington?" On my replying that it was, he said: "I welcome you here and hope you will be very happy." I have never forgotten that, and during the last twenty years, when I have held many commands, I have always tried to do the same. In 1930, when I came home from India to be C.-in-C. at Aldershot, I was asked to take his son as A.D.C. I gladly did so. I did not know his son, but I took him on account of that kind act of his father when I was a very junior officer.

After Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien came Sir Douglas Haig, who was then and always, right through the war, very good to me.

As Brigade-Major, I remember so well the setting of schemes for majors to be tested in what was called "Tactical Fitness for Command". It was certainly an ordeal for them; they had to command a mixed force of cavalry, artillery and infantry, and they were given a scheme over country which, in most cases, they had never seen before. They were given a certain time in which to go away and consider what they would do. How often I used to tell a candidate that he need do just nothing; that he had got Jakes Harman and his squadron of Queen's Bays on his side and that was a certain winner, for Jakes Harman would gallop and capture Eelmoor Bridge long before anyone else, and the rest would be easy! We certainly had some wonderful candidates. I remember one, from one of our Dominions, arriving at the rendezvous at Fleet in a taxi-cab carrying a sword—no horse and no idea what it was all about! He could not read a map and would call everything by the wrong name, including Long Valley which he called "Short Valley". He only had to get thirty

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per cent marks but I am afraid that was too many. Another candidate was an officer from the War Office, a very clever man, but he had not been near troops for years. He ended by having his whole force, including his guns, surrounded and captured below Cæsar's Camp; it was the most complete debacle, and he was ploughed. That was in 1913. By the end of 1914 he had won a glorious V.C. leading his battalion, at the head of which he was subsequently killed. So much for exams.

My time as Brigade-Major finished in December, 1913, and I rejoined my regiment in Talavera Barracks in the 6th Brigade. I put my company through Field Training and Musketry in the spring of 1914, little thinking what was just ahead of us.

Sir Douglas Haig was so amused at my being back with my regiment doing company training that he used to ride round most mornings with his staff and friends to see what I was doing.

Another company in my regiment was commanded by my greatest friend, Captain Sheppard. We had great battles; once I stalked him all night round Fleet and other places; eventually I ran him to ground and captured him and his company while they were having breakfast just behind Government House.

In June, 1914, I was sent up to the War Office to help in revising the Field Service Regulations and, when the situation at the end of July became serious, I was transferred to the Mobilization Branch, to help a tired and overworked staff under Brigadier-General Woodward. It was an education to me. I found two officers—Frith, R.E., and Wells, Loyal Regiment—who had, under Brigadier-General Woodward, worked out all the arrangements for mobilization. The orders for "Precautionary Period" were issued shortly after my arrival, and then we waited.

On August 4th, after the fateful Cabinet Meeting, an

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Under-Secretary rushed in, saying: "Send out 'Mobilize'." How well do I remember Brigadier-General Woodward, without turning a hair, saying: "Go away and send me that in writing." It came back in writing. The Mobilization Branch had had a faithful head clerk named Garrood, who for seventeen years had been working for this moment. I am proud to have followed that head clerk through the passages of the War Office, with Frith and Wells, and to have seen him hand in to C.I. the basket bearing the order "Mobilize"—the dream of his life. I was on duty that night—in fact I did not leave the War Office day or night for ten days—and let me say this: so perfect were the arrangements made by that branch under Frith and Wells that there was only one telephone call throughout the whole of that night, August 4-5, and that was a query about Richmond—was it Surrey or Yorkshire?

When released from that, I returned to the Victoria Hotel, Aldershot, where my wife was, and I mobilized and handed over my company in the regiment, and early one morning I saw my regiment march off from Talavera Barracks to entrain at Farnborough—so many dear friends never to return. It was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Bannatyne, who was killed early in the war—a great loss. He was a very fine soldier and a first-rate Commanding Officer and Staff Officer who would have gone far had he been spared.

The Adjutant was Captain P. S. Hudson and the Quartermaster was Captain Ball, who now runs the feeding at Wellington College so successfully.

In those days we had a lot of good cricketers in the regiment and, in July of that very year, the Past and Present of my regiment defeated a strong Command side by seven wickets in a two-day match. Major E. G. Wynyard was playing for us. He was an instructor at Sandhurst when I was a cadet. Sheppard, Denham, Potter and I all joined The King's as cricketers, thanks to Teddy Wynyard. We all had very happy lives in the regiment, but it is sad to recall that seven of that side

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which beat the Command in July, 1914, lost their lives in the war.

Those three years, 1911-14, as Brigade-Major and Company Commander at Aldershot, were full of interest. Training was at its highest. It was real hard work often night and day. Very good practical schemes were carried out, and I doubt if there was ever a better trained or better disciplined Force than the Army of that day. We little thought then how soon it was to be tested. Nothing except a very highly trained and disciplined Force could have fought on as that Force did at Mons and Le Cateau, or could have carried out that retreat in the way those men carried it out. We must remember that the soldier of that day had only his rifle to rely on, and a very few machine-guns in each battalion; in addition the soldier had to carry his kit. Whilst giving full credit to the soldier of to-day we must not forget the soldier of 1914, who by his pluck and accurate rifle-shooting held back the Germans at the First Battle of Ypres. As one looks back now on the present war one remembers how glad we were in the early days that our B.E.F. had been safely landed and established alongside our French Allies and ready to be used should the Germans overrun the Belgians as in 1914. We little thought that the action or want of action by our French and Belgian Allies was soon to involve the B.E.F. in that terrible and historic Retreat on Dunkirk and the Coast to which I shall refer later. At any rate the pluck and spirit of the British soldier of 1914 was clearly shown again in 1940.

Chapter VII

THE GREAT WAR

SHORTLY after mobilization I was appointed G.S.O.2. to the III Corps, which was being formed under Lieutenant-General Pulteney (now Sir William Pulteney). It was to consist of the 4th and 6th Divisions, under Major-General D'Oyly Snow and Major-General Keir respectively. The B.G.G.S. was Brigadier-General Du Cane (as he then was). The G.S.O.1 was Colonel Maude (afterwards Sir Stanley Maude), G.S.O.2 (I) Major (now Sir John) Davidson, G.S.O.3 Captain (now Lieutenant-General Sir William) Pitt-Taylor. The corps was formed during the Retreat from Mons, and consisted at that time of only the 4th Division and the 19th Brigade.

My first recollection of the III Corps was seeing with Brigadier-General Du Cane, some of the runaway horses from the battle of Nery dashing themselves madly against a wall and killing themselves.

That retreat was something one can never forget. Day after day those poor, tired soldiers toiled on. We were going the wrong way. I remember one incident so well. Our C.R.A., Brigadier-General Phipps Hornby, V.C., and I were sent on, he to reconnoitre a gun position, I to select a headquarters. We rode on a long way and then he left me. I found what I thought would be a suitable headquarters at a farm, and there I waited for Headquarters to arrive. I had a most uncanny and lonely feeling—just my groom and myself. At long last the Corps Commander and Staff arrived, and they had hardly got out of their cars when we saw a party of Uhlans within

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a few hundred yards. I shall never forget the A.D.C.s, the present Lords Londonderry and Pembroke, and myself and the chauffeurs, who had rifles but had probably never fired them before, all lying in the cabbages firing at the Uhlans. We each claimed to have hit one, but I am sure we never did. We learned afterwards that a German Cavalry Division or Corps had just passed by within a mile. No wonder I had felt lonely. Luckily I had not known.

We camped that night at Baron. We continued our retreat daily, and I remember an incident at Dammartin. We arrived there one night only to find that it had been General Sir John French's H.Q., and that he and his Staff had just had to leave, owing to the presence of the German cavalry. As far as I remember we had to move on also, but not till after we had eaten the dinner which had been prepared for Sir John and his Staff!

Then we got inside the defences of Paris, and I was sent on with some R.E. to arrange for the blowing up of all the bridges behind us. I came across a narrow culvert, wide enough to ride over, but not wide enough for a vehicle. I made all arrangements to blow it up, but when I reported it to the C.R.E., Brigadier-General Glubb, enquiries were made from Paris Headquarters, only to reveal that what I was proposing to blow up was the main water supply of Paris! At long last when we were camped within the defences of Paris, the D.C.G.S., General Sir Archibald Murray, arrived one evening to say that the retreat was over, and that we would start to advance on the morrow to the Aisne. What joy! One could not believe they were the same soldiers that one saw the next day. The old spirit had returned. We were at last going the right way. And so we advanced to Soissons on the Aisne.

We were held up there for some little time, and then it was decided to move the British Army to the north, to St. Omer and Hazebrouck. I was sent up north to arrange for

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the arrival of the III Corps. I went in the Rolls Royce of my Rothschild (extra A.D.C.). It was a good long journey, and all went well till I arrived at a little railway crossing north of St. Omer, where I was told that the Germans were in around the town. I found the inhabitants in a state bordering on panic. The Germans were only a few miles off. I stayed that night in a convent or hospital, I forget which, but had the engine running all night in case of trouble. I sat up with the old French Territorial Commandant most of the night, and he kept on saying: "Will the English be here in the morning?" I hoped just as much as he did that they would be. Much to my relief, the trains bringing the III Corps started to arrive next morning. The headquarters which I elected for the corps at St. Omer subsequently became Sir John French's Headquarters.

The corps then advanced to Hazebrouck. This advance was not without interest as the Germans were still in the neighbourhood of Strazeele, only a few miles away. They retired, and we marched on to Bailleul, where we established our Headquarters in the Town Hall. We had, by then, been joined by the 6th Division, and the 4th and 6th Divisions advanced astride the Bailleul-Lille road towards Lille. So confident were we that we should go right forward to Lille that we moved our H.Q. into Armentières, but we were forced to return to Bailleul next day. Our advance had met with serious opposition, in which the Sherwood Foresters had very serious fighting at Ennetières. I recollect so well Brigadier-General (the late General Sir Aylmer) Hunter Weston, who was then commanding the 11th Brigade, coming to beg the Corps Commander to return to Bailleul, as we were only a nuisance in Armentières. He was right.

We spent that winter with our H.Q. at Bailleul. The 4th Division H.Q. were at Nieppe, and the 6th at Bac St. Maur. It was during that winter that Lord Roberts paid us a visit, and I remember being told to explain to him the situation

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on a map in my office. He was suffering from a bad cold then, and he returned to G.H.Q. at St. Omer and died two or three days later.

About that time Brigadier-General (now General Sir John) Du Cane left us for G.H.Q., and he was succeeded by Brigadier-General (now Lord) Milne, and early in 1915 Colonel Maude (afterwards Sir Stanley) got command of an infantry brigade at Neuve Eglise. I had been G.S.O.2 to Colonel Maude since the start and had the greatest admiration for him; his subsequent death in Mesopotamia was a tragic loss to the Army.

There was only one man who was glad when Joe Maude left us and that was our head clerk. He had been in the War Office, before the war, as confidential clerk to Sir William Robertson. He was used to putting on his hat in the War Office at 5 p.m. and going home, and he did not understand war. Colonel Maude was a man so full of energy that when he dictated an order he expected it to be typed and issued in a moment. This was always too much for the head clerk, and when I told him that Colonel Maude had got a brigade and was leaving at once, this worthy clerk disappeared for two days. Whether, being Scotch, he expressed his joy in a beverage from that country I shall never know.

Brigadier-General Milne was succeeded by Brigadier-General Lynden Bell and, in April, I was sent as G.S.O.1 to the 49th West Riding Division on its arrival from England. I was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel (now General) W. H. Bartholomew. The 49th Division was commanded by Major-General T. S. Baldock and was around Fleurbaix and Bac St. Maur.

We were first of all put into the line near Fleurbaix, in Lord Rawlinson's IV Corps and were on the left of the 8th Division in an attack made by that division which unfortunately did not succeed.

We were shortly afterwards moved up to the extreme left

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of the British line in the Ypres Salient in relief of the 4th Division, which had been engaged in very heavy fighting. It was a horrible part of the line, and we had a bad time building parapets and burying dead from the recent fighting. Our Headquarters were at Trois Tours, near Brieleu. Our brigades were commanded by Brigadier-Generals Dawson, Macfarlane and Brereton. We had not been there long before we had a serious blow. I was returning from the trenches one afternoon when I saw an ambulance coming out of our H.Q. at Trois Tours, and found that it contained our Divisional Commander, Major-General Baldock, who had been seriously wounded in the head by shell-fire just outside Headquarters. We were forced to move our Headquarters to Hospital Farm, near Elverdinghe, and Major-General E. M. Perceval, then D.C.G.S., was appointed to command the division.

It was at this time that I made my first acquaintance with General (afterwards Lord) Plumer. Little did I think then of what was to happen later. Major-General Perceval got influenza and had to be taken into hospital in Hazebrouck and a heavy responsibility fell on me. I was, I think, the only regular officer in the division at the time and General Plumer used to visit us almost every day. One day he told me that I was to command a brigade in the 14th Division at Hooge, in place of Brigadier-General Oliver Nugent who was getting the Ulster Division. I was just going to England for five days' leave, from which I came back prepared and equipped to spend a bad time at Hooge, but I was met at Boulogne by a Staff Officer with a megaphone, who told me to report, and then informed me that my brigade had been cancelled by Sir William Robertson (then C.G.S.) and that I was to go to Bailleul as B.G.G.S. of the Canadian Corps which was being formed. I reported *en route* to the Military Secretary at G.H.Q., who told me that I had been previously selected for B.G.G.S. 12th Corps, going to Salonika, but that owing to

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Major-General Perceval being in hospital I could not be spared, and so Major-General Bols was sent to the 12th Corps, as the matter was urgent, and I was retained for the Canadian Corps. In fact General Percival's influenza altered my whole career!

I shall never forget my arrival at the Canadian Corps at Bailleul. The corps, which had only been formed that day, was commanded by Lieutenant-General Alderson of Mounted Infantry fame. I had never met him before. Seely (now Lord Mottistone) commanded the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. The corps at the moment was only the 1st Canadian Division, just handed over from Alderson to Currie, and the Cavalry Brigade. Brigadier-General Wood was A.A. and Q.M.G. There was no General Staff, or rather none had arrived, and the head clerk had lost his uniform and appeared in plain clothes and a bowler hat!

The corps was in the line near Messines. Major Ross Hayter arrived next day as G.S.O.2 and Major Mitchell as Intelligence Officer. The 2nd Canadian Division arrived shortly afterwards under Major-General Turner, V.C., and later the 3rd Division under Major-General Lipsett, and later still the 4th Division under Major-General Mercer.

I think I am right in saying that the first real raid was made by the 7th Canadian Battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Odlum and was a complete success. I visited the raiding party shortly before the raid, and promised them a week's leave if they succeeded, which they did. The Army refused the leave, but they got it in the end. Early in 1916 the Canadian Corps was ordered to move up to the Ypres Salient in relief of the V Corps.

I think it was the first time that a whole corps had relieved another corps. It involved an enormous amount of Staff work, but we got through successfully and eventually moved our H.Q. to Abeele. We had some very heavy fighting about Hill 60 and the St. Eloi craters.

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I lost a good friend over that relief. For days before we moved up, Major Beatty (a brother of Lord Beatty), who was an A.D.C. to Lieutenant-General Alderson, and I used to go up and reconnoitre parts of our new corps line. Two nights before we took over, there had been heavy fighting on the right of the 5th Corps near St. Eloi, and our machine-guns had co-operated from our extreme left. Beatty came in to see if I was coming, but I was too busy with orders for the move, and, as he wanted a task, I asked him to go up to our extreme left and find out what our machine-guns had done. Whilst there he was buried by a shell and lost his arm. A few weeks later it took a turn for the worse and he died.

In the spring of 1916, Lieutenant-General Alderson left and was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Sir Julian (afterwards Lord) Byng from the Cavalry Corps. I shall always remember his arrival. He was so keen to get round the front line at once, and the very night he took over we spent a most unpleasant time in the St. Eloi sector with enemy machine-guns extra busy. Next morning we started on a tour of all Divisional and Brigade Headquarters, and at the 4th Division he gave General Mercer orders to make a reconnaissance in the neighbourhood of Mt. Sorrel, with a view to straightening out our line, into which the enemy had forced a wedge.

In the afternoon we were having tea in Brigadier-General Williams' H.Q. in railway dugouts when Major-General Mercer, his Divisional Commander, came in to discuss that reconnaissance with him. I remember the conversation so well. Major-General Mercer turned to the Corps Commander and said: "Williams and I are going up to-morrow, General, to make that reconnaissance; will you come?" Knowing General Byng's anxiety to see everything to do with the front line at once, I naturally expected to hear him say "Yes". Instead, he paused for quite a long time, which surprised me greatly, and then he said: "No, you and Williams go to-morrow and make your plans, and Tim and I will

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come up on Saturday." It was then Thursday afternoon. It was a right decision, he had only just met them that day and he did not want to be in their way, or cramp their style.

It had a tragic sequel. It is easy to be wise afterwards, but I can still remember that the shelling that afternoon, when we visited various Brigade H.Q. in front of Ypres, was much heavier than usual. It was really a preliminary bombardment. Mercer and Williams were up in the line about 3 a.m. next morning, 3rd June, 1916, when the attack on Mt. Sorrel developed. Mercer and some of his Staff were killed; Williams was seriously wounded and taken prisoner; the Germans captured Mt. Sorrel. If General Byng had said "Yes", as I expected, instead of "No", I should not be writing this story. Mt. Sorrel was a very important and commanding position in front of Ypres. It dominated our defences, and in German hands it was a serious menace to the defence of the Ypres Salient. It was essential to recover it.

A few days afterwards, at Abeele, General Byng told me that I had been selected as M.G.G.S. Second Army to General Plumer. I had never even given a thought to such a thing, but when General Plumer visited the Canadian Corps H.Q. next day I naturally thanked him for his kindness in selecting me; whereupon he replied, as quick as lightning: "I won't have you at all unless you get Mt. Sorrel back!" We got it back.

At the time, Sir Douglas Haig, as he then was, was preparing for an advance down south and could ill afford to send any reinforcements to us in the north. One 6-in. howitzer brigade was, indeed, all we got. Very careful preparations, however, were made for the hill to be retaken by the Canadians themselves, aided by this howitzer brigade, and the main task was entrusted to Major-General Lipsett.

Early on the morning of 13th June, 1916, the attack was launched and was a complete success. In my opinion it was the most brilliant bit of work done by the Canadians in the

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whole war. Serious losses were inflicted on the enemy, and Mt. Sorrel was recaptured. That day I handed over my job as B.G.G.S. to Brigadier-General P. de B. Radcliffe and went straight off to Cassel to take over M.G.G.S. to General Plumer.

What a happy and wonderful experience I had with the Canadian Corps. Such grand fellows! I made friendships during that time which can never be broken. I have kept them up ever since. My dear friend Currie, who died a few years back, Burstall (C.R.A.), Armstrong (C.R.E.), Mitchell (Intelligence), afterwards with me in the Second Army, and so many others. I found it difficult at first as politics seemed to play such a part. Sir Sam Hughes sent instructions from Canada as regards the Command of Brigades, etc. Max Aitken (now Lord Beaverbrook) was "Eye Witness" and played a big part, especially as regards the "Ross Rifle". Whilst I have the greatest admiration for the Ross Rifle as a rifle on a range, it could not stand the mud, slime, and slush of the Ypres Salient. Before the Canadian Corps was formed, the 1st Canadian Division had got permission to exchange it for our Lee-Enfield. I remember a conference on the merits of each, when Brigadier-General Currie was asked his opinion and said: "It (the Ross Rifle) may be a good rifle, but the b——y thing won't shoot." The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Canadian Divisions were not allowed to exchange it for the Lee-Enfield, and I have seen men crying with rage at being sent into the trenches in the Ypres Salient with a rifle which they knew would jam, and I know how they tried to borrow or buy rifles from the neighbouring British troops. In the end, the Army Commander ordered a secret vote to be taken, from platoon commanders upwards, as to their views on the subject of the Ross versus the Lee-Enfield. I had to collect the votes and burn all records. The voting was some ninety-six per cent in favour of the Lee-Enfield, and the exchange was made. The odd four per cent were politicians and thought

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only of their future. I am afraid that many lives were lost before that transfer.

It is a curious thing that when I came home from Gibraltar a man on board the P. & O. came up and said: "You won't remember me!" When he gave me his name, I said: "Don't I! You were the C.O. who refused to take your battalion into the trenches unless you got the Lee-Enfield Rifle." At Bisley, only recently, at the meeting of the N.R.A., of which I am a vice-president, I dined with the Canadian Rifle team and my next-door neighbour told me how, in the Great War, he used to take two rifles up to the trenches—the Ross and the Lee-Enfield—but he would not tell me from what source he got the latter!

I have already referred to the arrival of General Byng and his anxiety to get to know everything and everybody. He was a great personality and inspired everyone. In those days the Canadian Corps was not famed for saluting. We issued orders on the subject without any effect, until one day at the Corps School, General Byng remarked quietly in his droll way that he thought things were improving and that he had noticed that most of the men whom he saluted, answered him back! We had no further bother as regards saluting!

He was a very wonderful man, as Canada herself was to learn later, when he became Governor-General. His goodness to me I can never forget. At Abeele once, at the time of the Mt. Sorrel fighting, knowing that I was bothered all night by telephone calls, and wanting me to get a good night's rest, he, as Corps Commander, insisted upon going on night duty. He had his camp bed moved into the office and the telephone put alongside, and he sent me to bed in my hut. Next morning, when I went in, he said: "Tim, I haven't had a single call all night," and seemed much surprised. Of course he hadn't. Was it likely that I was going to have the Corps Commander rung up all night? I had the telephone and his was a dud, but what a grand man to try and do such a thing! Just

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characteristic of the man. The Canadians loved him, and rightly so.

That reminds me of another story about him. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was to have presented prizes at my old school, Cheltenham College, soon after the war, but he was indisposed and could not go. I was deputed to get a distinguished soldier, so I got Lord Byng. He started his speech by saying that he could not think why he had been asked, as he had been at Eton, and had been bottom of Eton until his great friend Harry Rawlinson (Lord Rawlinson) had taken his place! What he principally remembered about Eton was swopping a pair of trousers and a pineapple for two guinea pigs! The boys simply loved him and followed him about all over the playground trying to get his autograph.

The whole nation has been stirred to the core at the warmth of the welcome given to our King and Queen during their visit to Canada and the United States, but those of us who, like myself, had the privilege of serving with the gallant Canadians in the Great War can perhaps picture that welcome more clearly. It must have been quite wonderful, for they are a wonderful people and never forget one. I have kept in touch with many since those days, and I hope very much that I shall be able to visit that great country at a later date. They have asked me twice, and only recently they wired to ask me if I could go to Toronto on Empire Day to take the salute of 40,000 ex-Canadian Corps soldiers. I only wish it had been possible. My regiment (The King's) is allied to the Toronto Grenadiers, and I shall always remember that this regiment sent a detachment of officers and men, at its own expense, to take part with my regiment in the Aldershot Tattoo when I was C.-in-C. at Aldershot.

The response to the nation's call for this war has shown "Canada at her best". She has sent us truly magnificent contingents. I have been privileged to meet many. I have also the honour of being president of the Canadian

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Ex-Servicemen's Association in England. Not only has Canada sent over these fine troops but the great task of training pilots from our Dominions is being carried out in Canada to-day. It was reported recently that the Germans had deliberately damaged the Canadian war memorial on Vimy Ridge. It is more than likely that the Germans will have cause to regret that monstrous act before very long.

Chapter VIII

THE SECOND ARMY

ON 13th June, 1916, I went to the Second Army. Little did I think what a wonderful association I was starting that day, or what the next two years were to mean to me with the marvellous opportunity of living in such close touch with such a leader and commander, and of studying the way in which he gained the affection of all ranks in the old Second Army.

I remember being terribly frightened at the task before me. I had never thought in "Armies". When I was a student at the Staff College, only ten years before, we never, even in theory, dealt with, or thought of a force exceeding our Expeditionary Force of six divisions. A corps of four divisions had seemed enormous, but here I was confronted with the Staff work of an army which, two or three times in my tenure, exceeded thirty divisions!

As Chief General Staff Officer of the 49th Division and Canadian Corps I had been able to keep in touch with the front line and subordinate commanders, but I visualized an Army Headquarters as quite another picture. I thought it would be much more like the War Office, where one sat and issued all sorts of orders and instructions which, if they ever reached the Regimental Officer in the front line, would be ridiculed. I found something quite different.

I found that the Army Commander himself travelled a hundred miles a day round the Army, visiting Corps, Divisional, Brigade, and often Battalion H.Q., seeing units coming out

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of the line, visiting units in rest; and I was soon doing the same the other way round the Army. We used to meet at some appointed H.Q., and, by this method, very few units in the Second Army were ever omitted. The system, however, went much further. The Army Commander believed in having only one officer in each branch actually on duty at Army Headquarters; the rest had to be out visiting, and seeing what the troops actually wanted, and their situation. The M.G.A., Major-General Chichester, the C.R.E., Major-General Glubb, the C.R.A., Major-General Franks, the Chief Signal Officer, Brigadier-General Hildebrand, the Chief Intelligence Officer, Brigadier-General Mitchell, and their Staffs were all travelling round every day with the pass-word: "Out to help." We had another pass-word: "Never to spy."

It was the strict observance of the latter which made us welcome everywhere. You may ask what was the good of all this visiting, so I will give you the answer. Every morning, and in the winter every evening, the Army Commander held a conference of all the heads of departments. It always opened with an account by the Chief of the Intelligence Staff of the general situation of our own forces and of those of the enemy. Then, each in turn, we gave the results of our own tours, and what various Commanders had told us and asked for, and our own suggestions. By this means the Army Commander kept in the closest touch, and on his daily tour went off to see for himself the various points of interest or discussion, taking with him the Senior Staff or Departmental Officer concerned.

I saw the review of a book, issued recently, by a Staff Officer, whom I don't think I ever met, on Staff work in the war, in which he emphasizes the fact that the Commanders or Staffs in formation above a division had little or no influence on the lower formations, or on the troops themselves. I think that if the author had served in the Second Army under General

Plumer, he might have taken a different view. Having had thirty-three miles of front to hold, of which I was proud to know every yard, and having had junior Army Staff Officers three or four nights a week in various sectors "out to help" in every way and keep the Army Commander in the closest touch, I am afraid that I cannot share the opinion of the author on that point, although I am told that the book is most helpful.

It is true that in his book *Realities of War* Sir Philip Gibbs makes some very severe criticism of many of our Commanders and Staff Officers and the feeling against them in many of the lower formations. The members of the Second Army Staff were a family under the guidance and direction of their old Chief, Lord Plumer.

It is in order to do justice to that Staff, who did the work and bore the brunt, and in no way to claim any credit for my own humble efforts, that I reproduce the following from Sir Philip Gibbs' book:

"As there are exceptions to every rule, so harsh criticism must be modified in favour of the generalship and organization of the Second Army—of rare efficiency under the restrictions and authority of the General Staff. I often used to wonder what qualities belonged to Sir Herbert Plumer, the Army Commander. In appearance he was almost a caricature of an old-time British General, with his ruddy, pippin-cheeked face, with white hair and a fierce little white moustache, and blue, watery eyes, and a little pot-belly and short legs. He puffed and panted when he walked, and after two minutes in his company Cyril Maude would have played him to perfection. The Staff work of his Army was as good in detail as any machinery of war may be, and the tactical direction of the Second Army battles was not slipshod or haphazard, as so many others, but prepared with minute attention to detail and after thoughtful planning of the general scheme. The

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battle of Wyteschaete and Messines was a model in organization and method, and worked in its frightful destructiveness like the clockwork of a death machine. Even the battles of Flanders in the autumn of 1917, ghastly as they were in the losses of our men, in the state of the ground through which they had to fight, and in the futile results, were well organized by the Second Army Headquarters, compared with the abominable mismanagement of other troops, the contrast being visible to every battalion officer and even to the private soldier. How much share of this was due to Sir Herbert Plumer it is impossible for me to tell, though it is fair to give him credit for soundness of judgment in general ideas, and in the choice of men.

"He had for his Chief of Staff Sir Charles Harington, and beyond all doubt this general was the organizing brain of the Second Army, though with punctilious chivalry he gave, always, the credit of all his work to the Army Commander. A thin, nervous, highly-strung man, with extreme simplicity of manner and clarity of intelligence, he impressed me as a brain of the highest temper and quality in Staff work. His memory for detail was like a card-index system, yet his mind was not clogged with detail, but saw the wood as well as the trees, and the whole broad sweep of the problem which confronted him. There was something fascinating as well as terrible in his exposition of a battle that he was planning. For the first time, in his presence and over his maps, I saw that, after all, there was such a thing as the science of war, and that it was not always a fetish of elementary ideas raised to the nth degree of pomposity, as I had been led to believe by contact with other generals and staff officers. Here at least was a man who dealt with it as a scientific business, according to the methods of science—calculating the weight and effect of gun-fire, the strength of the enemy's defences and man-power, the psychology of German generalship and of German units, the pressure which could be put on British troops before the

breaking-point of courage, the relative, or cumulative effects of poison gas, mines, heavy and light artillery, tanks, the disposition of German guns, and the probability of their movement in this direction or that, the amount of their wastage under our counter-battery work, the advantages of attack in depth—one body of troops ‘leap-frogging’ another in an advance to further objectives—the time-table of transport, the supply of food and water and ammunition, the comfort of troops before action, and a thousand other factors of success.

“Before every battle fought by the Second Army, and on the eve of it, Sir Charles Harington sent for the war correspondents and devoted an hour or more to a detailed explanation of his plans. He put down all his cards on the table, with perfect candour, hiding nothing, neither minimizing nor exaggerating the difficulties and danger of the attack, pointing out the tactical obstacles which must be overcome before any chance of success, and exposing the general strategy in the simplest and clearest speech.

“I used to study him at those times, and marvelled at him. After intense and prolonged work at all this detail involving the lives of thousands of men, he was highly wrought, with every nerve in his body and brain at full tension, but he was never flurried, never irritable, never depressed or elated by false pessimism or false optimism. He was a chemist explaining the factors of a great experiment of which the result was still uncertain. He could only hope for certain results after careful analysis and synthesis. Yet he was not dehumanized. He laughed sometimes at surprises he had caused the enemy or was likely to cause them—surprises which would lead to a massacre of their men. He warmed to the glory of the courage of the troops who were carrying out his plans.

“‘It depends on these fellows,’ he would say. ‘We are setting them a difficult job. If they can do it, as I hope and believe, it will be a fine achievement. They have been very

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much tried, poor fellows, but their spirit is still high, as I know from their commanding officers.'

"One of his ambitions was to break down the prejudice between the fighting units and the Staff. 'We want them to know that we are all working together, for the same purpose, and with the same zeal. They cannot do without us, as we cannot do without them, and I want them to feel that the work done here is to help them to do theirs more easily, with lighter losses, in better physical conditions, with organization behind them at every stage.'

"Many times the Second Army would not order an attack or decide the time of it before consulting the divisional generals and brigadiers, and obtaining their consensus of opinion. The officers and men in the Second Army did actually come to acknowledge the value of the Staff work behind them, and felt a confidence in its devotion to their interests which was rare on the Western Front.

"At the end of one of his expositions Sir Charles Harington would rise and gather up his maps and papers and say: 'Well; there you are, gentlemen. You know as much as I do about the plans for to-morrow's battle. At the end of the day you will be able to see the result of all our work, and tell me things I do not know.'"

I value very much an album which was given to me after the Battle of Messines. It contains the following inscription:

"To Major-General C. H. Harington, C.B., D.S.O.,
Chief of Staff, Second Army.

"With compliments and grateful acknowledgements of generous and invaluable assistance before and after the glorious Battle of Messines from the War Correspondents with the British Armies in the Field."

It contains all the Press cuttings of the Battle of Messines and is signed in the following order by:

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H. Perry Robinson (*The Times, Daily News, etc.*).

W. Beach Thomas (*The Daily Mail, etc.*).

Percival Phillips (*The Morning Post, Daily Express, etc.*).

Philip Gibbs (*The Daily Chronicle, Daily Telegraph, etc.*).

Herbert Russell (Reuters and Press Association).

Wm. Philip Simmons (United Press of America).

De Witt Mackenzie (The Associated Press of America).

It was my privilege as M.G.G.S. to attend with the Army Commander the conferences held by Sir Douglas Haig with all the Army Commanders. Each Army Commander in turn described the situation on his own front, and Sir Douglas Haig on the general situation. Though handicapped by being a bad speaker, his summary of the situation was always excellent. He was an intense student of war.

I remember a conference on 7th May, 1917, when he told us that the Second Army was to capture the Messines Ridge, for which we had been making preparations for some time beforehand, and he asked General Plumer the earliest date he could do it. Plumer replied: "To-day month, sir." We returned to Cassel in great heart, and we did indeed spend a busy month.

There was not a detail of those preparations which the Army Commander himself did not supervise. Every gun position, every light railway for ammunition, every railhead, hospital and back arrangements he visited. He consulted Corps, Divisional, and Brigade Commanders as to the best hour to attack, the pace of the barrage, and the various objectives and other details, and then decided himself and told me to issue the orders. It was a wonderful example, as, before the attack, every subordinate commander was able to feel that he had at any rate been consulted and that no doubt the final decision was the best.

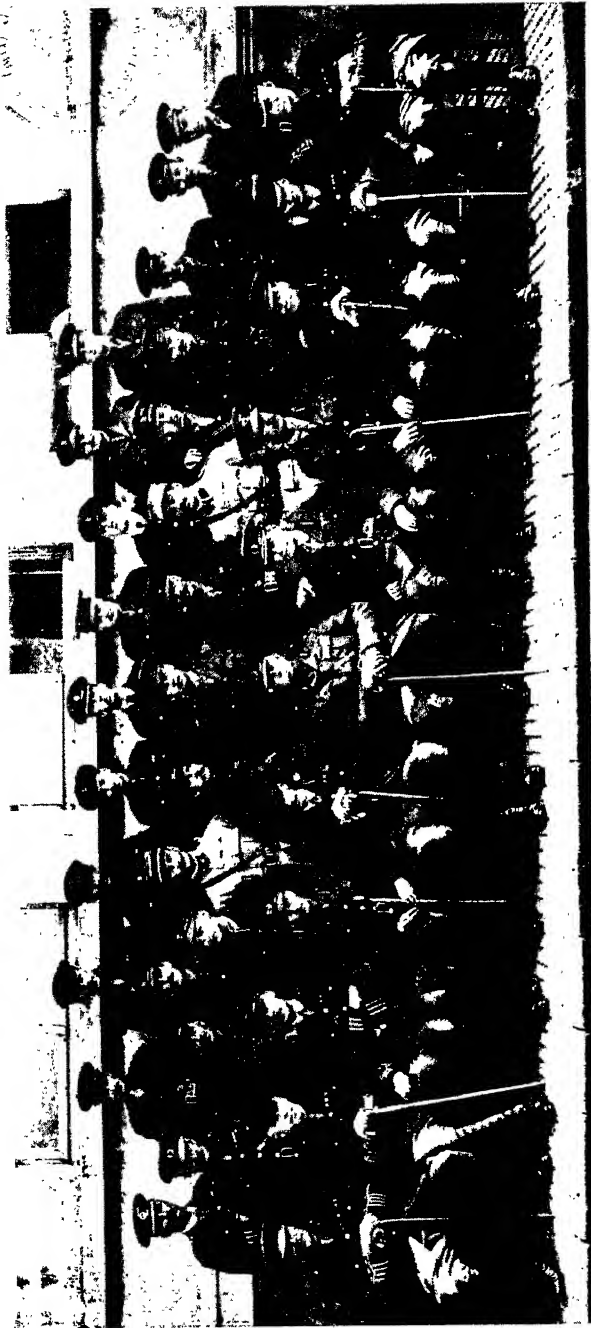
The artillery arrangements under our C.R.A., Major-General Franks, were wonderful. We had the greatest

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concentration of guns at that time known in history—one gun to seven yards, if I remember rightly. We also had some twenty to thirty mines which had, for a year or more, been bored under the whole Messines Ridge. I had frequently walked under the Ridge.

During all my time with the Army Commander, who went to bed punctually at 9.30 p.m., I only called him twice in the night. The first time was in February, 1917, when our O.C. Mines, Colonel (late Major-General) Stevenson, came down to me and said that we must blow our mines under Hill 60 at once as the Germans were within a few feet. I knocked on the Army Commander's door and told him: "'Mines' says we must blow the Hill 60 mines to-night." The Army Commander replied: "I won't have them blown. Good night." They were not blown; they lived to be blown at 2.50 a.m. on 7th June, in the attack on Messines. It was a fine and brave decision.

I always remember the eve of the battle of Messines—bed at 9.30 p.m.—breakfast at 2.30 a.m. I can see now the glare in the sky as the mines went up. The Army Commander was not with us; he was on his knees in his room, praying for those gallant men who were scaling the Ridge. Presently reports began to come in—all favourable. The troops had been successful all along the line. The Messines-Wytschaete Ridge, under which our troops had lived since the winter of 1914, was ours at last. Looking down the Ridge, which I visited next morning, it was impossible to imagine that our troops could have lived all that time, commanded at every turn by that high ground. The explosion must have been terrific. The crater at Spanbroekmolen, which had been preserved, was an amazing sight. In a German concrete dugout, close by, I saw four German officers sitting up round a table—all dead—killed by shock. In an officer's pocket was found the copy of a message he had actually sent at 2.50 a.m. saying: "Situation comparatively quiet." He literally was living on a volcano,



SECOND ARMY HEADQUARTERS STAFF, JUNE, 1917

FRONT ROW.—Col. A. B. R. HILDEBRAND, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. C. H. MITCHELL, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. W. ROBERTSON, D.S.O., Maj.-Gen. F. M. GLUBB, G.B., D.S.O., Maj.-Gen. C. H. HARRINGTON, C.B., D.S.O., Gen. Sir H. C. O. PLUMER, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., A.D.C., Maj.-Gen. A. A. CHICHESTER, C.B., D.S.O., Maj.-Gen. G. McK. FRANKS, C.B., Surgeon-General R. PORTER, C.B., Lt.-Col. E. S. BURDER, C.M.G., Col. T. W. HALE, C.M.G.

SECOND ROW.—Lt.-Col. A. G. STEVENSON, C.M.G., D.S.O., Rev. G. STANDING, M.C., Lt.-Col. B. B. CROZIER, D.S.O., Lt. F. D. L. GREEN, Comdt. Comité de MALLEISSEY-MELUN, M.C., Maj. W. HEYN, Maj. J. KNOWLES, Lt.-Col. H. W. JACKSON, Comdt. M. CLAUDE, M.C., Capt. F. G. BEDWELL, Maj. G. M. DARELL, M.C., Rev. F. I. ANDERSON, C.M.G., Capt. A. C. P. BUTLER, Capt. P. de FONBLANQUE.

BACK ROW.—Maj. F. St. J. HUGHES, M.V.O., Capt. C. K. PHILLIPS, Maj. R. S. ABBOTT, M.C., Lt.-Col. W. H. TREVOR, D.S.O., Capt. L. H. HAWES, M.C., Maj. N. L. CRAIG, Capt. P. E. LONGMORE, Capt. W. GOULD, Capt. M. B. HEYWOOD, D.S.O., Capt. H. P. SPARKS, M.C.



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poor fellow. The pleasing feature of that day was that all objectives were taken, and that our losses were only about one-tenth of what we had expected and feared. Congratulations poured in to the Army Commander from all sides. Messages from King George and the Duke of Connaught, on whose Staff the Army Commander had served, were much appreciated.

Much has been written about that battle, and critics have been generally very kind. It was, however, only an operation with a "limited objective". It was designed to accomplish a certain task, namely to place the Ridge firmly in our hands, and it succeeded. To my mind the main lesson to be learned from Messines is "Thoroughness in Preparation". As I said previously, the Army Commander kept his finger on the pulse of everything, and all of us who were privileged to serve under him had to see that no detail, however small, was omitted. He told me once that any success he ever had was due to having been Q.M.G. of the Army. He understood the value of the "Back Arrangements", as I call them, and he saw to them all himself. That is why troops liked coming into his Second Army; it gave them confidence.

There were many examples in the Great War of operations, from trench raids up to battles on the largest scale, failing for want of thorough preparation. Attacks went well up to a point and success seemed assured, and then something went wrong behind—feeding, perhaps, or transport, or reserves not available at the right time or place—just something which nullified the initial success—so that the whole operation crumbled. I think that is the lesson of the war—the majority of operations well prepared succeeded—the majority of operations ill-prepared failed.

The capture of the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge made it possible for Sir Douglas Haig to push on with his major project of advancing through Belgium to the coast. As I write I can see that commanding position of Passchendaele

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standing in the way. Of that more later. I think my Chief rather hoped that, after Messines, he might have been entrusted with the task of the further advance, but it was not given to him. It was given, at first, to Lord Rawlinson who, with his M.G.G.S., General Archie Montgomery, as he then was, came up to reconnoitre with that object. Later, however, changes were made and the task was entrusted to the Fifth Army under Sir Hubert Gough, to whom we were ordered to hand over several corps, including the corps holding Ypres, which had always been under the command of the Second Army. The Second Army was reduced to four corps only, holding the front south of St. Eloi, what may be called the Broodseinde Front.

The operations for the capture of Passchendaele then began and, on October 4th, a combined attack by the Second and Fifth Armies was made. The Second Army captured all its objectives, including the Broodseinde Ridge, and I have always said that that operation was the best ever carried out by the Second Army. We had very little time to prepare, compared with the operation of Messines.

The Fifth Army, on our left, met with serious opposition and made little progress. Unfortunately at this time the weather broke and got worse and worse. Sir Douglas Haig, usually accompanied by his Chief of Staff, used to come up to Cassel almost daily and hold conferences with the Commanders of the Second and Fifth Armies in my office as I had the best map. Sir Douglas was determined to get Passchendaele before winter if it was possible.

Various changes were made, and several corps of the Fifth Army were handed over to the Second Army, which was now entrusted with the major role. Several attempts were made. The weather was just appalling. We encountered serious opposition at Bellevue, on the way up to Passchendaele, the 49th West Riding Division and the New Zealanders suffering very heavily. General Gough was, I know, opposed

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to the attempts in such weather; he rang me up at about two-thirty one night, on the eve of an attack, and wanted me to ask General Plumer to stop it. The latter came down to my room and waited while I rang up and asked the opinion of each of our Corps Commanders.

They all, with one exception, who did not express a definite opinion, agreed that it was then impossible to stop the attack as the infantry had already been on the move for hours, and it would be impossible to get orders to them. General Plumer then took the telephone and I remember his words so well: "Is that you, Gough? The attack must go on. I am responsible, not you. Good night and good luck." Another big decision. We eventually got Passchendaele on 9th November, 1917. No one deplores all that fighting more than I do; I was the unfortunate Staff Officer who had to issue the orders for the greater part of it.

That advance to Passchendaele gave the critics the chance to belittle and damage the reputation of the great men who bore that awful responsibility. It may be that no advance should ever have been made after Messines in June, and that nothing more should have been attempted till the following year. I do not know, as I know nothing about the higher strategy, or the arrangements made with, or the conditions of, our Allies. It may be that it was considered to be essential to get Passchendaele Ridge as a jumping-off place for the following spring offensive to the coast. I do not know, but I contend that after the capture of Broodseinde and the subsequent advance and hold up at Bellevue, close under Passchendaele, there was no place where the Army could have stopped for the winter and been maintained.

I asked, in my *Life of Lord Plumer*, if anyone could suggest a line on which we could have stopped; I have never seen a reply. I had personally reconnoitred all that ground under the most appalling conditions and I feel sure that if he had been with me on the Gravenstáfel Ridge, the most violent

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critic of Passchendaele would not have voted for staying there for the winter, or even for any more minutes than necessary.

As an instance of his thoroughness, I recall General Plumer's great interest in all our Second Army Schools. How well I remember our Musketry School near St. Omer, our Sniping School under Major Slater at Mt. des Cats, our Trench Mortar and other Schools. I recall the ten-day courses for C.O.s and also for Adjutants, which not only gave them a rest from the line but also gave them an insight into what went on behind an Army. The Army Commander always addressed these courses himself.

I have always ascribed Lord Plumer's successful operations to three "Ts"—Trust, Training and Thoroughness. They, in my opinion, always stood out. He spared no effort to inspire and gain the trust of everyone under him. He realized the value of that trust, and no one can deny that he gained it. This was particularly emphasized by the way in which the troops of our great Dominions loved and trusted him. He had won their admiration in the South African War and they had not forgotten him. As regards training, he knew its value. He would have nothing left to chance; everyone must know his job, and I have stressed above, his thoroughness and knowledge of every detail; there was no trusting to luck with him. Above all was his own great trust in God.

Chapter IX

ITALY

SOON after the capture of Passchendaele the Army Commander sent for me and, on my entering, exclaimed: "You and I have got the sack. Rawly takes over the Second Army to-morrow." He loved to get a rise out of me, and he certainly did that time! Then he showed me a telegram ordering us both to Italy. It was just after Caporetto. Lord Cavan and a Corps Staff had already gone in advance of any troops, but presumably it had been decided to send an Army Commander, and my Chief had been selected. Mr. Lloyd George was in Paris, at the Hotel Meurice, and we were summoned to see him *en route*. We learnt that five British divisions had been ordered from the Western Front to Italy and that Mr. Lloyd George favoured reinforcing that front.

There was an amusing incident on our journey to Padua. We had arranged to dine quietly in the refreshment-room at Milan, but to our horror, as the train pulled up there, we found the station beflagged and thousands of people on the platform. The Military Secretary was sure that it was a welcome to our Chief, who was hastily making ready to cope with it, when the Railway Staff Officer informed us that it had nothing whatever to do with us; it was a "send off" to the first wounded Italian soldiers returning to the Front! We made our way through the crowd and had our dinner in peace.

On our arrival at Padua we were met by Lord Cavan, Brigadier-General Gathorne-Hardy, B.G.G.S., and the Duke

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of Windsor, who was then Staff Captain XIV Corps. Padua was in rather a state of panic as they thought the Austrians were quite near; all the waiters had just fled from the hotel. Marshal Foch and Weygand were there, and Sir Henry Wilson; Sir William Robertson had just left. General Diaz was the new Italian C.-in-C., and one of his Staff Officers was Badoglio, the Victor of Abyssinia. He and I became great friends as I did a lot of work with him. He looked so young that I called him my G.S.O.3.

I often had tea with him when we were discussing matters, and he had his servants dressed in white. One day the man who was handing me tea saw me hesitate for a moment and he promptly said: "Sugar, sir?" I said: "Where did you learn English so well?" He replied: "I was a waiter, sir, for sixteen years at the Hyde Park Hotel before the war."

We had many conferences with General Diaz and gradually learnt the situation. Brigadier Delmé-Radcliffe was our Attaché, or Liaison Officer, with the Italian Army. The French had their Headquarters also in Padua. A few days after we got there the British troops began to arrive, the first being the 23rd Division under Major-General Babington. We were not destined to remain long in Padua, as the Austrian bombers soon got news of all three Headquarters being there and bombed us at intervals of half an hour.

The fact that my Chief, Major-General Percival, had a cold and was in hospital at Hazebrouck, once altered the whole of my career, for it sent me to the Canadian Corps instead of to Salonika. Now at Padua I was saved by having a cold myself. Only, I think, twice when I was with General Plumer, did I not go back to my office after dinner, but one night at Padua I had such a heavy cold that General Plumer definitely ordered me to bed.

About 9.30 p.m. enemy bombers dropped a bomb through my office, killing the sentry outside, wounding a clerk, and wrecking my office. I should certainly have got that one.

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We were really very lucky that night, for another bomb fell between my office and the Staff mess the other side of the road which was full of officers. We moved to a large house about six miles out, and the British troops soon afterwards took over the line at Montello.

Our house in Padua brings back memories. My old Chief hated a telephone and would never speak through one if he could help it. When we first moved in, we hid the telephone in the Chief's room, under his writing-table, where it went off later. I think Major Knowles, the A.M.S., got the blame for that!

It was the coldest house I have ever lived in. There were no fire-places but there was a wall, and I presume a chimney, against which one could burn logs; our trouble was to get the logs to blaze. One day our A.M.S., complete in Staff uniform and Staff hat, was seen in a shop in Padua on his knees blowing out his cheeks! Like the rest of us he knew no Italian, but he got the bellows he was out to buy for our comfort, and we owe him a great debt of gratitude.

I came home on a few days' leave at Christmas, and one day I was astonished to get a message asking me to breakfast with the Prime Minister. There were only Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Carson and Sir Maurice Hankey present. We had a charming breakfast, and Mr. Lloyd George, whom I had only met once before, in Paris, was most kind.

We came to the end of breakfast, and I was still wondering why I had been asked, when Mr. Lloyd George sat back and said: "Now, General, tell us how you would win the war!" I was somewhat taken aback and explained that I had no idea of the situation on other fronts, but still hoped that the operations on the Western Front, which had been dormant since Passchendaele, would succeed in the spring. I had said exactly the wrong thing, and was very soon outside the door.

Mr. Lloyd George, who hated everything to do with the Western Front and favoured the smaller fronts, presumably

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wanted me to suggest sending more troops to Italy for a big offensive. As a matter of fact General Plumer soon after sent back two divisions to the Western Front as he did not require them.

Before I returned to Italy I was sent for to the War Office and told confidentially that a wire had been sent to General Plumer, offering him the post of C.I.G.S. in succession to Sir William Robertson, but that there was a snag in it as it only gave him some restricted powers, and not an entirely free hand. On this I wired to General Plumer asking him to await my arrival. He met me at Milan and I asked him if he had got the War Office wire; he said; "Oh yes, and I answered it at once." On enquiring what he had said, he replied: "Refused, of course." He had seen the snag all right.

Our stay in Italy soon terminated. We were delighted when, early in March, we received orders to hand over to Lord Cavan, who was to be raised to the status of an Army Commander, and to return to our old Second Army at Cassel, once more to be responsible for the Ypres Salient. I think we got back on March 13th, but as I have never kept a diary or a note, everything in this book, except for certain letters and documents, has to be written from memory.

It makes one sad as one looks back. There were the British troops hurrying to the aid of the Italians, our old and valued friends, and being welcomed by them. I was privileged with Lord Plumer to be received and honoured by the King of Italy. In later years I was privileged to have the Italian troops in Constantinople under my command, when I commanded the Allied Forces of Occupation. I am convinced that our respective nations would much rather be friends. We always have been. We fought alongside each other in the last war. We have no reason whatever to quarrel with Italy—nor had France—and yet we witnessed Mussolini, who had done great things for his country, being literally

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pulled along by the nose by Hitler and made to declare war on France and Great Britain. That France or the Petain Government was prepared to eat dirt at the hands of Mussolini and surrender after twelve days without a fight is the concern of France alone, but Mussolini may well have cause to regret his "under the belt" action before very long. We hear a lot about the Italian mastery of the Mediterranean. That can hardly be gained by sitting in harbour and being too late to come out as at Oran. Mussolini's trouble is that there is a British Fleet in the Mediterranean which appears to get terribly in his way.

The same applied to Franco in the recent Spanish War which made our position in Gibraltar very difficult at times.

Chapter X

RETURN TO FLANDERS

THE Second Army, on our return, consisted of some fourteen strong divisions, including the Australian Corps, which was holding the Messines Ridge. Then came the 21st March—the worst day the British Army ever had in its history—and the German attack on the Third and Fifth Armies. I accompanied my Chief that night to Montreuil to see Sir Douglas Haig. He told us the latest situation, and I can picture my old Chief now, in front of a map on the wall with his hand on Sir Douglas's shoulder, offering all the help he could. He offered twelve divisions and I remember Sir Douglas saying: "That means giving up Passchendaele." "Not a bit of it," was his reply. It was a very moving scene—the older man trying to help the younger one who was bearing that awful responsibility. We were not long in sending off those divisions, and in their place we got the remnants of the very tired and weak divisions which had been through the fighting of the 21st. In a few days the Messines Ridge, instead of being held by four strong Australian divisions, was held by four weak and weary brigades.

It was too much in the end. The Germans, elated by their success in the south in their attempt to drive a wedge between the British and French, decided to try a minor operation in the north, presumably to prevent reinforcements from being sent south. It had been decided that our Second Army was to extend its right and take over the left division of the First Army, and I had accompanied my Chief to a conference with

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the Commander of the IX Corps, General Haking. The Portuguese were on the left of the First Army and a division was actually *en route* by train from the south to replace them, as they were due for relief. As luck would have it the attack was launched against the Portuguese that night and then was extended against the right of the Second Army. Our tired troops could not stop the enemy advance, and had to give way. I felt so sorry for my old Chief having to give up Passchendaele, Messines, Kemmel, Bailleul and all the places which had been ours so long. The enemy pressed right through to Meteren. Marshal Foch sent up some French reinforcements to help us.

I remember telling the Army Commander one night that our old Army was in three pieces, as the enemy had broken through on each side of Meteren, and he replied: "Well, that's better than being in four." Such was his great spirit. About this time I was appointed D.C.I.G.S. to Sir Henry Wilson, but I was allowed to remain in France until the situation was stabilized. It was a very anxious time. We were digging back lines to defend the Channel Ports. We had to leave Cassel, except as an advanced H.Q., and move to Blendecque, near St. Omer. Hazebrouck was threatened, and the enemy reached Strazeele. Our hopes of stemming the tide rested on the arrival of an Australian division under Major-General Walker. We had officers and men from our schools, servants, grooms, etc., all in the line.

The trains bringing the Australians were four hours late. I met them at Hazebrouck and how glad I was to see them. They went straight into action and drove the enemy from Strazeele and Flêtre. That was the end; the enemy had shot his bolt. It had been a very trying month. The work of those tired and weakened divisions was heroic and undoubtedly saved the Channel Ports. The Belgians on our left deserve great credit; they would not yield a yard.

I look back on those days from April 8th, when the attack

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developed on us, as the worst I remember in the war. I seemed so terrible to give up all that we had fought for and gained. One could see and feel that the net was closing round us. I remember General Hunter Weston, who was holding Passchendaele, coming to tell me how serious the situation was there, and it fell to me to suggest to the Army Commander that we must consider giving it up, and I well remember his answer: "I won't have it." A little later he came down to my room and said: "You were right, issue the orders." I was a very trying moment. I issued the orders, and later on the dear old Chief came down again and said: "Have the orders gone out?" They had, but there was that great stout old heart having a last struggle to hold on. It had to be the risk was too great; our position was impossible. That withdrawal was carried out in the most perfect order. Our line was withdrawn in the night to the outskirts of Ypres. Thank God we never lost Ypres itself.

After the move of the British Army to the north at the end of 1914, I was connected with the defence of the Ypres Salient, except for four months in Italy, until I came home in May, 1918. I served nowhere else. I knew it with the 49th Division, Canadian Corps, and I knew it with the Second Army. It was a terrible problem, and it was fortunate that in the man who bore that responsibility we had one with an extra stout heart. How well I remember that old road from Poperinghe to Ypres—the bravery of those transport drivers who took supplies in and through Ypres, where our casualties were often 100 per night. The dodging through Ypres at night and in the early hours. That run to Hell Fire Corner and beyond. There were some terrible places all marked down by the enemy. The officers and men who held that Salient were indeed heroes; they faced death at every hour of the day and night. Nothing could break their great spirit, any more than it could break the spirit of that wonderful wounded pigeon, which I remember at the loft

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behind Poperinghe, when it laid down its message and died, its duty nobly done.

On May 8th, 1918, to my great regret, I left the Second Army and ended my happy association with my old Chief. He was like a father to me. We had been together for two years, through good and bad times, in the defence of the Ypres Salient. It was a great privilege and education to serve under a chief like him—so thoughtful for those under him, so human, so thorough, so determined to give himself and to get the best out of everyone under him—always the same, always cheerful and full of humour. He was at his best when things were difficult or not going well. Always so generous to others, he never wished to take any credit, but always to give it to his Staff. He had an amazing power of attraction.

I have in my possession two most wonderful letters, one of which he sent to me the morning after the Battle of Messines, and the other the day I left. He was so moved on such occasions that he was unable to speak. I treasure those two letters deeply. They are not letters for publication. I have tried so hard, in the twenty years of Command which I have had since I left him, to follow his methods, and I have so often said to myself: "Now what would the old Chief have done?" It has been a great help, but he had some extra bit somewhere that the rest of us cannot get.

As I walked in his funeral procession, from the Guards Chapel to Westminster Abbey, carrying his Orders and Decorations, I could see very many old soldiers with tears in their eyes, obviously men who had served under the old Chief in various parts of the world. He was buried in the Warriors' Chapel, and each year, on the anniversary of the Battle of Messines, it has been our privilege to place flowers on his grave.

I have visited the old Salient several times since the Great War. I unveiled a tablet in the cathedral on one occasion, and I attended with Lord Plumer when he unveiled the

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Memorial to the Missing at the Menin Gate. The Mayor of Ypres was ill, and the late King of the Belgians, who was leading the procession, stopped at his house and went in to see him. I think that ceremony was by far the most impressive I ever attended. I described it fully in my *Life of Lord Plumer*, so I will not repeat it, but his rendering of "He is not missing, he is here," will long be remembered by all who heard him. The British School at Ypres, chiefly attended by children of those who look after war graves with such care, the little British Church in which Lord Plumer's G.C.B. Banner is laid up, all bring back those days—also the Canadian War Memorial near Mt. Sorrel, the beautiful Tyne Cot Cemetery, in which I once met fifty Germans on a bicycle tour—I know no more wonderful or impressive place than this cemetery; when I was C.-in-C. at Aldershot I tried to reproduce it at the Finale of the Tattoo, but it was too difficult. In the darkest days of September, 1938, in Gibraltar, I was always hopeful, and always comforted by the belief that those represented by the million little white crosses, who died for us, did not give their lives in vain.

Through all the anxious months of 1939 up to 3rd September, I always held that hope, I prayed earnestly that we might be spared the horrors of another war. God knows every possible effort was made by our Prime Minister, Lord Halifax and others to prevent it, but to no avail.

We of the older generation never thought to see our country plunged into war again.

Twenty-one years ago we never thought it would be possible during our lifetime for our former enemy again to get into position to embark on another war, nor did we think it would be even possible for one man to gain a position from which he could defy the world. Yet such has happened.

I think that I am justly entitled to regard myself as the last link of the old Second Army. Recent events have hit one very hard. We never thought that our old Ypres Salient

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would be overrun, and so easily, by those whom we had kept at bay with British pluck and lives for four years. Our beloved Messines Ridge, Mt. Kemmel, Mt. des Cats, Sherpenberg, Poperinghe, Hazebrouck, Cassel, Elverdinghe, Brieleu, St. Eloi, Hill 60, and Ypres itself—all gone and battered to pieces.

I have talked with soldiers who recently came through those hallowed places *en route* to Dunkirk. Our old Toc H House at Poperinghe, which Lord Wakefield had generously restored for us, is flat. The Upper Room in which so many great men in the last war took their last communion has gone. The old carpenter's bench at which that communion was administered had been previously removed to the cellars below so may be yet preserved.

I suppose the little British Church and British School at Ypres have also been destroyed. I understand that the gardeners—the men who have so faithfully guarded the memory of those millions who died for us—were all safely evacuated. The link with the old Second Army has been broken and broken by the son of the gallant king and soldier for whom we gave those British lives. It is a mercy that he has been spared the disgrace brought on his army by his own son. But for that monstrous act of treachery, the war would have taken a very different course, and in my opinion we should still be in possession of the old and hallowed places which I have referred to above.

Chapter XI

D.C.I.G.S.

It was on May 8th, that I reached London and joined Sir Henry Wilson as D.C.I.G.S. No one was more surprised than I was. I had known of it for some time, but after the German attack of March 21st, on the Third and Fifth Armies, the Germans turned on the Second Army in the north, where we had very severe fighting, losing Passchendaele, Kemmel, Messines, Bailleul, etc., and it was not until May 8th that the situation was stabilized and the German advance brought to a standstill. During all this time Henry Wilson had kept the appointment open for me.

I always remember the first question I was asked on the day I arrived (one which I knew was being discussed at the time). Did I recommend that Haig should be replaced by my old Chief, Plumer? An awkward question, when still in my pocket was the precious letter that my old Chief had given me that morning because he was too moved to speak. However, I had no hesitation in saying definitely "No." To lose Haig at that moment when the situation had been definitely stabilized would have shaken the British Army from top to bottom. I told Lord Plumer later of this conversation and of my reply. All he said was: "Naturally; you would have got yourself into trouble if you hadn't."

I had just finished a unique education of two and a half years with Lord Plumer in the defence of the Ypres Salient, and I was now to start on another two and a half years under quite different circumstances.

I am now going to tell my readers something about this very remarkable, and most ill-judged man, Henry Wilson, with whom I had the closest association through a very difficult time. I am going to write quite frankly about him, for I knew him really well, and many who have criticized him never knew him at all. How I wish that I could give my readers a true picture of this great man! He had an amazing and most attractive personality, a wonderful sense of humour, a love of fun and children, and a wonderful, kind heart. He had a marvellously quick brain, and it was almost uncanny what he saw.

He was at school at Marlborough. He had, he always said, a job to get into the Army; eventually he succeeded through the Longford Militia. He loved the regimental life in India and Burma, where he was unfortunately wounded. By this time he had evidently decided to take soldiering seriously. It was curious to think that in 1891, he was able to pass into the Staff College only seven years after he had been struggling to get into the Army at all.

His work at the Staff College and his subsequent Staff appointments, leading up to the post of Assistant Military Secretary to Lord Roberts, with whom he returned to England after the South African War, all go to show how highly he was thought of. By his determined efforts to lay the foundation of an efficient General Staff he was selected to be Commandant of the Staff College in January, 1907, and I was privileged to be a student under him. Those of us who had that privilege will never forget those days—the interesting schemes; the trips to the 1870 Battlefields; the Mountain Warfare scheme, when we almost ran up Snowdon; joint schemes with the Navy, etc.

It was during this time that he began his great friendship with Foch which, in later years when he was D.M.O., was to mean so much in formulating the plans between the French and British Staffs before the Great War. He was

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branded as "All French", but, I ask, where should we have been without those detailed plans? We owe a deep debt to the men who made them so perfect. Marshal Foch always said that Henry Wilson was the only Englishman who understood the French, but, as I know better than others, he did not hesitate to blame the French on many occasions when he did not think they had played their part.

At the time of the Ulster crisis in the spring of 1914, I was serving under Henry Wilson; I was attached from Aldershot, revising the Field Service Regulations. Those were very difficult days, especially for Irishmen. Henry Wilson, a devout Ulsterman and Protestant, did what he thought was right. He played a big part, quite oblivious of the consequences to himself. The crisis eventually passed but, in certain quarters, Henry Wilson was never forgiven. I think that the reason he was never allowed to be C.G.S. to Sir John French, who asked for him when Sir A. Murray went Home to the War Office, was on account of his recent activities over Ulster. In addition, he did not see eye to eye with Lord Kitchener; they were two men of such different temperaments.

After leaving G.H.Q., Henry Wilson commanded the IV Corps for a time, but I never think that this was his line. His brain, and grasp of the world problem, was being wasted by the narrow vision of trench warfare. People used to say that he never understood the regimental soldier, and that he lived in a cloud. It is totally untrue. How often he used to say to me: "Gosh, what would the regimental officer or soldier think of that sort of order?" He never for a moment forgot their point of view. His trouble was that he saw a great deal further than his critics.

When he completed his term as C.I.G.S., the War Office put all the papers which he had prepared for the Cabinet, on every theatre of war and country, into book form, and they gave me, as his Deputy, a copy which I have to-day. He said to me once: "It is uncanny what I see." So true—I

often look through those papers after all these years. His prophecies were uncanny. His grasp of the situation in all our seven theatres of war, and in the world generally, was wonderful.

On one occasion when he gave a lecture to the Cabinet and to all the Dominion Premiers in his room at the War Office, Mr. Lloyd George gave orders that no soldiers were to be present. The D.M.O., Major-General P. de B. Radcliffe, was very disappointed, and so was I, but when all the maps were suitably arranged I asked if there was anything more I could do, and retired. All eyes were on the lecturer, so I shut the door firmly, myself inside, and I hid on the floor behind the last row! When the lecture ended I opened the door from the inside but was never caught. It was a wonderful lecture and I had no intention of missing it!

After the IV Corps various jobs were found for Henry Wilson: his mission to Russia; liaison with General Nivelle; the Eastern Command; the visit to Italy after Caporetto, where Lord Plumer and I met him with Foch, Weygand and others; the famous Doullens Conference, where we met him again, at which Haig so generously and loyally agreed that the Allied Command should be given to Marshal Foch; and eventually the Supreme War Council at Versailles.

In February, 1918, he became C.I.G.S. in place of Sir William Robertson. As one looks back and reads in his own diaries and in other books, one cannot fail to be struck by the great and important part this soldier was playing. He was the only soldier who knew the political leaders; he knew them all well and was certainly not afraid to speak his mind. Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill—all believed in him then and appreciated his quick vision. He was quite the opposite to the usual slow and cautious soldier when confronted with leading politicians at a Cabinet Meeting.

Believe me or not, Henry Wilson cared nothing for self, he had only one purpose and that was to win the war. Jealousies

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were bound to come in. I deplore all the difficulties, changes, political strifes, political moves, strategical ideas, Western and Eastern parties which seem to have been rife at that time. The truth is that there were three brains which worked about twice as fast as any others—Lloyd George, Winston Churchill and Henry Wilson—all three were determined to win the war.

Henry Wilson often made enemies through people not understanding his chaff. Haig did not like him; his brain was too quick for Haig. Robertson never liked him, and General Archie Murray, who was C.G.S. at the start of the war, disliked him intensely. But he hated having enemies and would go to any length to be friends.

On the eve of going to France in August, 1914, he went over to the Admiralty to make up a quarrel with his old friend Mr. Winston Churchill. He told me that he had been worried by this difference of opinion (presumably over Ireland) for some time, and felt that he could not go to France with it on his mind. I believe they shook hands and made it up and were both much moved.

When, just after the war, he returned from staying with Mr. Lloyd George (in those days they were great friends), I remember so well his saying to me: "Tim, I was sitting on the little man's bed last night and he told me that though he had worked hard to win the war, he had nothing by which to remember it, and he asked me if I thought it would be nice to ask the King to give him a D.C.M. as a souvenir, to which I agreed." The King did not agree, but gave him an O.M. (Order of Merit). What a tragedy those friendships broke down!

When I came Home as D.C.I.G.S., Sir William Robertson was at the Horse Guards as C.-in-C. Home Forces. There had been differences, and this seemed to me a pity at this stage; it seemed to be bad for the country. I sounded Sir Henry Wilson, who told me that he wanted to have no differences

and only wanted to be friends, so I got Sir William Robertson to agree and arranged a meeting over something to do with Home Defence. Sir Henry Wilson said he was quite ready to go over to the Horse Guards to save Sir William Robertson trouble.

That meeting I shall never forget. We went over together and, after waiting some time, were shown into Sir William's room in the Horse Guards. I saw from the start that it was going to be difficult. I do not think they had discussed much, if anything at all, when an orderly came in and said: "Your tea, sir?" Sir William said: "Yes," and the orderly brought in his tea, which he drank as we sat there. It was a pity, and we soon left. I had thought that I was doing a good deed. I got into awful trouble from Lady Wilson for my action.

As D.C.I.G.S. my job was entirely confined to the Army. I had nothing of any kind to do with politics. Having been associated with Henry Wilson, naturally I have ever since been tarred with the same brush, but it only amuses me. So little do I care about politics that only once in my life have I had a vote; that was when I lived near Pinner some years before the war. I went to hear each candidate speak. As neither said one word about the defence of the Empire I never voted for either, and I should do exactly the same to-morrow. I think that is why, in later years, I managed to get on with both Greeks and Turks in Constantinople; and with both sides in Spain. I am pro-nothing except pro-English.

I used to attend Cabinet meetings nearly every day; one of us had to be there to give the military situation in various theatres of war. I met all the members of the Cabinet, who were very kind to me. It was a great education. Mr. Lloyd George was kind until one day about July, 1918. Marshal Foch had asked for a scheme to provide 5,000 tanks and 10,000 tractors to win the war on a 100-mile front in

1919 or 1920. I had, in conjunction with the D.M.O., Major-General Radcliffe, prepared a paper on the subject for the C.I.G.S. for discussion by the Cabinet. I attended the Cabinet with Lord Milner, Secretary for State, and the C.I.G.S. It was a full Cabinet meeting with all the Dominion Prime Ministers present. Mr. Lloyd George opened the proceedings by taking Item 5 first, the General Staff paper. He turned to me and said: "You wrote this, didn't you?" I replied that I had had something to do with it. He then said: "What's it going to cost?" and I replied that I had no idea, when he suddenly turned on me and said: "You are just like all these soldiers, you never think about men's lives." As I had just returned from nearly four years connected with the defence of the Ypres Salient I thought a good deal about men's lives, and as the project under discussion did not envisage either the year, or the theatre of war, it was a little difficult to calculate the cost in men's lives.

At first, in fact, I had thought he had meant the cost in money. I own to being very angry, but on the way back to the War Office, arm in arm with Henry Wilson, the latter told me that I must not mind, as it was all done for effect; that Mr. Lloyd George had chosen me to bully as I was the junior, and it was really to impress the Colonial Premiers and to show them the way he dealt with soldiers. Then he added: "There is that little man; he is out to win the war if it takes another twenty years, and he will always give you a decision when no one else will." Very true. I bear Mr. Lloyd George no grudge for those days; he was wonderful; though he killed me later over Chanak, or nearly so. The other military members of the Army Council were Sir John Cowans, Sir Nevil Macready, Sir William Furse and, later, Sir John Du Cane, M.G.O. All these were much senior to me, but as General Staff Officer, in the absence of Sir Henry Wilson, I had to preside at the military meetings daily, and often twice a day, and I shall never forget their kindness to me. Those

were indeed busy days; I seldom left the War Office before 9 p.m. and seldom got to bed before 2 a.m.

Those months from May till the Armistice were full of interest. The coming out by Auckland Geddes: the cry for more men: Rawlinson's attack on 8th August; I was actually at a Cabinet meeting when news of that success came in. The Australian Premier was very angry at the Australians being employed without his knowledge, but when he heard of their success he struck quite a different tune. I also remember Lloyd George's annoyance at four British divisions being ordered south by Foch to help the French. General Smuts and the D.M.O., P. de B. Radcliffe were sent to France to protest, but Haig had known all the time that an attack was coming in that region and had willingly agreed. At long last the enemy resistance broke. How well do I remember the telegrams coming in from all the theatres of war, leading up to that great 11th November, 1918. At 12 noon that day the Army Council proceeded to Buckingham Palace and were received by the King and Queen and taken out on to the balcony to see that wonderful scene of thousands and thousands of devoted and thankful subjects—a scene one can never forget.

Then came the demobilization. The officer who prepared and worked so hard for that scheme, Major-General Sir Burnett Hitchcock, died recently. It was a grave error that his scheme was never allowed to work as arranged. Men returning from leave were allowed practically to demobilize themselves at Victoria Station. It almost produced chaos.

Mr. Winston Churchill became Secretary of State for War about this time, and I doubt whether any other man could have dealt with that serious situation, caused by the withdrawal of our armies from all the various theatres of war. Sir Henry Wilson was at that time engaged on the Peace Terms and Treaties in Paris, and I acted for him and for months dealt direct with Mr. Winston Churchill, whose goodness to me at that time I shall always treasure. The re-forming of the

Army was a difficult problem. I remember Henry Wilson saying to me in his room: "Tim, we have finished this war with the best divisions in the world. In reorganizing the Army look at war through that window twenty years hence." How much I thought of that in recent anxious times, just twenty years after. Where were our best divisions in the world? They had been allowed to vanish in that fatal policy of reduction and example to other nations, an example which none followed, and for which we have suffered severely and are still suffering.

During that time I saw a lot of Mr. Winston Churchill and his wonderful brain and capacity for work. How he got through it will always be a mystery to me. I used often to put twenty-five important papers in his box at about 8 p.m. and so did other Army Councillors. They would all be back on our tables by 11 a.m. next morning with his decisions written in his own hand in red ink. It was a great privilege and experience to work with him. I have often attended Cabinet meetings with him when I have known that he has never seen a word of the question at issue. Whilst the Prime Minister was discussing other questions, Mr. Winston Churchill would take the file of the military question at issue, just pick out a few salient points, make a brilliant speech and, almost always, win his point. As a speaker he was always a delight. I attended the House of Commons several times when he was speaking on military matters. There were two remarkable debates on one day—one on the policy in Mesopotamia and the other, known as "The Scarlet Debate", on the re-introduction of the old red uniform after the war.

In both debates Mr. Winston Churchill was very heavily attacked, I thought unfairly, for I knew the situation regarding both. When the time came for him to reply, I was lost in admiration of the way in which he marshalled his facts and dealt with his critics; he carried all before him, and in both cases he had a majority of over 200.

But I always think that his speech in the Guildhall, when General Pershing received the Freedom of the City of London, was one of his most brilliant. I was representing the C.I.G.S. and had a seat opposite Mr. Churchill. Some minutes before lunch I saw him sitting with his head in his hands, and I went round to ask him if he was all right. He ate practically no lunch and hardly spoke to either of his neighbours.

After lunch, however, he got up and made the most brilliant speech. Later in the afternoon, when I took some papers in to him, I congratulated him on his speech, whereupon he told me that he was just starting to think about what he was going to say when I came round and interrupted him! I have some very charming personal letters from Mr. Winston Churchill which I shall always treasure.

In July, 1919, I was privileged to attend a dinner given by some 200 Members of Parliament to Henry Wilson; Mr. Lloyd George presided and it was such a happy evening. Mr. Lloyd George proposed Henry Wilson's health, alluding to the part he had played in connection with the plans for the despatch of the British Expeditionary Force: the work he had done in maintaining cordial relations with the French throughout: and the part he had played in establishing the Supreme War Council at Versailles. He spoke of Henry Wilson as "never daunted, never dismayed, never despairing, never downhearted, calm, courageous, full of resolution, full of fortitude and encouraging everybody to do his work". He ended by saying that he had the King's approval to announce that Henry Wilson had been made a Field-Marshal. It was a wonderful moment.

If only the chapter could have ended there—all pulling together, all such friends.

In the latter part of 1919, clouds began to gather. Henry Wilson was worried by all our commitments. We had not the troops left to grapple with them. Ireland came into the picture. Old friendships began to be shaken. He used to

come back from the Cabinet perturbed because they over-ruled his efforts to get policy within the means of our fighting strength. Strikes occurred, troops had to be sent to Ireland and we had commitments all over the world.

About this time he had many arguments with Lord Curzon on our foreign policy. I do not think that Lord Curzon ever liked Henry Wilson though Lord Curzon was the only one who sent him a line after he very narrowly escaped being drowned at Cowes. That note pleased him very much.

We, who were so near him, noted his worry and anxiety. How often he used to come back from a Cabinet meeting, make notes in the unfortunate diary and then dictate letters to Ministers with whom he had just had an argument. He had a grand private secretary, Moggridge, who was disturbed by nothing. He would take off the letters and the next morning, when Henry Wilson asked him if an answer had been received, Mogg (as we called him) would quietly say that the letters had not gone, and, by a private arrangement, I would appear through my door into Henry Wilson's room as the Heavy Artillery (as Henry Wilson called me), and between us we scrapped many letters! In the end Henry Wilson would throw up both hands when he saw me arriving!

Before the war was over, how well I remember his coming back one day from the Cabinet and telling me that Lloyd George was furious because Haig or Allenby had got a real chance at last, and the ideal country for using the cavalry of which they talked so much. Henry Wilson said, although I don't believe it for a moment, that all the time Lloyd George was raging about this ideal cavalry country, he was beating the map violently on the Caspian Sea! It was this kind of fun that was so often misunderstood.

I left him in October, 1920, for Constantinople and was succeeded by Sir Philip Chetwode. Henry Wilson's help to me in Turkey I can never forget. I have many of his letters still. Here, I append a few extracts.

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D.C.I.G.S.

Extract from Sir Henry Wilson's Letter.

War Office,

14th December, 1921.

MY DEAR TIM,

I am glad you took a stiff stand about the refugees from Cilicia. It really is a most scandalous business. Here we are doing what we can to help you, but as I never get any inside gossip now, owing to the fact that the Cabinet prefer the "murderers" to their C.I.G.S., I have no means of pushing things quietly as I used to do in the old days.

We will never do any good until we clear out of Constantinople altogether, and we will certainly never do any good until we make friends with the Turks. But I asked Montagu only the day before yesterday whether he had made any progress in educating Lloyd George in that direction, his reply was "absolutely none", and he added that "you (Tim) are taboo because Lloyd George thinks you are pro-Turk". You are running in good company because you have galloping alongside of you not only the C.I.G.S. but every officer of the British Army!

(Sgd.) H. W.

Extract from Sir Henry Wilson's Letter.

War Office,

6th February, 1922.

MY DEAR TIM,

Three of your letters are due for an answer. I hope to see Marden before I leave the office. I have still thirteen days to put in!

I can well believe that you are getting tired of being pushed about from morning to night for no particular reason except increase of danger and loss of prestige. P. de B., I am sure, filled you up with all the latest gossip that he took out with him, and since his departure nothing new has happened

D.C.I.G.S.

although all the ill effects of three years of incompetence and cowardice become daily more accentuated.

The Turkish Agreement with the French has once again sunk into the background, apparently because Lloyd George has not the slightest intention of doing anything except backing the Greeks.

Your letter of 31st January is almost entirely devoted to thanking me for being nice to you. To tell you the truth it had nothing whatever to do with me. I have perpetually tried to be nasty, always to be headed off by your engaging personal smile or song. As I have just said to Haldane, in my last letter as C.I.G.S. to him, I cannot help feeling a little lonesome at the idea that my days as C.I.G.S. are so nearly run out, and surely no C.I.G.S. had a more interesting time, and certainly no C.I.G.S. ever had a Staff who in loyalty and in knowledge was comparable to all you boys!

(Sgd.) H. W.

And here is another.

War Office,

15th February, 1923

MY DEAR TIM,

One line, my last to you as C.I.G.S., to wish you more good things than even you deserve. I cannot say more.

My warm love to you both.

(Sgd.) H. W.

I am afraid that Ireland, our unhappy country, ruined his last months as C.I.G.S. I see in his diary that he was never summoned to a Cabinet meeting between July 5th, 1922, and February 10th, 1923, and on the latter occasion Mr. Lloyd George did not even nod or take any notice of him—all due to Ireland. So he left the War Office and the Army and went into Parliament.

I only saw him once again, when I came home on leave from Constantinople. He had just made his maiden speech. He was then just obsessed by Ireland, and all conversation turned that way.

Shortly afterwards the terrible tragedy occurred; he was foully murdered outside his house in Eaton Place on 22nd June of that year. It is shocking to believe that such a thing could happen in the streets of London.

I was asked to go through those unfortunate diaries, but being in Constantinople at the time, I could not do so. Major-General P. de B. Radcliffe was also asked, but was unable to do so, and I shall always blame Major-General Callwell, who took on the task, for not telling some of Henry Wilson's old friends what was contained in them. Those notes were never meant for publication; they showed the vital problems on which he was engaged, but 90 per cent of them were just his Irish way of letting off steam and high spirits. They murdered his memory, and gave Sir Andrew Macphail and other critics, who never knew him, the chance of making a sensation by decrying every line.

To me it is all a tragedy. To think that all those good friendships could be broken after all that they had meant throughout many years. To those who, like myself, served under him either as a student or as a Staff Officer he will always be the same Henry Wilson. His love of children, his sympathy and attractiveness, his lovely Irish nature and jollity and wit will always remain with us; and to those of us who worked with him, his helpfulness, his personality, his courage in adversity will never be forgotten. In those dreadful days of the retreat from Mons and Le Cateau, he was the one bright and hopeful factor at G.H.Q.

Critics may say what they like and have said what they liked, but they never knew the real man. It is easy to say that he played for self. That is totally untrue; no more devoted and loyal servant of his King and Country every

breathed. He has been described as an intriguer of the deepest dye. That is a lie. This is born out by the fact that, when he was head of the Army and had all before him, he threw up everything because he deemed it to be his duty to his Ireland.

It is my firm belief that if Henry Wilson had not been murdered we might well have been spared this war in which we are engaged to-day. As an active Member of Parliament he would never have ceased to work for his two firm convictions:

(a) To urge the Government, as he did as C.I.G.S. after the war, to get out of places which did not belong to us, and to hang on to the places which did.

(b) To urge the Government to shape its policy to march hand in hand with its strategy.

I quote from the last memorandum submitted on 20th January, 1922, to Mr. Winston Churchill as Secretary of State for War.

"If on the one hand High Policy ignores High Strategy and on the other hand High Strategy is ignorant of High Policy, then I am afraid the lessons and losses of the late war and the present peace will all have been in vain and our terrible experiences will be repeated in the not distant future." Important words to-day. Had he been spared he would never have ceased to fight against the reductions imposed on the Army by various Governments and could and would have been a help to subsequent C.I.G.S. in their efforts to combat them.

Another thing quite certain is that we should still have British Army gunners defending Queenstown and our other South Irish forts to-day. He would have fought a hard battle for them. How many people wish to-day, now France has collapsed, that we had those defences. Above all we lost his real knowledge of the French Army and its methods.

Before the last war he knew more of the French Army

than any other Englishman. He had travelled every inch of the French frontier on his old bicycle in his old brown suit, which all of those who were students under him remember so well, and which his wife threw away so often. He would have been no supporter of any Maginot Line defence policy. He was a firm supporter of Marshal Foch's policy of "*L'attaque*." He would have known every French General—his dispositions and his worth. There would have been no undefended "hinge." He had that uncanny gift of being able to read into the inside of a Frenchman.

I have only known one other man who could do that—Lieutenant-Colonel (now Major-General) T. G. Heywood, who was my G.S.O.I in Constantinople and who interpreted for me at Mudania and subsequently for Lord Curzon in Paris. His mother was French.

I always say that when the French Commander, General Charpy, in Constantinople put his hand on the door-handle, Heywood could tell whether the atmosphere was going to be friendly or the reverse. For the past year and more we read of the wonderful meetings of the Supreme War Councils of our two countries and of the absolute unanimity existing and of the plans and pledges till "Death do us part." It gives us much food for thought. Sir Neville Henderson, according to his book, warned us clearly enough of the German preparations. It might be presumed that the French had full information of the existence of the German heavy tanks, parachute training, etc., and one has every right to think that the French should have been fully prepared to meet any onrush of these monster tanks; and one would have thought that in these close meetings between the Allied Staffs such contingencies would have been discussed and provided for. One was justified in thinking that no loophole existed anywhere. I am more than ever convinced that if Henry Wilson had been alive this debacle would never have happened. He would have known the true state of affairs in the French

Army. He would have known from his close friend, General Weygand, whom he knew so well when the latter was with Marshal Foch. I own that I was much pleased when I saw the recall of the old soldiers, Marshal Pétain and General Weygand, in spite of their respective ages of eighty-four and seventy-three, so opposed to our policy of no use for the older men whatever their experience. I little thought of the reason for their recall. I presumed that it was thought that General Gamelin and the younger Commanders (of which fifteen Generals were summarily dismissed) were not sufficiently imbued with the old fighting spirit of France. History will no doubt tell us the true story one day. We were indeed surprised, and I still maintain that if Henry Wilson had been still alive, he would have, by his uncanny methods, smelt out that all was not well. Anyhow, the crash came and in no uncertain measure. The Belgians on our left, thanks to the despicable action of their King, surrendered. The French put up a very poor attempt to stem the German onrush. By a miracle and the act of God we were able to extricate the bulk of our troops, and within a few days the whole of France, a great military nation, was overrun and had laid down her arms and laid them down also to Italy after twelve days at war and no engagement.

I still like to think that Weygand was the only man who had a chance to stop the rot as I liked to think that he is still the little tiger I used to know, but it is evident that the task was too great. There may have been other reasons which we do not yet understand.

The Army and its leaders were evidently not going to fight and so our "invincible" Allies just went. The whole of France was overrun. All the French ports fell into German hands. The Germans went right through France to the Spanish Frontier. The Italians crept into the South of France. Mussolini is reported to have gone as far as Mentone—one and a half miles inside the old French frontier—and thanks

to the above we have lost the Channel Islands for the time being.

At the moment of writing France has surrendered everything, including her Fleet and her Honour, but as we know Hitler did not get much of the French Fleet. Our action at Oran was most distasteful but absolutely necessary. I heard recently from Admiral Sir James Somerville who had to carry out that terrible task and how he hated it. It is all unbelievable. We see that General Weygand flew back to Syria to induce his late troops to lay down their arms. Almost a few days or weeks before as C.-in-C. Allied Forces in the Near East he had no doubt agreed with General Wavell that the French and British troops would stand together to the death. It is interesting to-day to look into the General Staff papers which Henry Wilson submitted to the Cabinet and of which I have a copy. I always remember his sceptical views of the League of Nations when it was first proposed. He was never an advocate of that project. His views on the project of a Channel tunnel were no less pronounced. I remember how he used to say that if we had had a Channel tunnel in the last war we should have lost the war at the start as our Government would most certainly have ordered us after the retreat from Mons back on the tunnel and have forced us to abandon the French, and he always emphasized the point of "who would give the order for its destruction in time of trouble?"

I have often thought of that recently. Just visualize in recent days when the Belgians gave in on our left what an attempt the Germans would have made to secure the entrance to the tunnel. Who would have given the order to destroy it? It would have also meant the destruction of the B.E.F. The construction of a tunnel would have meant the destruction long ago of the bulk of cross-Channel shipping and that heroic feat of rescue from Dunkirk by our small ships would not have been possible. The ships would not have been in existence.

Let me, as one who really knew Henry Wilson, make

one request to my readers. Do not judge him harshly. That man had the vision and the inside knowledge of the French and the French Army which no one else has possessed. Would that he could have had a successor.

During my time as D.C.I.G.S. I represented the Army Council on the Committee, under Sir Eric Geddes, which was set up to deal with the great railway strike in 1919 and, with Lord Forster, Financial Secretary, I represented the Army on the committee on the pay of the services under Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. Mr. Baldwin (as he then was) represented the Treasury and was very kind to our Army proposals. I also accompanied Lord Ypres when he went over to Ypres shortly after the war to give a Military Cross to Ypres. For some reason we were told to go in full dress. It cost me a lot to have my pre-war tunic of a major turned into that of a Major-General. We went over to Ostend in a heavy gale and had to be dressed in full kit on our arrival in order to be received by the King of the Belgians. I was not ill, but I disliked it intensely; it was all right for Lord Ypres, as he started life in the Royal Navy. The King of the Belgians, and everyone else, was in khaki, and I shall never forget walking through the streets of Ypres, over those cobble stones, in full dress, and this where, but a few weeks earlier, we had only been able to get through by dodging round corners between shells. It was all so out of place.

I am interested, nowadays, when I see the question of the amalgamation of Woolwich and Sandhurst voiced in the Press as a new idea. This question was definitely settled in 1919. In fact I accompanied the late King George V, with the late Lord Stamfordham and the present Lord Wigram, to an inspection of Woolwich after the King had reluctantly given his approval to the amalgamation. It was only after that inspection that Sir Charles Harris, the Financial Adviser, told us that, as thousands and thousands of houses had been built at Woolwich during the war, we should get no price for the

Academy; so the question was postponed for five years, and has continued to be postponed until the present.

On the way to that inspection at Woolwich the King's Daimler broke down in a very poor district. We were delayed for some time whilst the King's favourite chauffeur lay under the car trying to repair something. A large crowd assembled; time was running short. The only way of getting there in time appeared to be by taking a bus. The King was fully prepared to adopt this means and took the whole incident in great humour; at that moment, fortunately, the Daimler started and we were less than a minute late for Parade.

I have an interesting photograph taken in the Westminster Town Hall, when Mr. Winston Churchill re-formed the Territorial Army after the war, with the Army Council, Lord Scarborough and others on the dais, and the body of the hall full of the Lords-Lieutenant and Chairmen of County Associations. They accepted his scheme in the main, with the exception of the proposal to turn several of the old yeomanries into artillery and armoured-car units. He got round that cleverly by putting up a sub-committee under me to deal with the subject. I think only sixteen yeomanry regiments were to keep their horses, and even Mr. Winston Churchill found it difficult to find adequate reason why his Oxfordshire Hussars (43rd) should be in the first sixteen.

One dealt with some big problems in those days when money was forthcoming. I remember, with the M.G.O. one day, meeting the head man of Ford's who was commissioned to get the 5,000 tanks and 10,000 tractors for the attack on 100-mile front, and I remember also a time when General Sir Aylmer Haldane was pressing hard for new Rolls-Royce armoured cars for Mesopotamia as his were worn out; Sir Henry Wilson came into my room and said: "Tim, is there a man called Rolls or a man called Royce? Can you get a man called Rolls or a man called Royce to come and see me?" Shortly afterwards a very well-dressed representative

arrived and Sir Henry Wilson asked him if he could supply 1,000 (I think) Rolls-Royce cars at once, to which he replied that it was impossible. Whereupon the C.I.G.S. showed him maps of the various theatres of war and so impressed him by what he thought were deadly secrets that he said he would go off and see what he could do, and would return after lunch. When he returned, he told us that by non-delivery of promised cars to private individuals, he could supply us, and he did. It may have been well that the "secrets" imparted to him were not of vital importance, for when we left the War Office that night the posters all bore "1,000 Rolls-Royce Armoured Cars for Mesopotamia". He wrote to us shortly afterwards suggesting that his actions might be suitably rewarded! So we got the cars, but they were to cost, I think, £2,000 each with another £1,000 for strengthening them for service as armoured cars, so there was a sequel when Sir Charles Harris, the Financial Head, heard of the deal that afternoon, but he took it very well.

Another incident I remember during my time as D.C.I.G.S. is in connection with my friend General Ironside, who succeeded me as Governor of Gibraltar and has recently been C.I.G.S. Soon after I became D.C.I.G.S. he was selected for an appointment in North Russia; he was to succeed an officer out there who was sick or tired. Ironside was, at that time, commanding a brigade in France. Days went by and he did not report at the War Office, so I was told to inform G.H.Q., in France, that for once the Army Council intended to have its orders obeyed and that Ironside was to come without delay. Next day the big door of my room in the War Office opened and an enormous man came in and said: "You are the d——d fellow responsible for this." He was very angry until I told him the scope of his mission. He left the next day with orders in his pocket to take over command in North Russia. This was really the start of his great career.

During my time at the War Office, the Army Education

Corps, of which I now have the honour to be Colonel, was instituted. I am always interested in the A.E.C. It started under the guidance of Lieutenant-General Sir A. Lynden Bell—then Director of Staff Duties—Colonel Max Earle and Lord Gorell, with the full approval of the Board of Education; it attracted some excellent officers from every branch of the Service. It has had a rough passage. Prospects of promotion were terrible, and we lost many valuable officers on this account. I am thankful to think that, at long last, things are much better and that the Corps has won through. I have met many very valuable and helpful officers and N.C.O.s of the A.E.C. in various parts of the Empire. It has always irritated me that various people in high positions have been only too ready to advertise how much was being done for the soldier so that he could return to civil life a better and more educated citizen, with a trade at his finger-tips, yet little was done until recently for those who were accomplishing this.

Thus ended a very wonderful experience as D.C.I.G.S. throughout a very busy and interesting time. It is given to few soldiers to be brought into almost daily contact with the members of the War Cabinet in times of crisis, as I then was. I learnt a lot, but first and foremost soldiers, anyhow of the old type, were to get their hackles up against politicians. I am sure this did a lot of harm, and I can certainly say that I personally received many kindnesses which I can never forget. I was a comparative junior officer, as a Major-General, and in Henry Wilson's absence in Paris at the Peace Conference, I was brought into very close contact with many Ministers, and the unfailing kindness of Maurice Hankey, now Lord Hankey, is something I will always remember. There was, however, one very difficult period when Winston Churchill used to have a row most mornings with the Minister of Shipping, and I was sent in the afternoon to make it up!

I was a member of the Army Council at the time of the famous Dyer Case. The military members of the Army

Council had a very trying and difficult time over the case and were unfortunately opposed to the views of Mr. Winston Churchill. We were simply and solely concerned as to whether Dyer could be employed again, and at that time with the congestion after the war, there was no prospect of this. Our position was eventually made clear by Lord Milner in the House and is correctly stated in Hansard.

The only other thing I would mention of my time in the War Office was the formation of the Army Sports Control Board, of which I was the founder and first president. Lord Byng was made president of the United Services Trust Fund to disburse a very large sum for worthy objects. It was really the accumulated canteen profits of the war. I was a member of his committee and he had an office in Whitehall. It transpired that each officer and man still serving in the Regular Army after the war, would be entitled to a sum of five shillings as his share of this fund. This amounted to £80,000. I was given a cheque for that amount and I marched gaily down Whitehall with it and handed it in to the Permanent Under-Secretary, and with that sum we started the Army Sports Control Board, which has been able to help in making grounds and providing facilities for games of every kind throughout the Empire ever since. The late A.G., Lieutenant-General Sir Clive Liddell, now Governor of Gibraltar, and Colonel Ronald Campbell were members of my first committee. Lieutenant-Colonel B. C. Hartley is still the secretary. Before the war, Brigadier-General Kentish and many of us had helped to make grounds at Aldershot and elsewhere, and the Army owes a lot to General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, but these grounds were not officially recognized until the formation of the Army Sports Control Board. Now there is an authorized scale of grounds for every station. The Royal Navy and Royal Air Force have similar Boards. I have a letter from the Lords of the Admiralty, which I value very much, thanking our Sports

Board for the help which we gave to the Navy in forming theirs. Being a keen games player myself, I have always worked for Army Games and have been president of the Army cricket, rugby, association, athletics, tennis and swimming, all of which I have enjoyed.

Both Lords and Twickenham hold very many happy memories for me of Navy and Army cricket and rugger matches when I was president.

In later years, when Admiral Sir John de Robeck was made president of the M.C.C., the Navy gave him a dinner, to which I, the only non-sailor, was asked. The Army had won several times both at cricket and rugger during my time as president. Ginger Evans (now Vice-Admiral and recently retired from Gibraltar) was captain of the Navy cricket, and in his speech he said, chaffingly: "We shall never do any good in the Navy till we get rid of that fellow Harington." Within a week I was sent to India!

I am always amused when I see the number of people who claim to have written the following definition of a "Sportsman" which is now being freely quoted:

A SPORTSMAN

1. Plays the game for the game's sake.
2. Plays for his side and not for himself.
3. Is a good winner and a good loser, i.e. is modest in victory and generous in defeat.
4. Accepts all decisions in a proper spirit.
5. Is chivalrous towards an opponent.
6. Is unselfish and always ready to help others to become proficient.

That was compiled and issued by the first Army Sports Control Board. The original was framed and presented to me and hangs in front of me as I write. When I was D.C.I.G.S. I frequently used to draw the attention of Military Members of the Army Council to No. 4.

Chapter XII

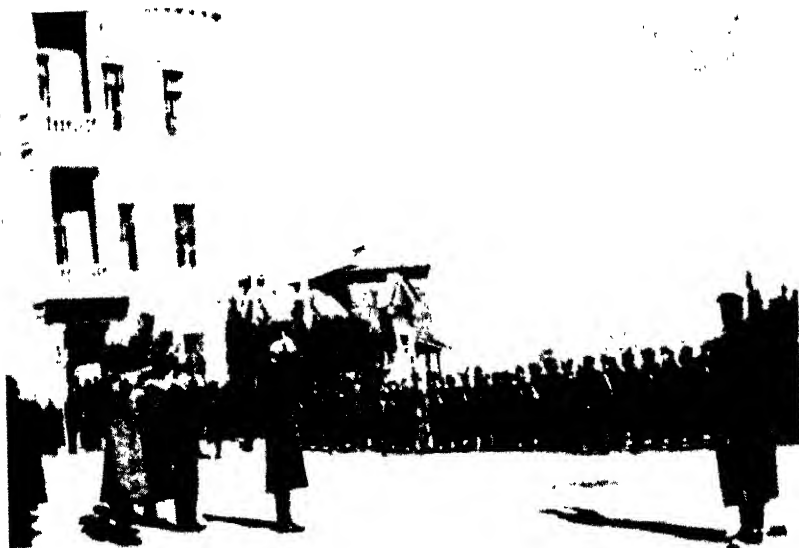
TURKEY. THE STORY OF MUDANIA AND CHANAK

IN October, 1920, I was sent by Mr. Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War, to Constantinople to succeed General (now Field-Marshal Lord) Milne. I little thought that I was about to start such an eventful three years. The Treaty of Sèvres had been signed. The Force at Constantinople (28th Division) was to be reduced to six battalions, a cavalry regiment and some gunners, and I was to see the treaty ratified. I also had a Greek division under me at Ismid, and a Greek regiment at Beicos opposite Therapia on the Bosphorus, where we lived in a house belonging to Krupp's agent next to the German Embassy. It was a lovely place, quite near the entrance to the Black Sea. At certain times of the year, when the Judas trees are out, the Bosphorus is quite wonderful. I used to go daily to my office in Constantinople, some nine miles, in my launch *The Yildirim*. Our house was just above Stenia where, at one time during the war, the *Goeben* was hidden. Later, in 1922, when I returned to Constantinople after Mudania in H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, Captain Nasmith, V.C. (now Admiral and Second Sea Lord) showed me the many wrecks and relics of his wonderful submarine work still lying beached on those shores. Sir John de Roebeck was High Commissioner at that time, but was shortly to return to the Mediterranean Fleet as C.-in-C. on relief by Sir Horace Rumbold.

I was not allowed to be quiet for long. Within a week of



WITH GENERAL WRANGEL AT CONSTANTINOPLE



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my arrival Kars fell, Venizelos fell, and Wrangel, driven out of the Crimea, brought all that was left of his Force to Constantinople, with women and children, in seventy-five ships.

The night before I left London, Mr. Winston Churchill, who had got our Government to assist Wrangel's Force, with three millions' worth of armaments, etc., came into my room with a telegram saying that Wrangel had got to a certain place which was hard to find, and I remember with glee how he said: "Only ninety-eight more miles to Moscow and Winston Churchill comes into his own." It must have been under a fortnight from that date when those ships left the Crimea. The "Back Arrangements", to which General Plumer always attached such importance, had gone a complete crash. I shall never forget the arrival of those overcrowded ships. Our Government had said that the responsibility had rested entirely on the French and that we were not to assist, but I defy anyone who witnessed that scene to have refused help.

Admiral de Robeck and I had arranged to go and see General Wrangel together, but Admiral de Robeck had to leave the day before, and Sir Horace Rumbold had arrived, so I went alone, not knowing at all what reception I should get. I was shown down to General Wrangel's cabin, where he and his Admiral Kedroff received me most courteously, and we became great friends later on. The plight of those poor people was indescribable. Women were throwing their fur coats and pearls over the side in exchange for a loaf of bread. The soldiers in boats would not take the things. After landing these people, we were feeding ninety thousand a day from soup kitchens. The sailors were supplying the milk, and the soldiers were giving up so much of their rations that, in the case of the Hampshire Regiment, I had to curtail it. Later on we also fed some 75,000 Turks. Everyone was terribly good over it, but it was very hard work. My wife was head of an organization which always appealed to me. It was all done

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by colours. The men and women who served out the food from tubs wore the same coloured aprons as the tubs. The refugees had coloured tickets, and so had only to go to their coloured tubs, so the whole thing was done without speaking; in any case no one could have understood them.

I append the following letter of appreciation from General Wrangel, showing his gratitude for the help given by the British:

Letter from Wrangel.

Le Commandant en Chef de l'Armée Russe.

Bord du Croiseur

Général Korniloff.

MON GÉNÉRAL,

le 27 Novembre, 1920.

De différents cotés on me signale l'appui efficace que les représentants de l'Armée Britannique de la Mer Noire donnent aux œuvres de secours aux réfugiés Russes de Crimée et les initiatives généreuses prises à cet effet par les officiers et soldats de cette Armée.

Il me tient à cœur d'assurer Votre Excellence que mon Armée tout entière et moi-même nous nous sentons reconfortés par l'amitié qui nous a été témoignée par l'Armée Britannique à laquelle nous lient les reminiscences de notre confraternité d'armes et le souvenir vivace de l'appui que les généraux, officiers et soldats de la Mission Militaire Britannique avaient prêtés à notre cause Nationale.

Je vous prie de trouver ici l'expression nouvelle de notre invariable reconnaissance à l'égard de votre Pays et de son Armée.

Veuillez agréer, Mon Général, l'assurance de ma haute considération.

(Sgd.) Wrangel.

Son Excellence

Monsieur Le Général Sir Charles Harington,

Commandant en Chef de l'Armée Britannique de la Mer Noire.



Drawn by Bert Thomas and reproduced by courtesy of "London Opinion"

THE SOLDIER PEACEMAKER HOLDS BACK THE DOGS OF WAR

TURKEY—THE STORY OF MUDANIA AND CHANAK

I would also add the translation of a letter from the Crown Prince on the same subject:

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

The renewed increase in human misery, in its diverse forms, such as devastation, famine, immigration, and unemployment, with all their sad social acolytes, has undoubtedly been pretty well everywhere one of the most deplorable consequences of the general war.

Among all the countries which have most suffered, none, however, can be compared to mine, from the point of view of the intensity of the ravages of all kinds, which have been perpetrated during all that time, and which, undoubtedly, have not yet ceased.

On the morrow of the Balkan wars, when exhausted Turkey had an imperious need to nurse her numerous wounds by a long period of peaceful activity, she was fatally dragged into a new and most disastrous war, through the grave errors of European diplomacy, and through the ignorant and blind conceit of the adventurers who were her leaders at that time.

Thus only was it possible to bring her to take up arms, in spite of herself, against the two great Nations, which she has considered to be her friends since all time, and it is again, for similar reasons, that the poor Turkish immigrants, whose frightful misery you have recently had the occasion to ascertain, find themselves in the position of new and innocent victims of the nameless atrocities from which they come to seek refuge in the Capitol.

By undertaking to succour efficaciously these war victims, deprived of all resources, at the very moment of their greatest distress, you have acquired the right to our profound gratitude.

I consider your generous initiative as a happy omen of an early resumption of the traditionally friendly relations that bind our two countries, and in the name of all my compatriots,

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rejoice to find such a sympathetic expression of clear sighted and just appreciation of our reciprocal interests.

I have much pleasure in conveying to Lady Harington and your Excellency my warm thanks for the eminently humanitarian work which you have so brilliantly organized in favour of the unhappy Turkish refugees in their distress.

I beg your Excellency to convey my respects to Lady Harington and to accept the expression of my very distinguished sentiments.

(Sgd.) ABDUL MEDJID.

2nd March, 1922.

Here is my reply:

General Headquarters,
Allied Forces of Occupation,
Constantinople.
3rd March, 1922.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

May I be permitted on behalf of Lady Harington and myself, to thank your Royal Highness for your exceedingly kind letter, which we appreciate very greatly.

I can assure you that it has only been a pleasure to do what we can to alleviate the distress of the Turkish Refugees who find themselves in such unfortunate conditions through no fault of their own.

The goodwill and kindness shown to me on all sides by the representatives of the Turkish Nation, and by the Turkish population in Constantinople, will never be forgotten, and I am sure no Commander in History, when called upon to perform a difficult task, could have ever met with such courtesy as I receive here on all sides from the Turkish Nation. I share with your Royal Highness the hope that our humble effort may prove a good omen for the future, and I look forward

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to the time when Peace and Prosperity may be restored to your country, and the cordial and traditional relations re-established between our two great nations.

My wife and I desire to express our grateful thanks for your kind letter, and to thank you for the great honour you paid us in attending the Charity Ball.

I remain,

Your humble servant,

(Sgd.) C. H. HARRINGTON.

Life in Constantinople went on gaily, especially at night. Our Headquarters were at Harbie, the Turkish Military Academy. The Mosques, Sultan's Palaces and Bazaar were of great interest to all. Many people attended the Selamlık once a week to see the Sultan go to service. One night I visited San Sophia and looked down on 10,000 praying in that great mosque. It was called "The Night of Fire" and the Sultan rode in on a white horse, with lighted torches all around the horse.

We had the most excellent swimming and bathing in the various bays of the Bosphorus close up to the Black Sea. It was delightful on summer evenings to take supper on my launch *The Yildirim*. I was always fond of long-distance swimming and succeeded when I was there in swimming from our house at Therapia across to Yenikali and back to Roumeli Hissar. It was about three and a half miles in all. The distance across the Bosphorus averages a mile, but the tide is generally strong which makes it impossible to go straight across and back.

I never think of the Bosphorus and Black Sea without thinking of the lighthouses. Before the war these were under the charge of an Englishman—an ex-naval officer. After the war he returned to his job in his lighthouse at the entrance to the Black Sea where I went to see him. He was so glad to be back again; but, two days later, he tragically lost his life in

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trying to save a child who had been swept off the rocks into a very strong tide.

The French Force in Constantinople was under General Charpy and the Italian Force under General Mombelli, who died a few years back. The French High Commissioner was General Pelli, and the Italian High Commissioner, Marquis de Garroni. Major-General Marden commanded the 28th Division. The Greek division at Ismid, which I went to inspect shortly after arrival, was commanded by General Gargalides, and the Greek regiment, at Beicos, by Colonel Vlachahopolos.

During the first year all went normally. There were the usual ceremonial parades of the Army and the Fleet, for the King's Birthday, parades of the Allies, and other functions. I always think of one unique function in connection with the Irish Guards, on St. Patrick's Day. I was asked to present shamrock on behalf of Queen Alexandra; this I did on a ceremonial parade. The shamrock had been sent out from England and I was told by the Quartermaster, a friend of mine called Butler, that it was always kept fresh by whisky. All I can say is this shamrock had missed the whisky somewhere on the journey out! I have always admired Lieutenant-Colonel (now Lt.-General) Alexander's way of dealing with my countrymen on this St. Patrick's Day. After parade, the whole battalion went to Mass for about four hours. After that they had an enormous sort of Christmas dinner. They then played seven-a-side rugger matches all the afternoon so that they were literally too tired to go into Constantinople that night to celebrate St. Patrick! They had a splendid R.C. padre, whom I shall always remember.

Constantinople had many attractions. There was something for everyone—hunting, polo, shooting, fishing, yachting, golf, cricket, hockey, tennis, squash, etc., a good club and good cafés. There was a wonderful spirit of friendliness. Everyone was happy; there was no jealousy or bickering, and friends made there were real friends.

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But I must now, as the B.B.C. says, "take you over to Anatolia" and see what has been happening. I must say that after the war, when the Turks were disarmed, their arms were left in various dumps under charge of the British, French and Italians. We had a brigade stationed at Haidar Pasha, and another at Bostanjik. A Greek Force of some 50,000 under General Hadjianestes was in Anatolia on a line roughly north and south through Afium Karahissar. Mustapha Kemal (the late President), whose gallantry in the Gallipoli Campaign will ever be remembered, was then about Angora, collecting and forming an army out of the peasants and followers, who had gone over from Europe to join him. He was collecting arms from various sources, some quite wrongly, and all this time he was gauging the value of the Greeks as a fighting force. Meanwhile he was getting stronger and more organized. Small advances of the Greeks which he was able to hold up made him more sure. I think it was about this time that the Powers began to be a little concerned, and the French and Italian troops were put under me, and I became C.-in-C. of the Allied Forces of Occupation. Major-General Marden took over the command of the British Forces under me.

About this time the Greeks launched their offensive, and met with some success. Had they been content with that success, things would have been very different, but they were so elated by this initial victory that the King came up, attended by a Staff completely ignorant of war, but with a war cry of "To Angora", and they pushed on wildly, ill-prepared and unorganized. This must have rejoiced the heart of Mustapha Kemal, a real soldier, who held them up quite definitely on the River Sakaria.

I was sent for to report to the Cabinet on my opinion of the Greek Army as a fighting force. I still have the report which I wrote. Mr. Lloyd George did not like it, and Major-General Marden was ordered to go to Anatolia and report direct and over my head—an unusual procedure. I was

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allowed to comment on my return, and I held to my former opinion, which was that they were all right advancing and meeting with little or no resistance, but if seriously attacked would not stand. To make things worse for themselves, the Greeks transferred some 50,000 men to Eastern Thrace, with a view to attacking Constantinople, which was in the hands of the Allies. I simply could not believe the report which I was getting of this mad project. I went myself to reconnoitre the Chatalja Lines, which Sir Henry Wilson always described as the finest natural position in the world, though long-range guns have of course altered its value. I gave General Charpy the task of defending them with French and British troops, and he did his task thoroughly.

About this time a curious incident occurred. There had been a very serious fire at Haidar Pasha and thousands of Turks were homeless. We were holding a gymkhana, or horse show, to which everyone had been invited, and we decided to give the proceeds to those wretched Turks, and so we thought fit to invite the Turkish Government office from Istambul, who readily accepted; we had never asked Turks before as we were still technically at war with Turkey. The Greeks were advancing towards Chatalja at the time. There was a table for tea full of Greeks to whom I spoke. They knew I had been to Chatalja; I knew of the Greek threats. The leading Turk, a fine old man, Izzet Pasha, had been in command at Chatalja in the Bulgar War, and another, Zia Pasha, the Minister of War, had been a Staff officer. They both kept saying to me: "Watch your right; watch your right," and they offered me 20,000 Turks to help me in the defence of Constantinople! I knew exactly what they meant as I had been up as far as Dermos Lake, and had seen the ground over which a force might have moved. Within a year, the Greeks were going to offer me 20,000 men to help defend Constantinople from the Turks! Shades of Gilbert and Sullivan!

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In the spring of 1922, it became evident that all was not well with the Greeks. Their finances began to fail and they began to get tired of the war. It was thought that the new C.-in-C., General Hadjianestes, had given them the idea that they would not be much longer in the field, but would soon return to their homes. In March, 1922, they placed themselves in the hands of the Allied Powers with a view to a satisfactory arrangement being reached. I went to Paris to attend a conference with Lord Curzon in order to effect some arrangement. We agreed on a scheme by which Anatolia should be evacuated by the Greeks under Allied supervision. I still have the scheme we drew up; I sent a copy of it to the Staff College afterwards as a suggestion for a useful Staff Exercise.

The Turks would not agree to the proposals so the scheme fell through. It was a great pity. We should have got the Greeks out of Anatolia and should have handed it over to Turkish administration. Western Anatolia and the debacle of Smyrna would have been saved.

Needless to say, the Greeks did not press their attack on Chatalja, but in answer to my enquiries the Greek Commander replied that I should have done the same in his place, as the Allies had been giving arms wholesale to the Turks in Anatolia! The situation developed seriously. With the Greeks weakened by their detachment in Eastern Thrace, Mustapha Kemal saw his chance and seized it. He struck a bit of the line near Afium Karahissar, which was held lightly, and the whole thing collapsed like a pack of cards. The Greeks were tired of it all and put up little or no resistance, except in one Corps to the north. My liaison officer wired me that nothing could make them stand; I thought he had gone mad or lost his nerve, so I wired to another who confirmed it. I remember wiring: "Can't someone get on a tub and stop them?" There was nothing to be done; they just went back to Smyrna in one of the greatest debacles in

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history, an appalling catastrophe. The scenes described by our naval officers at Smyrna were terrible.

The situation became serious for us. I may state here that, even though the French and Italian troops were under my command, I was not allowed by their Governments to employ them in Anatolia. As the situation grew worse I asked the French and Italian High Commissioners and Generals if they would send a squadron of cavalry, a company of French and a detachment of Italian troops to Chanak, so that we could show three flags instead of one. They readily agreed.. At that time I only had one battalion, the Loyals, at Chanak, and I sent down Brigadier Shuttleworth to take command. The French and Italian detachments arrived and were welcomed and played up by the band. We had three flags for a moment; but directly their respective Governments heard of it they ordered their detachments to be withdrawn. I have never felt more sorry for anyone than for the French and Italian Generals Charpy and Mombelli; they felt that they had let me down.

Lord and Lady Plumer were just coming up from Malta to pay us a long-promised visit. They stopped at Chanak and saw Brigadier-General Shuttleworth. That fine sailor, Admiral John Kelly, in the *Benbow*, arrived at that time, and landed his bluejackets, including, I believe, his own servant, to help to wire in the little British Force. My old Chief wired to me from Chanak: "All well here"—so characteristic of him. He and Lady Plumer arrived in the *Bryony*, which anchored off my house at Therapia, and they came ashore at our landing-stage. We had a big dinner-party that evening in their honour. All the Allied High Commissioners, Admirals, Generals and others were invited. The French and Italian Generals begged to be excused as they were so unhappy, but I insisted that they should come. We had a very happy time. No one showed a trace of what he might be feeling inside. It was England at her best. I

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can see the pipers of the Irish Guards, now, playing in the big hall as the Allies arrived. It really was a remarkable evening, and one which those Generals will never forget; they literally burst into tears as they left.

It was a wonderful coincidence that my old Chief should arrive at that moment; it was worth a couple of divisions to me. Next morning I took him to my office and set him down to read all the wires and reports which I had sent regarding the situation. After about half an hour, he said: "Give me a bit of paper." That in itself was odd, as in all our association together he had made the decisions and it had been my job to put them on paper. After a time he handed me two messages, and said: "Send these." One was a report to the War Office, saying he entirely agreed with everything I had done, and the other was a personal wire to Mr. Lloyd George saying the same. It meant a lot to me, as I naturally expected that someone more senior would be sent out to replace me. Instead of that, Major-General Hastings Anderson—a real friend—was sent out to be Chief of Staff. He was flown out by that great expert, Alan Cobham and, as luck would have it, broke down in Austria, so that it took him twice as long as by the Orient Express. He arrived just after Mudania.

Before I tell the story of Mudania and Chanak, which has never been told before, I must make the situation clear. It will be seen from the above that at that time I had only a very small force at Chanak under Brigadier D. I. Shuttleworth, consisting of one squadron, one battery and two battalions. It was against this little force that the Turks assembled a much superior force estimated at some 17,000 men. On September 3rd, 1922, the situation became exceedingly critical, and it is thanks mainly to the admirable way in which it was handled by Brigadier (now Major-General Sir Digby) Shuttleworth and the restraint shown by those under him, that a clash was avoided.

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I cannot do better than give the picture in General Shuttleworth's own words, from the report rendered to me: "Despite the withdrawal of the French and Italian detachments from Chanak, it was obligatory to hold the Asiatic coast as long as possible, to enable our shipping to enter the Sea of Marmara.

"To do this, I had one squadron, one battery and two battalions immediately available, but, battleships and cruisers of the Mediterranean Fleet were at Chanak, and Rear-Admiral J. Kelly promised to give the utmost possible help in preparation and in support, if attacked. All marines and bluejacket detachments from the ships, were landed.

"As I saw the situation, it was uncertain that the Turks would risk a collision with us if they realized that I meant to fight. I determined that the wisest course was to meet them at the extreme limits of the Allied Neutral Zone, in order to warn them clearly of consequences if they were unwise enough to attack my small Force. It was obligatory that there should be no misunderstanding whatsoever. To carry out this plan I placed Captain J. E. Petherick's squadron of the 3rd K.O. Hussars, at Ezine, covering the direct road to Chanak from Smyrna, and as this meant keeping them some forty miles inland, I arranged to support his squadron with a detachment of the Loyal Regiment, on mules, placed about half-way. There was another possibility, the Turks might avoid Ezine and move round by the open country, through Bigha to Chanak. To block this approach, a detachment of the Loyal Regiment, supported by destroyers was placed in Bigha village, to the east of Chanak.

"The next thing to be done was to select a position on which to fight and to prepare for it. Time was short and much had to be done. A defensive position to be held by a brigade, and, later, to be expanded for a division. This position though overlooked, possessed a clear field of fire though it lacked depth; it was covered on both flanks by guns of the Fleet. In short, it was a position which could be fought against the

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Turks who would be unable, probably, to get up sufficient artillery, tools, wire, timber, and sandbags available, and working parties of soldiers and sailors, assisted by labour gangs, worked day and night to complete the defence, in depth.

"There were further problems. Numbers of Greeks, refugees, were pouring into Chanak daily. They and the Turkish population of Chanak had to be evacuated in ships. To avoid disease, a clean water supply had to be found on the European shore, and barges arranged for its carriage across the Dardanelles. Piers had to be built, etc. Without the assistance of the Royal Navy, it would have been impossible to complete preparations before the Turks advanced.

"As far as possible plans were pushed on. The morning of the 23rd September, 1922, the Turkish cavalry crossed the Neutral Zone. They were stopped immediately by the 3rd Hussars. The country was difficult and broken, a succession of low bridges, stony and difficult for horses, through which there were only three good tracks.

"Our orders were not to fire unless fired upon. Contact with the Turkish Commander was established early, and he was called upon by Captain Petherick to halt. He was warned that if he advanced, his cavalry would be opposed; that the opening of fire would mean war with Great Britain and her Empire. The warning delayed the Turks, but did not stop them altogether.

"By blocking the narrow passes Captain Petherick compelled the Turks to outflank positions through which our men would not allow the Turks to pass. Actually the Turks threatened our cavalry with fire at a few yards' distance and, on occasion, even attempted to seize bridles and dismount men to clear the road. Yet they did not open fire.

"At nightfall the Turks were held along the Mender River, whose precipitous bank made advance impossible except at certain crossings which we observed. The bridge on the

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main road had been blown up. It was a bright and starry night, intensely cold and still.

"I had joined Captain Petherick in the afternoon, and I had come to the conclusion that this half-hearted advance showed that the Turkish Cavalry Commander was awaiting orders, and I decided to hold on to the Menderi crossings at any rate for that day, if I could, but, as the Turks were aggressive, it was obligatory that permission to open fire should be obtained, to prevent our weak forces being overwhelmed.

"Consequently I motored back to Chanak and signalled from there to the C.-in-C. in Constantinople, asking for permission to open fire as, without this, I might not be able to hold up the Turks who were in strength. Later I went on board H.M.S. *Benbow*, and reported to Rear-Admiral J. Kelly what had happened. I asked him if he would send a naval observation party and a gunnery officer to join Captain Petherick, to enable the Fleet to cover us, should fighting commence. This the Admiral arranged to do. During the night, General Sir C. Harington gave me permission to open fire, if compelled.

"The Turks made no move during the night. The naval detachment, under Commander L. Holland, joined Captain Petherick at dawn.

"Next day, 24th of September, the Turks showed no indication of advancing. Over 1,100 Turkish cavalry were counted by Captain Petherick's squadron, and dust clouds were visible during the afternoon towards Ezine, so that the Turks were evidently in force. Reports stated that loaves of bread for 17,000 men had to be baked in Ezine.

"Difficulties of supply and communication, compelled me to withdraw Captain Petherick's squadron on the evening of the 24th, to a point above Kephez, which is ten miles from Chanak. The withdrawal of the cavalry was not followed up by the Turks until next day and I had, by then, moved two battalions and a battery to Kephez in support. Five battalions

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and considerable artillery reinforcements had reached Chanak by then.

"Before withdrawing from the Menderi River, I sent up the Kemalist Mutessarif, from Chanak, with Major Harenc, my Turkish-speaking Staff officer, with instructions to allow the Mutessarif to go beyond our positions and to join Turkish Headquarters at Ezine. I did this because I had reason to believe from information acquired during the afternoon of the 23rd September, that Kasim Orbay Pasha was with the Turkish Cavalry Corps Headquarters, at Smyrna. This General had worked with me at the Turkish War Office for a considerable time and I trusted him. I hoped that the Kemalist Mutessarif would pass on first-hand information of preparations at Chanak, and of the fact that I had received permission to commence hostilities if necessary. I felt that the loosing of the Mutessarif would clear up the position, one way or the other. Actually the Mutessarif did not return for some days, but I never discovered what he told the Turks.

"On the 26th September, I reported from Chanak to General Sir C. Harington in Constantinople, that though the Turks were persistently aggressive, up to a point, they must have received strict orders to avoid conflict, if that were possible. It was a strange situation demanding the utmost restraint on both sides.

"On the 27th September I handed over command of Chanak to Major-General T. O. Marden, who had arrived from Constantinople that morning, and I assumed command of my brigade."

The 23rd-24th September, as Brigadier Shuttleworth says above, was the critical night. My A.D.C., Lieutenant Leveson Gower, used to relate how he brought me Brigadier Shuttleworth's wire asking for permission to fire, and took my reply in writing, and that when he came in to see me early in the morning, the first question I asked him was: "Well, how is the war going?" to which he replied that it had not started!

By this time the Government had decided to reinforce my troops in Turkey. A brigade from Aldershot was sent out, and troops from Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar and other places. The troops included the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 3rd Coldstream Guards, and the 11th Battalion Royal Marines. The bulk of the Mediterranean Fleet and a portion of the Atlantic Fleet were also sent, and a ship diverted with 1,000 airmen. I sent Major-General Marden and the greater part of a division to take over charge of Chanak. The Air Ministry sent out a number of squadrons to Gallipoli to be placed under my command. I placed Constantinople itself under Brigadier-General Julian Steele, who had under him the Grenadier, Coldstream and Irish Guards, and the 11th Battalion of the Royal Marines. The orders I had from the Government comprised four main points: (1) to hold Gallipoli at all costs. (2) To hold Chanak as long as I could without endangering my force. (3) To evacuate the Ismid Peninsula when forced to by threat of serious attack. (4) To evacuate Constantinople when forced to.

The situation grew gradually worse. A force of 40,000 Turks threatened Chanak, 50,000 threatened Ismid, and near by, there was a Turkish general reserve of 40,000—20,000 being at Constantinople, and 20,000 in Eastern Thrace. All these troops were greatly elated by the recent victory at Smyrna. I had given General Marden orders to refrain as long as he could, but to open fire if the position became impossible. The Turks at this time were close up to his wire and the position was most unpleasant.

At the very last moment it was agreed to hold a conference of the Allied Generals under my direction, with General Ismet Pasha (the new Turkish President), at Mudania early in October, 1922. I proceeded there in H.M.S. *Iron Duke* under Admiral Sir O. de B. Brock. It was agreed that the situation at Chanak should remain quiet during the holding of the conference. A Greek General was to be present on a Greek

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ship and to be kept informed of the proceedings. I remember well how a French politician, M. Franklin-Bouillon (always called "Boiling Franky" by Sir Henry Wilson), came to see me before I left Constantinople, offering me his help, which I did not require. He had recently been to Angora.

I landed at Mudania and met Generals Charpy and Mombelli on the pier. We proceeded to the conference-room, just a bare room on the sea, of which I have a photograph. Dead Greek bodies, recently pushed off the pier by the Turks, were washed up against it. We were received by General Ismet Pasha. We sat all the morning and adjourned for lunch, and I remember so well the Kemalist soldiers outside. They were the first Kemalist soldiers I had ever seen. They were a grim-looking lot but I thought I would like to say something to them, so, through a gunner officer named Blunt who spoke Turkish, I made some remarks and then asked them if they had been prisoners of the British during the war (I knew that several had been). I asked if they had been well fed. Their faces lit up and they were full of smiles; it was evident that they had never been so well fed before or since!

We sat every morning and afternoon for some days, but it all came to nothing. It seemed a hopeless state of affairs. We eventually broke up, and the three Allied Generals went into the little room which had been reserved for us. We had hardly got inside when M. Franklin-Bouillon came in and said: "What are your difficulties?" I said they were several. He then got very excited and said: "I will give General Charpy an order to sign and if you will not take the responsibility I will take it for you." I replied that I had never asked anyone to take my responsibility and should certainly not ask him. I then told him I was going back to the *Iron Duke*. He said that he would come with me. I replied: "No you won't. They wouldn't have you on board." It was an unpleasant experience, but I had seen from the first that this was not meant to be confined to what we call a

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military conference; I knew that he was there to bluff me, and he failed completely.

There were some twenty-eight points on which we could not agree. At last, one evening, we drafted and signed a document giving our final terms and saying that we were not empowered by our Governments to go further. I told General Ismet Pasha that that was the last word, and that I was returning that evening in H.M.S. *Iron Duke* to Constantinople and would come back the next afternoon for a final reply. I warned General Marden at Chanak to be prepared for the worst and, on arrival at Constantinople, I reported to Sir Horace Rumbold that it seemed hopeless. I saw Brigadier-General Steele and made all arrangements for the holding of Constantinople.

It may be of interest if I add here two speeches which I made to General Ismet Pasha on behalf of the Allied Generals, at this critical moment.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Since we left Mudania yesterday, I am delighted to read the official reply of the Government of the Grand National Assembly to the Allied Note of 23rd September, 1922. I think it would have eased our task considerably had this note been received before the conference was adjourned, but I am glad to take note that the Government of the Grand National Assembly of Turkey declares itself earnest as are the Allies in seeking a peaceful solution to the existing situation.

Unfortunately, owing to telegraphic difficulties, I have not yet been able to receive a reply from my Government to the questions which I have referred to them, but I think it is sufficiently obvious that the intention is to return Eastern Thrace, including Adrianople, to Turkey at the earliest possible moment for us to be able to conclude the present convention with full confidence in each other. Nor do I

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anticipate that the Greek Government will oppose the pressure of the Allied Governments to a convention agreed upon in common by the three Allies and the Government of the Grand National Assembly.

What I desire to inspire is a note of confidence. We must trust each other. There is no ulterior motive in the prohibition to military officers to discuss political questions. It is the rule of my service. I am doing all in my power to conciliate the national aspirations of the Government of the Grand National Assembly with the views of the Allied Powers, and I must ask you to accept the assurance so that we can quietly conclude this convention and make it operative as a preparatory measure to the Peace Conference which is now imminent. It seems to me that, with a conference in sight in fourteen days' time, we should not lose our goal by wasting time in arguing over details.

We have prepared an amended convention with our H.C.s which we will submit to Your Excellency to-morrow at 8 a.m. I will not detain Your Excellency any longer to-night but I say to Your Excellency and to all:

"If you will trust our good intentions as we trust yours we shall not fail you in bringing about your desire and ours for peace."

General Harington's address to His Excellency, Ismet Pasha at Mudania, on October 9th, 1922.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I am sorry for the delay in this meeting, but I only received instructions from my Government at 11 a.m. yesterday, after the meeting between M. Poincare and Lord Curzon, and the subsequent delay was in consequence of my colleagues having to wait for similar instructions. Then a point occurred last night on which the instructions differed and I had to get the matter cleared up.

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First of all, let me thank you for your order of *arrêt absolu*. I am sure you did not mean that your orders regarding cessation of movements during this conference should not have been observed.

The Allied Generals meet you to-day with clear instructions from their Governments. I thank you again for your patience and conciliation through this conference. We have had long and friendly discussions, and we have learned to know each other better. We have trusted you and we hope you have trusted us. We came to fix a line with you and the Greeks, behind which the latter should retire, and we came to discuss with you the best means of installing your own administration into Thrace, and we also came in the hope of affording you the opportunity of securing the goal you have in view without force of arms. We also hoped to prepare the way for the Peace Conference.

This meeting to-day will be an historic one. In this room, before we part, a great decision has to be taken. We must each one of us remember that we represent our various countries in the cause of humanity. We must approach this great issue calmly and with dignity.

The Allied Governments are agreed as to the generous terms they are prepared to offer you. We have embodied them in the convention which we have prepared. They offer to you the terms of the Allied Note of 23rd September, 1922, by which you obtain the whole of Eastern Thrace, which will be prepared for you by the Allies. They go so far as to provide an Allied buffer west of the Maritza. They give you the protection you asked for regarding Kara Agatch and Adrianople forts. You put in your own administration with Allied assistance; the Allies are merely there for a short period to help you.

You obtain other benefits on peace being declared. You secure the removal of the Allied troops from Constantinople. It appears to me that you are offered nearly all your national

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aspirations, and without loss of life and without disturbing the future peace and prosperity of your country. You have said that your one desire was for peace. It appears to me that the Allied Powers have offered it to you and your goal is within reach, and that it will be entirely in your own hands in forty-five days and your administration established satisfactorily.

All the Allies ask for is:

- (1) Respect of the present zones of Allied occupation, on the principle laid down by the Allied High Commissioners, up to ratification of peace.
- (2) A limit of gendarmerie in Thrace, but actually to be fixed by Allied missions on which you will be represented.
- (3) Presence of Allied detachments and missions in Thrace for a very limited period.

With a view to this, the Allied Generals have prepared a convention in accordance with the instructions of our Governments. This we now present to you. It does not admit of much discussion, because we have already discussed most of the points. It is for you to decide whether you will accept. We sincerely and earnestly hope that you will. As I have said above, it appears to us to give you your national aspirations and you obtain them peacefully.

I am in a position also to inform you that the Greek delegates will I think be disposed to sign this convention with certain reservations which will be put forward. I would propose that this convention now be read. After that, you will no doubt wish to discuss the points with us and by yourselves, and we can then fix an hour at which you will give us your final answer.

Before I finish, I feel I must strike a solemn note. Upon your answer depends a great deal. In all solemnity I ask you whether the Allied Powers have not conceded in the main with your view-point, and, if this is so, then, with the knowledge of the suffering and privation of the last few years, when

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all our lands were affected by the God of War, with the knowledge that upon peace depends the good and prosperity of Turkey, will you reject an honest and straightforward attempt to establish the bases of that peace?

I returned next day to Mudania in H.M.S. *Carysfort*, commanded by Commander Carpenter, V.C. So certain was I that the conference was bound to break down that I produce here the unfinished draft of the speech which I was going to make before negotiations were finally broken off:

Your Excellency, I have heard your observations. I have heard them with regret. I can only report that the Allied Generals have done their utmost to meet your wishes. The convention we submitted to you last night represents, as we told you, the limit to which we can go. We feel that we have done all that is humanly possible. It is useless for me to repeat what I said yesterday. We have given you all in our power. You were asked by the Powers to give very little in return. You have given nothing. I am forced to repeat—nothing. And yet, Your Excellency, you have assured us repeatedly that you and your Government desire peace. I know, Your Excellency, that your own character is marked by your great concern to avoid destruction, pillage and massacre. You desire peace, which is the only means of avoiding and stopping what I have described. I said last night that we should have to take a very serious decision in this room, and I have prayed very earnestly that wise counsels might prevail. We are now at the parting of the ways. Peace on the one side and a very dark future on the other. Your Government refuses the former and prefers to plunge a large portion of mankind into . . . (Unfinished.)

I had left Generals Charpy and Mombelli at Mudania over night to do what they could. They met me on landing and

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I asked them the situation. (I have omitted to say that I naturally informed the War Office and Government at home of the failure of the previous day.) The Generals, to my surprise, told me that the situation was much improved, that Ismet had been talking to Mustapha Kemal several times during the night, and that there were really only six major points outstanding. On arrival at the conference-room, I received a telegram from the Government authorizing me to start operations if necessary, and supporting my action, and I got a second one afterwards. I only wish I had the copies to quote. I put them both in my pocket. I also got a telegram from General Marden to say that the position was impossible and that he could not hold it any longer. I authorized him to open fire at a certain hour.

We resumed the conference on the outstanding points. I remember the scene so well. We agreed to transfer the first two points, being purely political, to Lausanne. The next two I won; I don't think they were very important. The next point was the area I had claimed round Chanak in my memorandum of the previous day; I have forgotten the places but I think it was an arc of about twenty-five miles. Ismet Pasha said that he could not agree, and that there was a deadlock. I had been instructed from home that I must get that area. The scene is before me now—that awful room—only an oil lamp. I can see Ismet's Chief of Staff—he never took his eyes off me. I paced up one side of the room saying that I must have that area and would agree to nothing less. Ismet paced up the other side saying that he would not agree. Then quite suddenly, he said: "J'accepte." I was never so surprised in my life! I have never done any acting, but I think I must have impressed him as I walked up and down that awful room.

I then realized that there was still one outstanding point, the number of Turkish gendarmes to be allowed in Eastern Thrace. The French and Italians were not interested. They

بَابُ تَرْجُمَانِ الْوَلَدَانِ

سَرَقْنَا لِقَاءَ زَوْجَتِي

دیسطان استغفار دوری بہ قہارانی جہال
ہارینقتوبہ ہناہرینہ

استانبول حیاتیں تہلکہ م کور دیکھو انکھو دولت خیمہ اتھا
دبرانہ اول استانبولہ مل افرہ نقلی طبع ای ایم افسر ۱۹۲۲

حلیفہ مسلمینہ

محمد حسنین

To:—His Excellency, General Harington,
C-in-C. of the Forces of Occupation,
in Constantinople.

Sir,

Considering my life in danger in Constantinople, I take
refuge with the British Government, and request my transfer as
soon as possible from Constantinople to another place. November
16th, 1922.

Mehmed Vehideddin,
Caliph of the Mussulmans.

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did not mind how many, but our Government had told me that I must get a fixed number. So we sat down again around the conference table. My legal adviser, Major Sims Marshall, whispered to me: "Get a number; it doesn't matter a damn." I then quite solemnly said to Ismet Pasha: "What number of gendarmes do you think necessary?" And he said: "Nine thousand." I pretended to be amazed, and we adjourned to our Generals' room to consider. The Allied Generals had considered that they would require 7,500, so we solemnly returned to Ismet and I told him that his estimate was much too high, and we thought 7,500 enough, but I then stretched across the table and shook him by the hand and said: "Here is another five hundred," and we closed on 8,000, well knowing that they would not abide by any number laid down.

I suddenly realized that agreement had been reached. I wired to General Marden, who got my message seventy-five minutes before he was going to open fire. I did not think of the telegrams in my pocket. I only thought that our nation did not want another war so soon. I was glad to have done something to avert it, it so very nearly happened. I was glad of that word: "J'accepte."

After it was over, both the French and Italian Generals suggested that we should meet on the morrow to sign. I said: "No, we remain till we sign." We sat for fifteen more hours, until 7.15 a.m. next morning, while the agreement was translated into five different languages. I knew full well that they would telephone to Mustapha Kemal at Angora to go back on it. It was a terrible night. I append the signatures of the Mudania agreement, and the picture of those who signed it, taken at 7.15 a.m. next morning. The picture looks like it.

I returned to Constantinople next morning in the *Carysfort*, saluted by the Fleet and met by squadrons of the R.A.F. I hoped that I had done something for my country in averting war. I little thought, and only learnt from Lord Curzon



DICTATING A MESSAGE TO FRENCH, ITALIAN AND BRITISH GOVERNMENTS FROM THE PIER AT MUDANIA



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himself, on my return to England a year later, in October, 1923, that Mr. Lloyd George and others had actually proposed a vote of censure on me that Sunday night for not having obeyed those telegrams in my pocket and thereby committed us to another war, and that Lord Curzon had walked out of the Cabinet and refused to allow that vote of censure. I got those wires just when there was a ray of hope for peace, and I thought it was peace that my country wanted. Apparently war would have kept Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition Government in office. That meant nothing to me; I was a soldier of the Crown, and my duty was to serve any Government in power.

The above is the true story of Mudania and Chanak. I may perhaps be forgiven for quoting the following extracts from General Sir Frederick Maurice's *Life of Haldane*:

"Neither the French nor the Italians were at all anxious to quarrel with Kemal, and we were left to deal with the problem alone. Lloyd George was eager to fight it out and prevent the Young Turks from regaining Constantinople, from which the Sultan had fled. Reinforcements were hurried out and the Prime Minister appealed to the Dominions for help. There was a very cold response to this appeal, and it became evident that the country at home was in no mood for a war with Turkey. Eventually, thanks to the tact and firmness of General Sir Charles Harington, a provisional agreement, by which the Turks were permitted to cross the Bosphorus and enter Thrace, was concluded, and the danger of war disappeared."

I attach letters which I received from both Mustapha Kemal and Ismet after the agreement made at Mudania and also the copy of a wire received from the Army Council.

EXCELLENCE,

J'ai l'honneur de porter à votre connaissance que les

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sincères sentiments d'appréciation réciproque qui ont régné pendant la Conférence de Moudania, entre le Général Ismet Pacha, le représentant de la Turquie et Votre Excellence, nous ont causé un réel plaisir et je souhaite et j'espère au nom de l'humanité que tous les efforts déployés pour la paix soient couronnés de succès.

Je présente, en outre, mes remerciements pour le désir que Votre Excellence a bien voulu exprimer pour une rencontre avec moi, et je vous salue, Excellence.

Le Président de la Grande Assemblée Nationale de Turquie.

Le Commandant en Chef:

(signé) MOUSTAFA KEMAL.

Letter from Ismet.

EXCELLENCE,

Je garde avec un sentiment de profonde appréciation les souvenirs d'une vie de labeur passée en collaboration avec Votre Excellence pendant la dernière Conférence de Moudania.

Excellence, je souhaite sincèrement et ardemment que l'oeuvre que nous avons créée ensemble soit un prélude conduisant nos pays à une paix éternelle.

Celui qui a l'honneur d'avoir de profonds respects pour Votre Excellence.

(Signé) ISMET.

Commandant du Front de l'Ouest.

To: General Harington.

From: Proemial London.

Personal. Heartiest congratulations on result of your patient labours.

The Army Council have watched with confidence and pride your progress in surmounting the serious difficulties of most complicated negotiations.

One had hoped that the Lausanne Conference would start

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in a few days, but it was postponed that they might get better accommodation. I wish that they could have seen ours at Mudania. At last, however, it started, and Sir Horace Rumbold went from Constantinople, but before leaving he told me that I must be responsible for the Sultan's life, and that if things became serious the Sultan would let me know through his bandmaster, who would remain loyal to the end. The bandmaster was the father of one of the Sultan's wives. One day, a Wednesday, when I was at lunch with Major-Generals Hastings Anderson and McHardy, I got a message to say that the Sultan's A.D.C. was in the office. I sent over an A.D.C. who found that it was the bandmaster. The latter then told us that all at the palace had turned disloyal, even the Sultan's doctor, who had been with him for years, and that the Sultan sent a message asking me to save his life, as he thought that he was to be murdered at the Selamlık service on the coming Friday. As I naturally did not wish to be accused of kidnapping a Sultan, I had to ask for the request to be made in writing, and I have before me two very wonderful documents written by the old Sultan in his own handwriting in Turkish, under his own seal. I have these letters framed. The translation of the first is as follows:

To His Excellency General Harington,
C.-in-C. of the Forces of Occupation
in Constantinople.

SIR,

Considering my life in danger in Constantinople, I take refuge with the British Government, and request my transfer as soon as possible from Constantinople to another place.

November 16th, 1923.

(Sgd.) MEHMED VEHIDEDIN,
Caliph of the Mussulmans.

It was a difficult problem as no one could go near the

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palace. With Brigadier-General Julian Steele and Colonel Colston (now Lord Roundhay), commanding the Grenadier Guards, we solemnly sat down to make a plan to get the last Sultan of Turkey out of his palace alive. The plan we decided on was that the Sultan and his son, and one or two servants that remained loyal, should be out for a walk in the garden (6 a.m. I think) on Friday. At that moment the Grenadier Guards should be drilling on their barrack square, which adjoined the Sultan's back gate, but they should be drilling so badly that they had jammed two ambulances together actually outside the gate and at the given moment the gate should be forced, and the Sultan and his son should be put into the leading ambulance, and the rest of the party and a certain amount of kit into the second. I may say that the gate was covered by machine-guns from every angle. My A.D.C. and another officer of the Grenadiers were to be on the ambulance with loaded revolvers. Other officers were to be at every turn of the route, supposed to be out for an early morning walk. Lorries full of machine-gunners were supposed to be broken down opposite every Turkish palace *en route*, in case the alarm should be given. A naval detachment of 100 strong, with guns, was to be landed at Dolme Batche, presumably for practice.

We had to be terribly careful on the Thursday for fear of anything getting out, and only the actual officers in command knew anything.

The Friday arrived; I remember so well eating eggs and bacon about 4 a.m., before going off to rescue a Sultan. As it happened, it was the most awful morning, pouring in torrents. The troops and sailors must have thought that their officers had all gone mad to think of a parade on such a morning. I believe one wretched Turk, going close to the Yildiz Square on his way to work, was seized by a large guardsman and fairly thrown on his way! I can see all those officers out for their morning stroll as I write, the rain coming down in buckets. I

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was to receive the Sultan in the naval dockyard, and put him on my launch, and hand him over to H.M.S. *Malaya* for transport to Malta. I waited for what seemed hours only to find the ambulance with the Sultan had had a puncture! However, it did not matter; he duly arrived, and I handed him over to H.M.S. *Malaya*. In my launch on the way out I perhaps hoped that he might give me his cigarette-case as a souvenir, instead he suddenly confided to me the care of his five wives; this alarmed me to some extent! I never saw them, however, but I did act as post office for some time after he left. I was to see him again at San Remo, where I called on him and he was very courteous and grateful. Oddly enough the first man I met in his villa at San Remo was the doctor who had deserted him. I do believe that no one in Constantinople knew for four hours after we got him away, and many went to the Selamlik at noon as usual to see him. I think the Nationalists were very glad when they found he had gone. The following is the translation of a letter I received from the late Sultan on his arrival at Malta.

RESPECTFUL GENERAL,

I was extremely glad and affected with your kindness and assistance shown to me during my departure from Constantinople.

Please accept my sincere thanks. I request you to kindly forward my thanks to H.E. The Commander-in-Chief Naval Forces in Constantinople, and to the Commander of H.M.S. *Malaya* for their kindness.

November 20th, 1922.

(Sgd.) MEHMED VEHIDEDIN.

I gave a copy of the above to H.M.S. *Malaya* some time ago. Here is another:

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Malta,

12th December, 1922.

EXCELLENCY,

I am very sorry to have to trouble you again after the many services you have already rendered to me but, as I have no direct communication with my family, I would esteem it a great favour on your part if you would be good enough to forward the enclosed letters as safely and as secretly as possible to their address, remitting to me any answer that may be given to you in the same safe and secret way.

I am obliged to beg of you to use every precaution as the last letter from my daughter Sabiha Sultana which you kindly forwarded to me through the Malta Government was open although the envelope enclosing it was intact.

Pray accept my best regards and thanks and believe me yours very sincerely,

(Sd.) MEHMED WAHED ED DINE BIN SULTAN
ABDUL MEDJID.

His Excellency,

Sir Charles Harington, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Commander in Chief of Allied Forces,

Constantinople.

I received the following from Lord Cavan after we had effected the Sultan's escape.

4th December.

MY DEAR TIM,

I am directed by S. of S. for War to give you his compliments on the way that you and Colston managed the escape of H.M. the Sultan.

Yours ever,

(Sgd.) CAVAN.

The Crown Prince, Abdul Medjid, took the Sultan's place as Caliph, not as Sultan. He was a very charming man to

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meet; I had already had several dealings with him on the subject of the Turkish Refugees, and I have a very nice signed photograph which he gave me on leaving.

The Lausanne Conference dragged on.

It was during this time that I received the following letter from Lord Curzon from Lausanne which was of great help to me at that time.

Confidential.

Lausanne,

January 9th, 1924.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I feel it might be a help to both of us if I tried to put in a clearer light as it appears to me here some of the questions which would probably come up for immediate solution in the unfortunate event of a breakdown in negotiations here.

I am sure you will agree that it is exceedingly difficult to be sure of the exact course events will take, and though your instructions cover so far as it is possible for official instructions to do, the probable course of events in the event of a rupture, several points have occurred to me on which it would be very useful to me personally if you could throw some light, and perhaps it would be useful for you to know them. I will state these points in the form of the probable course that events will take chronologically.

If peace negotiations break down here, the Turks may either denounce the Mudania Convention but take no further action—or they may take action contrary to that convention. This would appear to involve the immediate withdrawal of the screen of Allied troops on the Maritza whose presence there would no longer be justified.

I see that it is your opinion that attacks on Chanak and Ismid would synchronize with a rising in Constantinople. It is with the nature of these attacks that I am for the moment concerned. It is a very likely hypothesis, I imagine, that the

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Turks will pursue the same tactics as they pursued during the crisis at the end of September and throughout the Mudania Conference. They rely very greatly on the assumption that our forces will at least be exceedingly loth to fire on them without extreme provocation, possibly even that they will in no case fire on them unless the Turks have fired the first shot. They may by these tactics succeed in depriving us of the advantage which in other circumstances would have been very great, of resisting their violation of the Mudania line in the Ismid Peninsula with the assistance of naval gun-fire and aeroplanes. Of course should the Turks, however, be stupid enough to attack our troops, either on the Mudania Convention boundaries or in Constantinople they would in such a case admittedly have themselves been the aggressors, and no possible exception could be taken to our resisting this aggression by all available means. In the event, however, of the Turks refraining from active hostilities against our detachments and advancing in large numbers, but without direct aggression against our troops, there appears unfortunately to be no means of preventing the Turkish forces from approaching the Bosphorus and Scutari.

The next move would then be for the Turks either to invite you to evacuate your positions or to endeavour to penetrate them by force or by infiltration through your wire.

I suppose I am right in assuming that any such action of the Turks whether it takes the form of an act of aggression against your troops or of interference with the essentials of your position, will be regarded by you as an act of war and resisted, as long as possible, just as of course a similar act would be resisted at Chanak.

By that time I suppose the British civilian population would have been evacuated. Probably, as you yourself prophesy, a rising in Constantinople would synchronize with any exterior attack. This no doubt would be promptly dealt with by the Allied troops under your command. I can hardly

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conceive it possible that the French and Italian troops under your command would not co-operate even if they were not immediately and directly attacked nor could the French and Italian troops refuse to obey your orders to maintain order in a town which they occupy, as they would incur a very grave responsibility and a very considerable loss of prestige in the eyes of the world.

The next stage is when resistance on the Scutari position is no longer possible and the British troops are withdrawn from that side but with the assistance of the Navy you remain in Constantinople as long as you possibly can.

From your last telegram it appears that when you are forced, in the last resort, to evacuate Constantinople, the French and Italians do not intend to go with you to Gallipoli, but to concentrate round St. Stefano and Makrikeui. I presume that adequate British detachments would accompany them to maintain the Allied character of that force, as well as to ensure the defence of your aerodrome, for it is evident that considerable political capital could be made out of a situation which might enable the French to say that they had only left Constantinople and its Christian population to its fate when forced to do so by the departure of all British troops.

I am sure that you of course realize that in the complicated situation that would arise, your holding on as long as possible at each stage would become a fact of the first importance and might become the determining factor in the solution of the whole question.

I am yours sincerely,

(Sd.) CURZON.

Congratulations on your prospective appointment.

In connection with Lord Curzon I may be permitted to refer to a letter received by him from Monsieur Caclamenos, then Greek Minister in London, expressing gratitude for my

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work at the end of 1922. The letter, with which I was naturally much pleased, ran as follows:—

“At the moment when the evacuation of Eastern Thrace by the Greek Army has been completed in the most orderly manner, the Greek Government feels it their express duty to entrust me to convey to His Britannic Majesty’s Government the expression of their gratitude for the facilities granted and the sympathy and protection shown by all British Authorities in general, and particularly by General Sir Charles Harington, to the Greek Army and the Greek population during the painful period of the evacuation of this Province.”

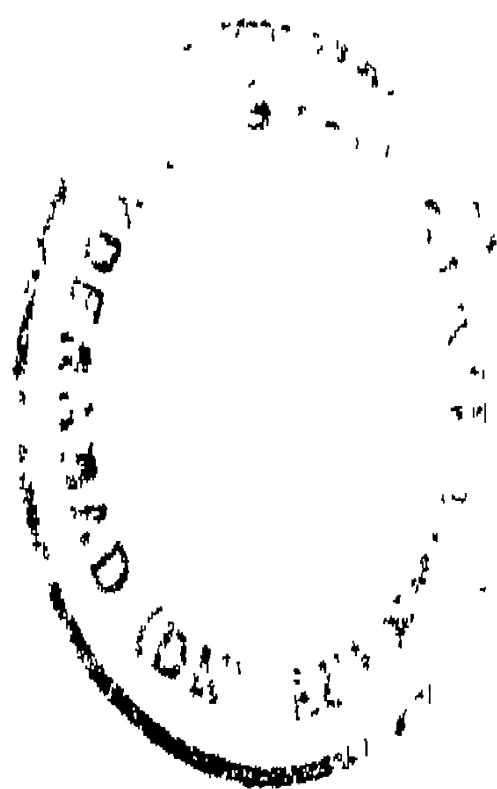
Lord Curzon dramatically left Lausanne at once for London, rather expecting that General Ismet Pasha (the new President) would sign at the last minute, but he did not. The conference broke down. All this time each of the Allies had a mission in Eastern Thrace, installing the Turkish administration. Ours was under Brigadier-General Emery and did very good work. I am afraid that the Turks soon started breaking the convention we had signed at Mudania, allowing them 8,000 gendarmes only. They started to build up an army in Eastern Thrace and were known to be transferring guns. We caught one ship, S.S. *Umid*, red-handed, and brought her into British waters under escort of H.M.S. *Splendid*. I never met Mustapha Kemal personally, although all arrangements were made for me to meet him on one of our battleships at a port on the Black Sea, but the Foreign Office stopped it.

I used to see General Ismet Pasha when he went through Constantinople from Lausanne to Angora. We have always kept in touch and I have several letters and telegrams from him signed “Your Comrade of Mudania”.

Our closing months were very difficult as General Rafet Pasha was sent from Angora and claimed to have taken over the Government of Constantinople, stating that the Allied troops were there merely as props and that we had no power.



GENERAL HARINGTON AND THE TURKISH PRESIDENT
LEAVING HEADQUARTERS, CONSTANTINOPLE



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This led to nothing but friction. It is interesting to note that quite recently General Rafet Pasha came to this country with a party of journalists. The Turkish Ambassador asked me to a sherry party to meet him, and we had a most enjoyable talk over those times. He owned that he had been sent to Constantinople to be as nasty as he could be to me. We are at any rate firm friends now, and it was a great joy to meet him again.

During these worrying months of delay we did what Englishmen usually do; we turned our attention to games. Having a Guards Brigade and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade with me, I had a good many members of I. Zingari, and I got up an I.Z. side. We played five matches, of which we won four, including one at Chanak.

In my early days in Constantinople I had a very burly and energetic Army chaplain named Hughes, who was always keen, with a body of Turkish prisoners, to make playing-fields for the men. There was an old disused Armenian cemetery, near our Headquarters at Harbie, in which he made a good cricket ground, also tennis courts. The seats round the cricket ground were old disused tombstones, which were, at any rate, arranged tidily, and were no longer an eyesore. When I sent home the scores of the I.Z. records, I got a letter from Sir Francis Lacey, secretary M.C.C. and I.Z., saying that the I.Z. may have done odd things in their history, but he had no previous record of their having played cricket in a cemetery! It had become quite normal to us, in answer to a question in a cricket score sheet: "Where played," to write: "Armenian cemetery."

It was on my return from Turkey that I got the following charming letter from the late Lord Dartmouth, Governor of I.Z.

10th October, 1923.

... I have had no opportunity of consulting my colleagues but I am perfectly confident that it would be the universal desire of the members of I.Z. that I, as Governor,

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should bid you, on their behalf, a very cordial welcome on your return home. You have flown the old flag amidst unusual surroundings.

You have introduced the spirit of the game to many to whom the playing of the game is an unknown quantity, and by your own action and example you have proved the value of our three great principles. For you have kept your *temper* under very trying circumstances. You have more than kept the high *promise* with which you first took over, and you have kept your *wicket* up against many changes of bowling, much of which has been underhand. In so doing you have, once again, proved the values of our principles in the wider field of international politics, which have been occupying your attention during so many months. Let me then on behalf of the club and the members assure you of our appreciation of your services and offer you our sincere and grateful congratulations. "Floreas."

(Sgd.) DARTMOUTH.
Governor I.Z.

At long last the Treaty of Lausanne was signed and it was agreed that we should all be out in six weeks. The evacuation was a great test of Staff work and was carried out without a hitch from start to finish. We disposed of a great number of stores, vehicles, etc., to the Turks, and I had great pleasure in presenting them with our two English fire-engines with which they were delighted. Anyone who had seen an old Turkish fire-brigade running along with a sort of ice box, will appreciate this.

Before leaving, I attended a memorial service on Anzac Beach, which was most impressive. I also placed a wreath on the French war memorial at Cape Helles. That ceremony recalls a somewhat unfortunate incident. I had taken the wreath down from Constantinople, and had visited Achi Baba *en route*; by the time we approached Cape Helles the

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flowers were quite dead. On arrival I found a French Guard of Honour at the memorial and a ceremony arranged. I felt terribly ashamed at having to place the wreath in that condition. I tried to explain in my horrible French that, although the flowers were withered, the sentiments they expressed were warm and living.

Early in October, 1923, my wife and I left with the Grenadiers, Coldstreams and a Colour Party of the Irish Guards. Our departure was the most amazing demonstration I have ever known. We arrived at the quay, where there were Guards of Honour of British, French, Italian and Turkish troops with their Colours, and an enormous crowd of Turkish inhabitants behind them. I took the French, Italian and Turkish Generals round the Guards with me and saluted each Colour in turn, but when I saluted the Turkish Flag the whole mob broke. Before I knew where I was, there were 15,000 Turks between me and my wife. We were surrounded and mobbed by the Turkish crowd, all friendly and delightful. In the end we had to be escorted through some gates close to where we embarked. It was a scene one can never forget. We embarked in the *Arabic*. Generals Charpy and Mombelli came to see me off. We were escorted out by H.M.S. *Marlborough* under my old friend Admiral Sir Hugh Watson. It was a wonderful "send off" from a so-called enemy country. Before leaving Constantinople I had sent the following letter to Ismet Pasha:

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I have come as a soldier to wish you all success in the peace upon which we are about to enter. I am pleased to think that the great traditions which have existed between the Armies of England and Turkey are about to be renewed. Traditions which call to memory such great names as Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol and others which many British Regiments proudly bear upon their Colours.

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We know well that the Armies of Turkey and England have always maintained a respect for each other whether as friends or foes. I am pleased to be in the position of extending a hand to you as the link which is happily to be joined up again to-morrow between our respective armies, and I extend to you my best wishes that this link may be long and lasting.

I am pleased to think that our task is about to be completed and that we have steered successfully through a difficult period by mutual co-operation.

We shall carry away with us many happy memories of Turkey and we hope we shall carry away the respect of the Turkish nation with whom we have come in contact.

We leave behind us in Turkish soil the bodies of many soldiers of the British Forces and of the Forces of Her Dominions who gave their lives in fair fight.

We leave them with confidence that you in keeping with old traditions will ever respect their memory.

From a launch close by, containing a real friend, Neville Henderson, acting High Commissioner (our late Ambassador in Berlin), a letter was sent me from Ismet Pasha, which I value very greatly and here produce:

MON TRÈS CHER GÉNÉRAL,

Je vous présente mes plus sincères remerciements pour vous être souvenu de moi au moment de quitter Constantinople, pour les mots agréables employés dans votre lettre et pour les sentiments amicaux témoignés à mon égard.

Je désire profiter de cette occasion pour manifester et affirmer les sentiments d'amitié et de sincérité que j'ai nourri à votre égard dès l'instant où nous nous sommes connus, sentiments que depuis lors je n'ai aucunement cessé de nourrir qui à chaque occasion se sont accrus et fortifiés.

Le fait que la connaissance que nous fîmes l'un de l'autre à Moudania ait été, malgré les lourdes nécessités de la situation

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entre nous de relations personnelles sincères est un exemple rare dans notre carrière; mais c'est une forte garantie pour que notre amitié soit solide et durable.

Nous sommes redevables aux sentiments de juste compréhension des deux parties de ce qu'une opération difficile comme l'est une évacuation se soit passée dans le calme et modération; je m'empresse de déclarer avec satisfaction que Votre Excellence a été le principal facteur dans cet événement. Je vous souhaite un succès et un honneur continuels.

Je souhaite sincèrement que l'amitié entre nos deux pays se développe et progresse, appuyée sur de solides fondements. J'aurais voulu, comme à Constantinople, avoir, avant votre départ, encore une entrevue avec Votre Excellence; mais un devoir interrompu que vous comprendrez ne me l'a pas permis. Je vous remercie sincèrement pour le désir que vous avez exprimé au sujet de mon voyage en Angleterre et je considère ceci comme une marque d'amitié toute particulière de la part de Votre Excellence; mais la lourde tâche que je suis obligé d'accomplir au siège du Gouvernement ne laisse pas pour le moment une telle possibilité; vous pouvez pourtant être assuré que si à la suite d'une occasion quelconque je puis allée en Angleterre je m'empresserai de vous en avertir.

J'attache de l'importance à ce que les représentants que seront prochainement envoyés dans nos pays respectifs soient des personnes dignes de confiance par les sentiments d'amitié et de sincérité dont ils seront animés.

Nous entrons dans une nouvelle période après de grandes difficultés et de grands sacrifices. Je pense qu'il ne sera pas conforme à nos intérêts d'inaugurer cette période de nos relations avec des personnes dont on pourrait craindre qu'elles n'en augmentent volontairement au involontairement les difficultés par suite de leur passé.

Mon Cher Général, ma lettre n'a aucun caractère politique; elle n'est que l'exposé familial des sentiments privés de des généraux qui ont fondé leur amitié dans des jours difficiles.

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Je vous souhaite, ainsi qu'à votre famille, santé et succès. Je souhaite la continuation de notre amitié réciproque et de nos souvenirs précieux; enfin je souhaite l'établissement et le développement de vastes amitiés entre nos deux pays.

Ghazi Moustafa Kémal Pacha vous remercie pour vos salutations et je suis heureux de vous faire parvenir ses salutations réciproques.

Votre très sincère ami,
(signé) ISMET.

October 4th, 1923.

The real meaning of his letter is: "All we want is to be friends of England." I showed this letter to Lord Curzon on my return. We are close friends of Turkey now, thank God, but it has taken all these years to make sure of it.

We had not quite reached the end. When we came to Kilia, we landed Major and Mrs. Hughes (he was an Australian officer in charge of our war graves in Gallipoli) and then the British Fleet put up an arc of searchlights in the sky and I paid my farewell to Turkey. I remained on the bridge until I saw the last of Cape Helles light. I also saw the last of the old *River Clyde* and the scenes of Captain Unwin's heroic acts.

That was the end of a wonderful experience—difficult situations, situations very near another war, wonderful friendships with the Royal Navy, which have been continued since at Gibraltar, experiences with High Commissioners of various nations, Allied Admirals and Generals, the administration of a city three times the size of Liverpool, and close and friendly working of an Allied Staff. It all ended happily.

Perhaps the excellent relations then formed with the Royal Navy can best be shown by the following letter received from the late Lord Beatty on my return.

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11th November, 1922.

MY DEAR HARINGTON,

Thank you very much for your letter. I was very glad to hear from you of the perfect co-operation between the two great services from their Chief downwards.

It is indeed such working together that has made it possible to weather the many storms that have assailed you. None the less it is pleasant to hear of and to know that the great bond of common service which has enabled co-operation between the two services on so many occasions in the history of our country still holds good.

I am afraid we are not out of the wood and have many anxious days yet before us.

Please accept my sincere congratulations on the great success you have achieved which I pray will bear fruit that it is entitled to do.

You can be assured that what support we can give will always be forthcoming.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) BEATTY.

I arrived at Southampton on 11th October, 1923, the anniversary of the signing of the Mudania Convention. I was honoured by being received by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton and, on arrival at Waterloo, by being received by Lord Cavan and the Members of the Army Council, and I received the following personal letter from Lord Derby (Secretary of State for War) and one from the Army Council. I was much moved by the kindness on every side.

Private.

War Office,
Whitehall,
S.W.1.

9th October, 1923.

MY DEAR HARINGTON,

You will be given a letter of welcome from the

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Army Council and I only wish to say how heartily I endorse every word in that letter. I could wish to have been present myself to meet you but a very long standing engagement with the Manchester Corporation which I cannot possibly get out of prevents my doing so. I hope, however, to see you before you take up your new Command and tell you personally what I have told you in my letters, how much I appreciate all the tact and statesmanship that you have brought to bear in Constantinople under very trying circumstances.

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) DERBY.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Harington, G.B.E., K.C.B.,
D.S.O.

Creedy's Letter.

The War Office,

OR52/6399 (C.I.)

London, S.W.1.

9th October, 1923.

SIR,

On the occasion of your arrival in England after laying down the command of the British forces in Turkey, I am commanded by the Army Council to convey to you their warmest congratulations on the brilliant manner in which you have carried to a successful conclusion the difficult and arduous task entrusted to you. In dealing with the complexities of the ever-changing situation in Turkey during the past three years, you have consistently displayed the highest qualities of courage, tact and statesmanship, while the discharge of your functions as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces of Occupation has called for the greatest administrative skill.

I am also to express the Council's cordial admiration for the splendid way in which all ranks have acquitted themselves under your inspiring leadership. By their steadiness and soldierly conduct, not only during the critical days in the

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summer and autumn of last year, but throughout the period of occupation, they have maintained the highest traditions of the British Army.

The Council have been very gratified to receive from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs the enclosed expression of his cordial thanks for the services rendered by yourself and by the troops under your command. A copy of the Foreign Office letter is being sent to the Commands concerned with a view to its communication to all ranks who have recently served in Turkey.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) H. J. CREEDY.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles H. Harington, G.B.E., K.C.B.,
D.S.O.

During our journey across the Bay of Biscay, I had word that I was to be received by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, and, on our last night in the Bay, some Guards officers staged a scene of what would happen on our arrival. Captain Wiggins acted as Mayor supported by others representing the Corporation. A casket in the shape of an Army Stationary Chest was produced, with the ship's cat inside; a document, which I still have, with the label of a beer bottle attached as a seal, was produced as an address and there was an awful iced cake which my wife tasted only to find it was a lump of lard. The captain of the *Arabic* attended, and there were shoals of acting cameramen. It was a most amusing evening. On our arrival next day, the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards paraded in the big landing-shed in which a platform had been erected for the Mayor and Corporation. The Mayor duly arrived and made a very charming speech of welcome, but the awful thing was that I suddenly discovered that the Guards officer just below me was none

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other than Captain Wiggins, who had acted the part of Mayor on the previous evening! It was difficult to keep a straight face.

On the way home, I had written a despatch covering the whole period (see Appendix), but it was never published. I was informed that the reason was that I had not had enough men killed. I was frankly disappointed that no recognition was given, not only to those who served me so faithfully, but to our Allies. I think I am the only British Commander who had both French and Italian troops under his command, and who also had an Allied Staff. We got through with nothing but the closest and happiest relations. Both the French and Italians wished to bestow decorations on their British comrades, and I had hoped that similar decorations, some twenty in all, would be given to our Allies, but owing to some difference of opinion between the Foreign Office and the War Office, none were granted. The French and Italian Governments were kind enough to express their wishes to bestow high decorations on me, but I naturally had to decline as the honour had been refused to junior officers. His Majesty the King honoured me by the bestowing of the G.B.E. for my humble services. I have a very treasured souvenir of those days and that is the British, French and Italian flags, which I flew as a standard on the bonnet of my car.

Our days in Turkey bring back all sorts of memories. One is of my wife and the Belgrade Forest. This forest was in the hands of brigands and strictly out of bounds for everyone. One day my wife, with two grooms, went riding and took her lunch; knowing nothing of the country, and certainly nothing of rules and regulations, apparently she rode into the Belgrade Forest. By 6 p.m. she had not returned and we began to get anxious. From information I got, I learnt that she had been seen on the edge of the Belgrade Forest. Darkness was coming on and still there was no trace. The Gunners sent out a

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mounted patrol, and the Mounted Infantry also, from Buyukded; to my great relief about 9 p.m. my wife turned up quite happily. She and the grooms had lost their way. They had been seven or eight hours in the forest, had received nothing but kindness from the brigands, and thought it all an enormous joke. We didn't!

Another story which always amuses me is of a gharry which was going by our houses, where we had an Indian sentry. The gharry contained an old man, who was out for his first drive after a serious illness, with his wife and daughter, and his son on the box. When opposite the sentry, whose post was near our landing-stage, the two ponies shied, and the gharry, ponies, the old man, wife and daughter (the son jumped off) went into the Bosphorus. My father-in-law, General Grattan, saw the whole thing happen and gave the alarm, and we saved the old man, wife and daughter. But my father-in-law never got over the fact that the Indian sentry never pushed the bell on his post to call the guard as he did not consider it was an unusual occurrence!

Such funny things happened there. One night we were all going on to a dance at the Summer Palace at Therapia, when I got an urgent message from one of my Brigadiers, begging me not to go, as a conversation had been overheard in a railway train *en route* to Haider Pasha in which it was said that they were going to murder me at the Summer Palace that night; so in deference to their wishes I did not go, and all the boats coming up the Bosphorus, and all cars, were closely examined. I remained at home and was sitting in our big hall, when I suddenly looked up and saw a man, wearing a boater straw hat. He had walked in by the front door. He did not look a bit like a murderer, so I asked him what he wanted. He told me that he was the owner of some very valuable carpets which he had sent out on approval to my wife. Incidentally, owing to the price, I had squared everyone in the house to say that they did not like them. I put

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him up for the night and took him down in the morning in my launch to Constantinople, some nine miles. I disembarked at my landing-stage and sent him on with his carpets to Galata. A few moments later I learnt that he had been arrested by the police for bringing carpets into Constantinople! However, I soon got him released.

I never think of Galata Bridge without thinking of the day when I, with Sir Horace Rumbold, the High Commissioner, and Admiral Tyrwhitt, attended the funeral of him whom I always called "The Economic Patriarch". The real name is "Oecumenical", I think. We went up by barge and on entering the Greek Church, my military secretary said to me: "That is the dead man up in the pulpit." Granted he looked very white, but when I got close to the pulpit, he blinked at me! It was an awful shock! He was the new Patriarch.

In the winter of 1922, I lived in a house at Chichli, on the outskirts of Constantinople, with Major-General Hastings Anderson, Major-General McHardy, and an A.D.C. There was a guard of the Irish Guards at the time. We were all awakened suddenly one night by rifle fire in the garden behind the house, something approaching rapid fire. We all jumped out of bed and servants appeared with their rifles. It was thought that an attack was being made on the house. The firing continued for some considerable time, and the garden was searched without result. Eventually we all went to bed again. When my servant called me in the morning, he told me the mystery had been solved. A cat, still alive, had been found with its head caught in an old salmon tin! This was afterwards called "The Battle of Chichli Copse".

As I look back on those days in Turkey, I think so much of General Ismet Pasha's letter to me: "All we want is to be friends of England"; and at long last, sixteen years afterwards, we are good friends. To start with, in my opinion, we should never have been enemies. I go further and say that if Mr. Lloyd George had not, with Mr. Venezelos' help, put the

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Greeks into Anatolia, the tragedy of Smyrna would never have happened. That was the big mistake, for once the Great War was over, the Turks always wanted to be friends.

Here are two letters from Ismet Pasha.

Angora,

le 25 Mai, 1929.

MON CHER GÉNÉRAL,

C'est avec un grand plaisir que j'ai reçu votre lettre datée de Quetta.

Kazim Pacha m'a lui-même raconté l'aimable accueil que vous avez bien voulu réserver aux membres de la mission militaire turque et à leur famille. Il a ajouté qu'il avait eu beaucoup de plaisir à évoquer avec vous les souvenirs de notre pays. J'étais d'ailleurs persuadé que votre présence à Quetta serait de nature à accentuer dans une large mesure la courtoise hospitalité accordée à nos compatriotes par le Gouvernement Britannique.

Laissez-moi donc, mon Général, vous remercier tout spécialement de cette marque de sympathie et d'amitié.

J'ai été très touché de vos aimables souhaits pour la Turquie. Les souvenirs auxquels vous voulez bien faire allusion me sent également très chers et je pense que c'est précisément dans de semblables circonstances que l'on peut se connaître et s'estimer le mieux mutuellement.

Je tiens donc, mon cher Général, à vous renouveler mes remerciements et à vous transmettre mes souhaits les plus sincères.

Bien sincèrement à vous,
(Sgd.) ISMET.

Ankara,

November 25th, 1938.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I was very touched by your kind letter of 13th

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November, 1938, in which you express so delicately your congratulations and good wishes upon my election to the Presidency of the Republic. I thank you most sincerely. Please be sure that I cherish, too, the memories of our co-operation at Mudania which will always retain its special value for me.

With best wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) ISMET INOUYI.

His Excellency General C. H. Harington,
Bingles Farm,
Sussex.

As I have told, I was entertained by the Turkish Ambassador in London, to meet the representatives of the Turkish Press who were paying a fortnight's visit to this country, and one might have expected that some of the British authorities would have extended an invitation to me to meet these Turkish representatives; I might possibly have been useful in cementing friendships, since I have kept in personal touch with Ismet Inouyi, the new President, ever since the days of Mudania. Anyhow, I was immensely impressed by their courtesy to me. They, at any rate, had not forgotten the days of Chanak and the Allied Occupation of Constantinople, and all the happy dealings with them. They knew how near then we were to war.

I did not tell them of the telegrams in my pocket, instructing me to start a war, or of the desire of the War Cabinet to censure me for not obeying their orders. My action, no doubt, ruined my career and deprived me of being C.I.G.S. and a Field-Marshal, but those are very small things when faced, as I was, with a decision between peace and war. The latter might have meant a lot to me, possibly all sorts of honours and rewards as the C.-in-C. at that time; it might have saved the Coalition Government; but thank God I cared nothing for

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these things. I had seen enough of war, through four years connected with the defence of the Ypres Salient, to convince me that our country wanted no more war, and I never doubted for one moment that our country desired anything but peace, if we could effect it honourably. Apparently that was also the opinion of the Dominions. I appreciated the receipt of those telegrams as giving me the support of the Government if all else failed; I little thought that certain members of that Government (as Lord Curzon informed me) had proposed to censure me for refusing the rays of sunshine towards peace which I saw appearing. It rested with me alone. I was all alone at Mudania, I had no means of communicating further with our High Commissioner, Sir Horace Rumbold, at Constantinople. I had told him the previous evening that I thought the position was hopeless and that war was inevitable. I had given all instructions to the Commander of the Guards Brigade in Constantinople, Major-General Julian Steele. I had authorized Major-General Marden at Chanak to open fire at a certain hour. Seventy-five minutes before that hour, General Ismet and the Allied Generals came to an agreement at Mudania, the three Cabinet telegrams still in my pocket. As I have said elsewhere, we sat for fifteen hours and eventually signed the agreement, and peace reigned and has reigned ever since and, now at long last sixteen years afterwards, that peace had been sealed by our recent pact. If I played any part in what has led up to that pact, I am more than rewarded. Certainly the Turks whom I met recently think that I did, even if no one else thinks so. I want no credit. Credit is no good to me now, but I do contend that my action at Mudania in effecting a peaceful settlement with General Ismet Pasha, instead of throwing us into another war, was hardly deserving of a vote of censure by the Cabinet.

Since that time, a Turkish Military Mission paid a visit to this country, which lasted for many weeks. It was headed

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by General D'Orbay, who was in the Turkish War Office when I was in Constantinople. The mission was entertained freely in London but I was never invited to meet it. I offered to be of any help that I could, but my help evidently was not required.

I am interested in Mr. Lloyd George's account in his *Truth about the Peace Treaties*, Vol. II, concerning my action at Chanak in not attacking the Turks and committing us to war. I am also interested in the authority that he quotes in support of his arguments, namely the author of *Grey Wolf*, a book which caused so much offence to Mustapha Kemal and the Turks. I may say that Mr. Armstrong never had any official position at or connection with the British Embassy or my Headquarters. I recollect that I once sent him, under a Major Harenc, on a patrol into Anatolia. In my time he certainly never went to Angora, nor did he meet Mustapha Kemal about whom he wrote. I do not very much value his opinion of the Turkish Army at that time as he was hardly in a position to judge. Mr. Lloyd George may remember the opinion which I gave of the Greek Army in Anatolia should it meet with serious opposition. So decidedly did he disagree with my view that he sent for a direct report from an officer under my command. I merely ask, who was right when it came to business?

Mr. Lloyd George stresses the point that the French and Italian troops withdrew from Chanak, leaving us in the lurch and without proper support on a vital flank. From a military point of view the withdrawal of the French and Italian troops made no difference whatever. It was in my charter from the British Government, which I still have, that neither French nor Italian troops were to be employed on the Asiatic side. It was only after the fall of Smyrna and when Chanak was threatened, that I asked the French and Italian Generals to give me detachments at Chanak in order that we should show the three flags. They readily agreed,



MOUSTAPHA KEMAL

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but the total French troops amounted to one company and one squadron, which was all I had asked for, and the total Italian to two platoons. It is true that as soon as their Governments heard of this, they demanded the withdrawal of their troops. As fighting forces their numbers were negligible.

No one is more grateful to Mr. Lloyd George than I am for the splendid reinforcements which he sent out to me and which, in my opinion, alone saved the situation, but I cannot agree with him that "many batteries of heavy guns were planted on the heights which commanded the approaches to Chanak". I told Mr. Lloyd George the last time I had the privilege of speaking to him, I had few, if any, in position at that time. When an order goes from Downing Street for guns to be sent from Malta or Egypt, it takes quite a long time before they are concreted in position on Gallipoli.

Mr. Lloyd George talks of "bluff". The Turk was not bluffing at that moment; he was elated with victory and far from tired. Mr. Lloyd George states that behind my Force stood the might of the British Empire. I thought the Dominions had not been eager to respond to the call.

I would also mention that in June, 1923, I became aware that the Turkish Army was getting weaker and decreasing in value. The men were tired and demanding to be sent home. I was convinced that the Turkish Army was not more than fifty per cent of its value six months earlier. I therefore informed His Majesty's Government that, if the Allies should decide to stand firm and to make no further concessions to the Turks, in my opinion the Allied Forces would be able to carry through any policy decided upon, provided the French and Italians were prepared to reinforce up to a similar strength as the British. I was convinced that the Turks would not push matters to extremes. I am not aware as to whether any action was taken on this information.

The following extract is taken from a book called *Turkey, Yesterday To-day and To-morrow*, written by Sir Telford

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Waugh. He was Consul-General in Constantinople at the time of Chanak—a shrewd judge. He writes: "The three Allied Generals held a conference at Mudania with Ismet Pasha, the Turkish Chief of Staff, and after difficult and protracted negotiations signed a military convention on the following terms: The Greeks to evacuate Thrace up to the Maritza River on the west: the Turks to be free to set up a civil administration in that territory with a gendarmerie force not to exceed 8,000: an Allied contingent to seven battalions to assist in the evacuation: the Turks to respect a Neutral Zone of fifteen kilometres on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus: the Allied troops to remain where they were pending a peace conference.

"This agreement, which saved the situation, was due to the patience and tact of General Harington. There were critics who blamed the C.-in-C. for weakness. If he had called the Turkish bluff, they said, he could easily have repulsed any attack on the Straits, and the Turks would then have been less arrogant at Lausanne. . . ."

A truer estimate of the British C.-in-C. is given by Sir Philip Gibbs in *Ten Years After*: "Cool as ice in the face of extreme provocation, determined to keep the peace by every method of statesmanship unless his men were actually attacked, it was his fine chivalry, his diplomatic wisdom with the Turkish Generals, which resulted in an armistice hanging on a hair-trigger. To have saved Constantinople from the fate of Smyrna, and to have extracted his force from the difficult position in which it had been placed by the politicians at home, was an achievement for which General Harington deserves the greatest credit."

On looking back, it is interesting to think that I was apparently the arch-fiend in bringing about the fall of the Coalition Government, though quite unknown to myself at the time I quote from Lord Ronaldshay's *Life of Lord Curzon*:

"On September 29th, a conference of Ministers decided

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much against Lord Curzon's will, to despatch immediately to Sir Charles Harington, an ultimatum for communication to the Turkish commander. On the same afternoon Lord Curzon saw Dr. Nihad Rechad, the Kemalist representative in London; and, having explained to him that, owing to the attitude of Mustapha Kemal, a situation had arisen in which nothing short of the immediate withdrawal of the Turkish Forces from the neighbourhood of Chanak could avert an outbreak of hostilities, urged him to telegraph in this sense without one moment's delay. . . . For the next two days the conference of Ministers was in almost perpetual session, in the expectation of news from General Harington that the ultimatum had been delivered and hostilities begun.

"On Saturday, September the 30th, . . . at a further meeting of the Cabinet, at which great irritation was exhibited by some of those present, at the continued silence of General Harington, the breach between those who urged an immediate resort to action and those headed by Lord Curzon who counselled patience, developed rapidly. Those who thought that the extreme limit of patience had been reached and, indeed, passed, urged the abandonment of the Mudania Conference which had been the corner stone of the agreement which Lord Curzon had so recently succeeded in re-establishing with France. This proposal was fortunately not insisted on, and Lord Curzon was congratulated by those who now gave him their support upon the outcome of the meeting: 'I must congratulate you most heartily', wrote one of them on October 2nd, 'that your views prevailed in Cabinet and that the Mudania Conference is now to take place before we open fire! It is difficult for those of us who have not been attending the conferences of Ministers to pick up all the threads of all that has gone before, at a moment's notice; but I was simply horrified at the proposals made by certain of our colleagues to issue an ultimatum at once, and not even to wait for Harington's telegram which was known to be on the way.

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Happily, this proposal was not insisted on on Saturday night; but if it had been, I should certainly have supported your view and so would several others who sit at our end of the table. And yesterday things went all right in view of the telegram which had been received.'

"General Harington had, in fact, refrained from acting on the ultimatum despatched to him on the 29th, and peace had consequently remained unbroken.

"Although the receipt of General Harington's telegram on October the 1st had eased the tension of the situation, the breach in the Cabinet remained. Among some, at least, of the Conservative members there was genuine alarm, and in his letter of October the 2nd, Sir Arthur Griffiths-Boscawen spoke of others beside himself: 'I am greatly alarmed at the situation generally, the terrible risk of war which some of our friends appear prepared to take and their distrust of diplomatic methods. I am certain that the country does not want war and will not have it unless it is convinced that every effort to avoid it has been made.' . . . And it was from the feverish happenings of this troubled week-end that Lord Curzon himself dated the first definite appearance of the crack which in the end split the Coalition Government asunder. 'When a group of Cabinet Ministers begin to meet separately and to discuss independent action,' he jotted down on a piece of paper, 'the death tick is audible in the rafters.'

"A good deal was to happen, however, before the final crash came. Mr. Lloyd George's resignation did not take place until October the 19th, and before that date the situation underwent constant change."

Then to turn to Mr. Winston Churchill's *World Crisis*: "Meanwhile matters had passed for a space into the military sphere. The control of the Straits would obviously be facilitated if the fateful narrows of the Dardanelles were occupied on both sides by our troops. This made it desirable to hold Chanak on the Asiatic shore. It was a valuable . . . though

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as I believe, not an indispensable outwork. Originally the War Office had not contemplated holding Chanak and on the 11th General Harington had been told that he might evacuate at his discretion. He appealed against this decision on account of the importance of the place as an advanced defence of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

"Availing himself of this permission, General Harington sent on the 19th the following order to the officer commanding Chanak, Colonel Commandant D. I. Shuttleworth: 'You should hold Chanak as long as possible with the Forces I have available. I am communicating the decision to the Government. In my opinion, in view of the French withdrawal from Chanak, Kemal will stop to reflect if you stop him there with naval support. Your stand there may avert further trouble.'

"And on the 29th he telegraphed to the War Office: 'If we continue to show our determination, I am of opinion that the British will be able to carry through the task without them (i.e. the French and Italians), so that I do not consider you need feel concern for their action. According to my information his (Kemal's) ministers are being summoned to Smyrna to-morrow for a conference. Eventually this is to decide whether he will take England on with her Dominions. My opinion is they will not dare to do so.' . . .

"The climax of Chanak was reached on September 28th, when General Harington reported that the Turks were collecting in considerable numbers round the British position, 'grinning through the barbed wire'. They were clearly acting under orders that everything possible had been done to avoid conflict but that the position was becoming impossible. He also reported that the British position at Chanak was 'strong', well wired and well sited. The Cabinet thereupon instructed the General to present an ultimatum to the Turks to quit the Neutral Zone and sheer off Chanak within a brief time limit, and authorized him to use all the forces

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at his disposal at its expiration. The General was able, however, to tide over his difficulties without availing himself of the formidable warrant with which he had been armed. The tact, coolness and patience of General Harington were exemplary. It so chanced that from the moment the Cabinet sent the stern telegram, the Turkish provocation that had given rise to it, began to subside. On the 30th the Commander at Chanak (General Marden) reported that there were no signs of Kemalist guns or infantry being brought against him; and that his Force was not in danger. And as every day's delay made the British position stronger, General Harington did not consider it necessary to send the Turks an ultimatum, nor did any incidents occur which required the opening of fire. The Cabinet, relieved by this favourable development, on October 1, approved their commander's forbearance.

"The story of Chanak is instructive in many ways. It reflects credit upon General Harington, who emphasized the value and significance of the Chanak position and tenaciously held to it, and who knew how to combine a cool and tactful diplomacy with military firmness. There is no doubt that the attitude of the British Government and of the Dominions, particularly Australia and New Zealand, prevented the renewal of the war in Europe, and enabled all the Allies to escape without utter shame for the consequences of their lamentable and divided policies. Considering the limited resources available, public fatigue, the precarious position of the Administration and its declining authority at home and abroad, the achievement of 'Peace with Honour' was memorable. It formed the basis upon which a peace of mutual respect could subsequently be negotiated with the Turks at Lausanne. The strong action taken by Britain, so far from drawing upon us the lasting enmity of the Turks, aroused a sentiment of admiration and even of goodwill, and will make easier rather than harder, our future relationship with modern Turkey."

I much appreciate the fact that, in both Houses of Parliament,

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kind references were made to my services. I can only be thankful for the goodwill and helpfulness shown by all concerned—French, Italians, Turks, Greeks and British of all services. To have been privileged to be at the helm during such eventful times was an experience which has fallen to the lot of few soldiers, and I can never be grateful enough to the Commanders and Staffs who gave me such loyal and devoted help throughout.

Chapter XIII

YORK

ON my return from Turkey I was appointed G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command. We arrived in York in December, 1923, and spent three and a half very happy years there. It was then still a Second-class Command and had very few regiments; one at York, one at Strensall, and one at Lichfield. There were three Territorial Divisions, several Infantry Depots, and some Yeomanry Regiments. Catterick was in the process of being built, including the Headquarters of the Royal Corps of Signals. This station is now the headquarters of a division, and Northern Command has rightly been given the status of a First-class Command.

I shall always remember our first public appearance in York. It was at a ball in the Assembly Rooms. The stage was full of Dowagers and swell people, but not a soul, except the late Lord Hawke and his wife, spoke to us. My wife and I and my A.D.C. waited till after supper, as we had paid for it, and then went home. I longed to have a pocketful of tennis balls to fling at the stage! I often told them so, later on, when I got to know them. It was real Yorkshire; they look at you for a year and then, if they like you, they will do anything for you. That was certainly our experience.

I was fortunate in having the 49th West Riding Division under me, the division in which I had been G.S.O.1 in France; I met many old friends, and they gave me a very delightful reunion dinner at Leeds. The 46th North Midland Division and the 50th Northumbrian Division, with all their Durham

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miners, both had fine war records and were great friends of mine.

Whilst at York, when I was president of the Army Rugby Union, I attended a ceremony near London when King George V opened the new Civil Service Rugby Ground. It was there that the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks (later Lord Brentford), offered me the post of Chief Commissioner of the Police. I thought it over and declined. It seemed best for me to stick to soldiering; I then perhaps had hopes of rising to the top.

Military Sunday was a great day in York. All the troops, Regulars and Territorials, with massed bands, attended a service in the Minster which was always packed, and crowds assembled from all over that part of Yorkshire. The G.O.C.-in-C. had to read the lesson, which my first year was the Sermon on the Mount. Next year, Dean Foxley Norris (afterwards Dean of Westminster) told me that the lesson would be the same and warned me that the service would be broadcast. When I arrived, he met me with the choir at the door of the Minster, and said: "I am awfully sorry, but I am afraid it is a different lesson!" I nearly went home again! Luckily we were good friends, but it was trying one very high to be asked to read into a microphone a lesson one had never seen. Anyhow I got through. After the service I used to take the salute in company with the Lord Mayor and the Archbishop or Dean as representing "The Church, The Army, The State".

I instituted the first tattoos at York and Leeds. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Wilkinson and the York Race Committee we were granted the use of the Race Course. The York Tattoo was a great success and we made a good sum for our military charities. The first Leeds Tattoo had an amusing side to it. It was the year of the Leeds Centenary, and a Civic Week was being held. The Lord Mayor had applied to the War Office for some form of military display and I was asked to provide it. I did not wish to do so, as it coincided with our tattoo

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at York, and I wanted to get all the money I could for York, especially as I had taken on all the financial risk myself. However, I went over, with Major-General Jakes Harman, my Chief Administrative Officer, to see the Lord Mayor of Leeds on the subject and, after some discussion, he offered to lend me Roundhay Park and its turnstiles for a tattoo, provided I gave him ten per cent of the profits. The discussion had been chiefly over whether he ran the display and gave us ten per cent, or whether we ran the display and gave him ten per cent. I accepted the offer and agreed to run the tattoo on a certain Thursday and Saturday evening. We brought over certain items from the York Tattoo which were greatly appreciated. The setting of Roundhay Park was wonderful. The first day, Thursday, was also the first day of the England versus Australia Test Match at Leeds. The English captain, A. W. Carr, won the toss and put the Australians in to bat. By lunch-time Macartney had made over 100 and was still batting and, in the afternoon, the Australians piled up a big score. About 5.30 p.m. rain stopped play and I was sure it would ruin our tattoo. At that moment Mr. Carr and I must have been two of the most unhappy men in England. However, our luck turned. About 7 p.m. it cleared up and some 90,000 people, paying a shilling each for entrance, came to Roundhay Park that evening, and a huge number again on the Saturday, so that we made a profit of over £8,000. I remember so well handing over the ten per cent to the Lord Mayor and saying that we had been lucky. "Yes," he said, "I was a damned fool!" His Civic Week ended with a deficit of some £6,000 which he would have cleared on the other arrangement. That is the only financial adventure I have ever had. It was indeed a lucky one.

The York Races were always a great feature. I think they are the best run and the most comfortable races I have ever attended, and each year I used to be asked to the famous Gimcrack Dinner. It is an occasion on which the winner is

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allowed to say just what he thinks about racing. On the first occasion on which I attended, the winner, a North of England man, made charge after charge against the Jockey Club. I think I remember twenty-nine such charges; I was sitting next to the present Lord Harewood, a member of the Jockey Club. He replied to a few of the charges, and the rest were to be referred to the Jockey Club. The following year Lord Lonsdale came down prepared to bite any critic of the Jockey Club, and I also sat next to him and enjoyed his cigars. The tragedy was that just before dinner we learnt that the winner was ill and could not attend.

I also used to attend the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield.

On one occasion Mr. Jimmy Thomas was the Guest of Honour. It was the very day the Labour Government went out, and he need not have spoken at all. Instead of that he made the most splendid Imperial speech I have ever heard, starting from when he first went to Sheffield as a greaser on an engine.

While I was in command, our present Queen, as Duchess of York, came down to open the Five Sisters Window in York Minster as a memorial to the women of the Empire. It was a beautiful ceremony conducted by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Archbishop of York. Before returning to London that afternoon the present King unveiled the York City War Memorial near York Station. This ceremony ended earlier than was expected and the Duke, as he then was, asked me what could be done, so I asked him to waste four minutes talking and then to motor to the Station Hotel entrance where I would meet him. I ran to the hotel, as there was no chance to get my car through the crowd. I ordered a sitting-room and tea, and then met the Duke and Duchess at the entrance and took them up by the ordinary hotel lift. We had tea, and the Duke was able to change in comfort before catching the London train. My wife and A.D.C. were present. A few minutes later the Chief Constable arrived to inform us that he alone was responsible for

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their bodies and that I apparently had committed an awful crime!

The mention of bodies, however, reminds me of another story of York. Government House was situated on the Ouse, near Clifton, at a bend of the river. I made friends with the man who ran the ferry across just opposite our house. The river above was a favourite place for suicides and my friend was frequently busy in retrieving dead bodies; I discovered that if he landed a body on his side of the river he got five shillings, but if on the other side he only got two and six. Shortly before I left York I remember, at breakfast one day, being called to see my friend landing a woman who had tried to drown herself. We brought her into our kitchen and restored her with brandy; he looked on anxiously for some time, and the last I ever remember of him was hearing him say: "When does my brandy come in?"

The present Lord Halifax (Colonel Wood as he then was) commanded the Yorkshire Dragoons at York at that time, just before he went to India as Viceroy. A farewell dinner was given to him at the North Eastern Hotel by his brother officers, to which I was invited. My wife was at some function so I took a taxi home from the station. I asked the driver if he knew Government House and he assured me that he did. That drive very nearly ended in disaster, as, to my horror, he passed my gate and drove straight into the Ouse. I don't know whether the Ouse or the driver stopped the taxi; when it did stop, the water was nearly up to my waist!

Before leaving York I had the honour of being presented with the Freedom of the City, which I value very greatly. In its great history very few soldiers have received this honour. Lord Roberts and Lord Plumer are amongst those few. I remember, in my speech, mentioning the oldest York inhabitant, Mr. James Melrose, who was present; he was then ninety-nine. I sent him a telegram from Quetta on reaching his century and I have a letter written to me on his hundredth

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birthday in the most perfect handwriting. I also had the honour of being made a Freeman of the Goldsmiths' Company and of the Patternmakers.

We have nothing but happy memories of our time in York, and in the north of England. I was in command of the North of England at the time of the General Strike. Sir Douglas Hacking was appointed Commissioner for Yorkshire and I had many happy dealings with him.

It was whilst I was in York that I was honoured by being made a D.C.L. at Oxford, when the late Lord Curzon was Chancellor—an honour which I greatly appreciated and which does not often fall to the lot of a soldier.

I unveiled a large number of war memorials in the north of England, including the steel mast at Sheffield, the memorials at Barnsley, Huddersfield, Uppingham, Sedbergh, Swan Hunter, and Richardson, etc. At all these places I met ex-soldiers who had fought in the Great War. My visit to Huddersfield reminds me of an amusing story. I was sitting at lunch between the Mayor and Mayoress and asked the Mayor how Huddersfield had got on during the years of the war: "Oh, we were all right," he replied. "We made our money out of B.K.O.s." Whereupon his wife, overhearing, said: "You don't know what he means by B.K.O.s." I owned that I was trying to think, and she said: "I'll tell you. B—y knock outs." I think these must be like the suit of plain clothes which they used to give to soldiers on discharge.

The Dean of York in those days was the Very Rev. Foxley Norris, afterwards Dean of Westminster, who died recently. I went by car with him to Barnsley to unveil the war memorial—a Yorkshire soldier in khaki. The Dean was very artistic, and I remember telling him in the car that the sculptor of the memorial we were about to unveil was the same man who had recently made a memorial for the Rifle Brigade for Grosvenor Gardens, but that I had heard that the Rifle Brigade did not like it at all, as the soldier had his coat collar turned up and the

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Rifle Brigade never turned up their collars. I was also told that this famous sculptor had, however, consented to make another figure, that which stands to-day in Grosvenor Gardens. I told the Dean that we might perhaps find the late rifleman turned into a York and Lancaster soldier with York and Lancaster buttons and badges and his collar turned up. As I pulled off the Union Jack I caught the Dean's eye. It was !

Later I shall say something of my intense admiration for, and trust in, the British soldier, but as this incident occurred at the castle at York one Christmas morning I will relate it here. The castle was then the Detention Barracks, or Prison, for the North of England. Throughout all my years of command I made it a rule to visit the Detention Barracks and Hospital on Christmas Day, just in the hope that one might say something to a young offender which might help him to keep clear of Detention Barracks in future. To my astonishment, when going round the ranks of the prisoners, I saw a sapper wearing a D.C.M. I enquired into his case and found he had been a sergeant with a very gallant record and had been a sergeant instructor at the R.M.C. He had got into trouble with his sergeant-major at Catterick and had been broken and awarded detention. After dismissing the others I talked to him. Perhaps his being Irish appealed to me; he certainly had a very attractive manner. I found out that he had a wife and two children actually in York. I then did a thing which I had no power of any kind to do. I got the Commandant to let him go home to his wife and family for his Christmas Day with orders to be back by 6.30 p.m. That man came back before 6 p.m. and asked for a pencil and paper with which to write and thank me for what I had done. I used to hear from him for some years afterwards. I quote that as an example of "Trust" in the British soldier.

Before Church Parade on Sunday morning, I generally used to walk along the Ouse from my house to the station to get

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the Sunday paper. One day I was returning from the station, reading the cricket or football news, and was just about to walk under the archway near the station, where the road round the old wall crosses the main road; there was no traffic, and all was quiet. Suddenly I walked into something solid. I looked up from my paper and found that I had walked straight into an enormous elephant, on its way to be entrained on Sunday morning. I do not know which of us was the more surprised, the elephant or the G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command! I shall always remember that old elephant. He stood still and just looked at me as if to say: "What a little man this big General really is," and I certainly felt it! The attendant comforted me by saying: "Lucky I had Jonah in front, as Phyllis (the second elephant) can be nasty." I thoroughly agreed!

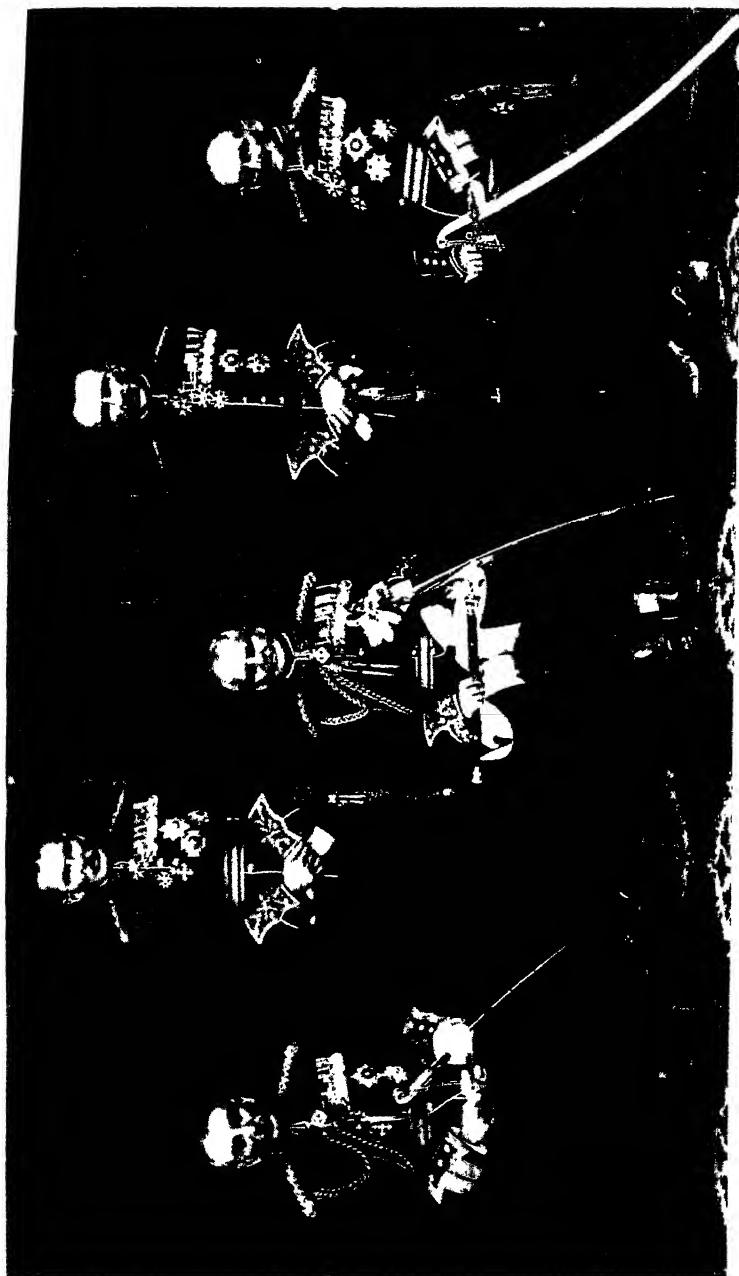
Mr. Stephen Walsh, then Secretary of State for War, accompanied by Mr. J. J. Lawson and Mr. Attlee, once came to stay with us in order to visit Catterick Camp, which was then being built. The Army Council had recently issued what, in my opinion, was a very bad order, forbidding G.O.sC.-in-C. to fly the Union Jack on their official cars, and making them substitute an army flag, black and red, which the people did not know. As we were all starting in my car for Catterick I told Mr. Stephen Walsh my views, and he replied: "Don't you take it (the Union Jack) down while I am here!" This had a sequel. I arrived in Leicester one evening soon afterwards, about the time of the General Election, in order to inspect the Leicester Depot next morning. I got there about the same time as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who was due to arrive to address a meeting and, thanks to the red on my flag, I was loudly cheered in mistake for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Next day, for the same reason, I was booed in crossing Selby Bridge. At this election Sir John Butcher, the sitting member (afterwards Lord Danesfort), was again contesting York as a Conservative. One of my ex-service messengers, who had

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lost an arm in the war, was always reported to be an extreme Socialist. The morning of the election I asked him if he had voted, and for whom; he replied: "I voted for Butcher. It's the old man's birthday."

I cannot speak of the north of England without thinking of those splendid and loyal miners; and I have the same admiration for their wives, with their spotless cottages, spotless doorsteps and windows. I recollect so well an occasion when I was at Pwllheli in N. Wales, visiting the 50th Northumbrian Division at training. A strike was called, and the situation for the Durham miners was very difficult. I thought the best thing to do was to talk to them, as I felt very much for them. So I got all four battalions of the Durham Brigade together and made them sit down on the grass round me in a very delightful setting, a sort of basin with woods all around. I made them an address on the situation which they accepted most loyally, and it was soon evident that they wished to go on and complete their training, with just one reservation; that they should be allowed to return quietly to their homes after camp instead of marching back with bands and the usual ceremony. So all was well. When I got to the officers' mess for lunch, a man arrived with a copy of the *Daily Mail* which announced that the strike had been called off. After that I always had a splendid welcome from all the mining villages of Durham.

I had another lot of good friends in the L.N.E. railwaymen at Acomb, near York. They had a branch of the British Legion which I used to visit and where I told them stories about my time in Turkey, etc. They were reported to be very red and the gentleman who usually proposed a vote of thanks to me wore a red tie and was always pointed out to me as the red-hot Communist of York. Each year on Armistice Sunday they had an afternoon service, on Acomb Green, which I attended. One year, however, it clashed with the great railway strike and the situation was very difficult. They



General Sir A. COBBE.

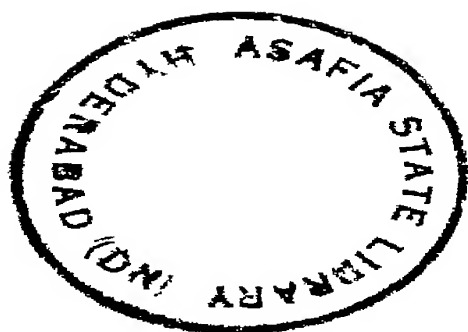
SELF.

*Field-Marshal Lord BIRDWOOD,
G.-in-C.*

General HENEKER.

General Sir F. SHEA.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, INDIA, FIELD-MARSHAL LORD BIRDWOOD AND HIS COMMANDERS



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were all out on strike, and had been for some considerable time, and we had soldiers out guarding depots, power stations and the like. On the Saturday evening, however, I got a message to say: "We are holding our service to-morrow. Hope you are coming." So I decided to go. My senior Staff Officer, Major-General Harman, came with me. We were welcomed by my friend with the red tie. We had a delightful service, ending with "God Save The King," and then they all marched back to their headquarters. They sent me a resolution of thanks for attending, and when I left York these same good loyal fellows gave me a very delightful picture which I greatly treasure.

During my last year at York my mother died and, when I got back to York one evening after her funeral, I found a letter from Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, the Secretary of State for War, asking me to go and see him, which I did the next day. He told me he hoped that I would be the next C.I.G.S.; that I had gained a good deal of experience as D.C.I.G.S. but that I lacked experience of India which he thought essential. He asked me if I would go to India as G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command at Quetta. I should not have left England again had my old mother been still alive, but, as she had just died and I had no other ties, I readily accepted, for I remembered Henry Wilson's words that no one should be C.I.G.S. without experience of India. Later, when I was at Quetta, Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans paid us a visit, and it was certainly his idea at that time that I should be C.I.G.S. He was then a sick man, however, and unfortunately died shortly afterwards, and things turned out differently. The then C.I.G.S. had his time extended from four years to seven, in order to effect economies in the Army. Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, then C.-in-C., India, asked for me both as C.G.S. India and as G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command. Both of these appointments were refused me. While I was still in England, before leaving for

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Quetta, an eminent military writer, who was writing an article for *The Times* on "Messines Ten Years After", came to see me; he told me that an intrigue was to start against me when I left England. It did, but I bear no ill-will to anyone.

Upon leaving York, I asked to go on half-pay for five months before proceeding to India. I had been going without a break since August, 1914.

I took a tiny flat near Lord's—so close that I could get back to lunch before the players reached their dressing-room, and I thoroughly enjoyed the summer. I have had the same little flat once since then, when home on leave from Gibraltar. I know no more peaceful or delightful resting-place than in a chair behind the bowler's arm, on the top of the Pavilion at Lord's.

It is not, perhaps, so peaceful on the occasion of the Eton and Harrow match when old rivals meet. I recall one occasion when Lord Hailsham came up to the top and was looking about for a seat or for a friend. He was Secretary of State for War at the time, and had just previously been stopping with us at Aldershot for the Tattoo. Thinking I might help him, I got up and said: "Mr. Baldwin is sitting over there in the second row." The only answer I got was: "I don't care where Mr. Baldwin is sitting. I don't speak to him on this occasion." Another time I said to my old Chief, Lord Plumer: "I hope Harrow will do better this year as they haven't won for over twenty years." He replied: "Do you? Well, I don't; I hope they are beaten in an innings by lunch-time on the first day." Something comes over these, at other times, peaceful citizens. In 1939, however, on the first day of the Eton and Harrow match, I was privileged to see Lord Baldwin, Lord Hailsham and Sir Stanley Jackson all sitting peacefully together in the Committee Room at Lord's. How they finished at the close of the match on the second day, when Harrow won, history does not relate.

Chapter XIV

WESTERN COMMAND—INDIA

IN October, 1927, I proceeded to India in command of the Western Command, with Headquarters at Quetta. Although I joined the Army originally at Aden I had never been to India, nor had my wife, so we looked forward to an interesting experience. The journey up from Karachi, through the Sind Desert and into Baluchistan through the Bolan Pass, was all so new to us.

Shortly after our arrival at Quetta, King Amannullah of Afghanistan started on his State visit to Europe and Turkey. My wife and I, with Colonel St. John, the Agent-General for Baluchistan, and Mrs. St. John went to meet him and Queen Souriya at our Frontier at Chaman. It was a weird scene out on that rugged plain. The inhabitants of Chaman had erected arches, and all sorts of decorations. The collection of Afghan motor cars could be seen for some miles coming across the plain. We had a brigade of British and Native troops lining the route from the Frontier to the royal train, which had been lent to the King and to which my special coach was attached. The East Lancashire Regiment furnished a Guard of Honour, and we had also the 18th Cavalry. I had previously wired home for the Afghan National Anthem and the answer contained what appeared to be only one note. When King Amannullah arrived the band of the East Lancashire Regiment duly played that note, but I am quite sure that the King never recognized it! I conducted him and his Staff round the Guard of Honour while Mrs. St. John and my wife

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met Queen Souriya, who was veiled, and took her to the royal train.

We had an interesting journey through the Khojak Pass which is so steep that progress is very slow; the scenery is wonderful. When the train had got safely into the Khojak tunnel, which is about a mile long, it suddenly stopped with a jerk. Apparently the communication cord in the King's coach had been pulled—the reason for this was never known—then it was found that the sudden jerk had broken the coupling of my coach so that we had to stay there another twenty minutes. The atmosphere is always a difficulty in this tunnel, and with two engines puffing out black smoke for all they were worth it was horrid.

The King had never seen a train before and at every little station he got out and ran along to have a look at the engine, just like a child. I believe that he had never seen the sea or a ship before either, and he had certainly never seen an aeroplane photograph. Some of these had been taken at Chaman on his arrival there; the R.A.F. got them developed and put into an album, which I was able to give him before leaving the train at Quetta. He was so interested that he immediately climbed back into his coach to examine them, and that was the last I saw of him.

As will be remembered he made a very big tour, ending up with a visit to Mustapha Kemal. He got carried away with the idea that the same reforms could be effected in Afghanistan as in Turkey. The people, however, would not have them, and the next time he asked leave to come to Chaman he was fleeing for his life with thirteen packing-cases!

The Quetta Command was full of interest. In addition to a large force of British and Indian troops at Quetta itself, we had detachments at Pishin, Loralai, Chaman, and Fort Sanderman, right along the Frontier. There were certain minor incidents with hostile tribesmen, the worst being the kidnapping of my G.S.O.2 and his wife, Captain and Mrs. Frere, and



WITH GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL—JUST INSIDE AFGHANISTAN.



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Major Farley, R.E.; they were seized in a car on the main road from Chaman and taken over the Frontier into Afghanistan. They were released after about a week, but had a most trying and unpleasant experience.

We had very fine parades on January 1st and on the King's Birthday; a whole division at war strength of British and Indian troops, Indian Cavalry in their full dress, and a large Air Force.

With my Chief of Staff—now General Sir John Dill, C.I.G.S.—I paid a visit all round the North-West Frontier. It was a wonderful trip, and included Wana, Razmak, Bannu, Peshawar, Landi Kotal and many other places. There is something very fascinating about the whole Frontier, with its majestic hills, and long stretches of desert.

I recall one occasion when I was asked to present new Colours to an Indian Regiment. On such occasions one is expected to speak in Hindustani. My Hindustani was non-existent, but, with the help of a Munshi, I had prepared a speech, written in English characters and with red lines where I was to take breath! All went well with the parade and I comforted myself by thinking that they probably would not hear the speech but would read it later. To my horror, however, the C.O. moved the battalion back close to the crowd so that everyone—the battalion and hundreds of people who had spent all their lives in India—could hear every word! It was an awful moment and I was very thankful when it was over, but when I dismounted, the C.O. asked me if I would like to come and have a talk to the Indian N.C.O.s! Nothing doing!

I confess to being a complete fraud over languages. I remember reading in a paper that it was so lucky that I was in Turkey at the time of Chanak on account of my great knowledge of Turkish. I only knew four words learnt from a caddie, "Tchok Fena" and "Tchok Guzel"; two of them mean "a good shot" and the other two, "a damned bad

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one"! I was no better at Spanish. My wife took lessons in order to talk to the farmers when she was M.F.H., but I don't think I got much further than "Cerveza" which I think means "beer"!

After leaving Quetta I was honoured by becoming Colonel of the 4/15 Punjab Regiment. Only recently at their annual dinner in London, I met many old friends.

During our time in India we visited Kashmir and spent a fortnight at Gulmarg and Srinagar where my wife had a houseboat for some weeks. She did two shooting trips, on elephants, into the jungle near Lalkua not far from Bareilly, and thoroughly enjoyed them, and she had some good sport. I was with her on an elephant when she got a cheetah with a beautiful shot.

We also paid a visit to the Maharajah of Dholpur which was a delightful experience. He is reported to have the finest pearls in the world which he showed us, but not before he had pulled my wife's leg badly. At dinner, on the last night of our visit, he told my wife that he had heard that she would like to see his pearls; thereupon he produced from his pocket strings of awful seed pearls. Her face was a study! Later, servants appeared with cushions on which were displayed the most beautiful pearls imaginable. He was a delightful host, a very good sportsman and a very fine tennis player. He hated animals to be killed and used to put out milk for his tigers. He took us out on a lake in his launch where we could see the tigers basking in the sun.

Each year we used to go to Delhi for the Horse Show and, incidentally, the Army Commander's Conference was held at the same time.

Whilst in India I twice paid a visit to Behar where my father and brother had spent many years. I found a syce of my father's still alive; he must have been nearly a hundred years old.

I also visited Calcutta, staying with General Ap Rhys Price

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who was in command, and lunching with Sir Stanley Jackson who was then Governor of Bengal. I also visited General Cobbe at Rawalpindi and at Murree. I had the honour of staying with Lord and Lady Irwin (as they then were) in Old Delhi—on one occasion I ran into Mr. Gandhi who was just leaving Viceregal Lodge as I arrived—I also stayed with them at New Delhi, where I had some excellent tennis and golf.

I enjoyed life at Quetta very much. The climate is excellent, except in the depth of winter, when it is very cold. We had a most delightful summer residence at Ziarat, up in the hills about ninety miles from Quetta, all amongst the juniper trees. I built a swimming-pool there, and I climbed nearly all the hills around.

I captained the garrison cricket team with which I had much enjoyment. We used to take a team to Karachi once a year for a week. On one occasion the Indus had overflowed its banks and there were very serious floods. We went in my coach to a certain point and then, with our kits and cricket bags, we transferred into boats and were rowed several miles until we joined another train on the far side of the river. I can see my Goanese cook now, carrying live hens in a rowing-boat for our dinner in the train! (That cook was with me until I left Gibraltar in October, 1938.)

Life at Quetta in those days was delightful—hunting, shooting, polo, cricket, squash racquets, tennis, golf and a very good club—there was something for everyone. My wife had a band—she ran many concerts at Miss Sande's Home—and the Western Command Ball was held on our tennis courts. And how well I remember a pantomime we ran! Dear old Beatty (then retired) had for years been Head of the Police; he owned a comic and primitive car. Each night, in our pantomime, we burlesqued his car and blew it up. When I left Quetta, the old man came to the train and gave me a woodcock.

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One more incident of Quetta. One day my head Mali (gardener), a Hindoo, lost his wife. She was given a big native funeral with a native band playing, and I shall never forget hearing that band play her out of my gate to the tune of "For he's a jolly good fellow"!

Owing to the death of my great friend, Lieutenant-General Hastings Anderson, who had been appointed C.-in-C. at Aldershot (designate) on transfer from Q.M.G., and who had been my Chief of Staff in Turkey, I was appointed in his place, and I left Quetta early in 1931.

I travelled to England in the same P. & O. (*The Viceroy of India*) as Lord and Lady Irwin, and I shall always be grateful to Lady Irwin for bringing my black spaniel "Bunty" home with her dogs; the P. & O. would not carry dogs, but had given her special permission. Bunty gave Lady Irwin a little silver cup at the sports held on board in order to show her gratitude.

Bunty was my faithful companion for thirteen years, being with me night and day. She had to be put to sleep a few months ago as she was suffering. I miss her at every turn.

Alas, poor Quetta! There was something so majestic about those great hills and the vast and dusty plains, and something so attractive about those tribesmen near the Frontier. It is sad to think of it now. A year or so after we left, it was destroyed by that terrible earthquake. Thousands were killed, including many friends of ours. Our old house was destroyed, and it has been flat ever since; luckily my successor was on leave. The Club, the Residency, the whole of Lytton Road—they all went, including Dr. Holland's hospital. In trying to collect funds for rebuilding it, Dr. Holland wrote to me in Gibraltar, asking if we could help. He remembered that my wife, with her band, had collected quite useful sums in Quetta for various charities, and he hoped for perhaps £50. Thanks to the kindness of the people in Gibraltar,

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where I made the appeal, I was able to send him the sum of £700.

I never think of the Race Course, the polo and cricket grounds without visualizing them as they were later—the site of the camps for the wretched survivors and wounded under the direction of Major-General Karslake, whose work at the time of the earthquake must have been quite wonderful. He was my C.R.A. when I was at Quetta.

The Western Command, which I held, has since been abolished, and the reconstruction has, I understand, proceeded very slowly.

Chapter XV

ALDERSHOT

IN 1931 I succeeded General Sir David Campbell at Aldershot on his appointment as Governor of Malta.

Our first few months there were probably unique for a Commander-in-Chief. Government House was being done up and re-wired, and we could not go into it. So my wife, who had always been a caravan enthusiast, brought the old converted London tramcar, which we had bought many years before at the Ideal Home Exhibition, and pitched a camp round it in the grounds of Government House. She lived in it for three months, until the house was ready. I fed in the camp, but I am afraid I slept at the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough.

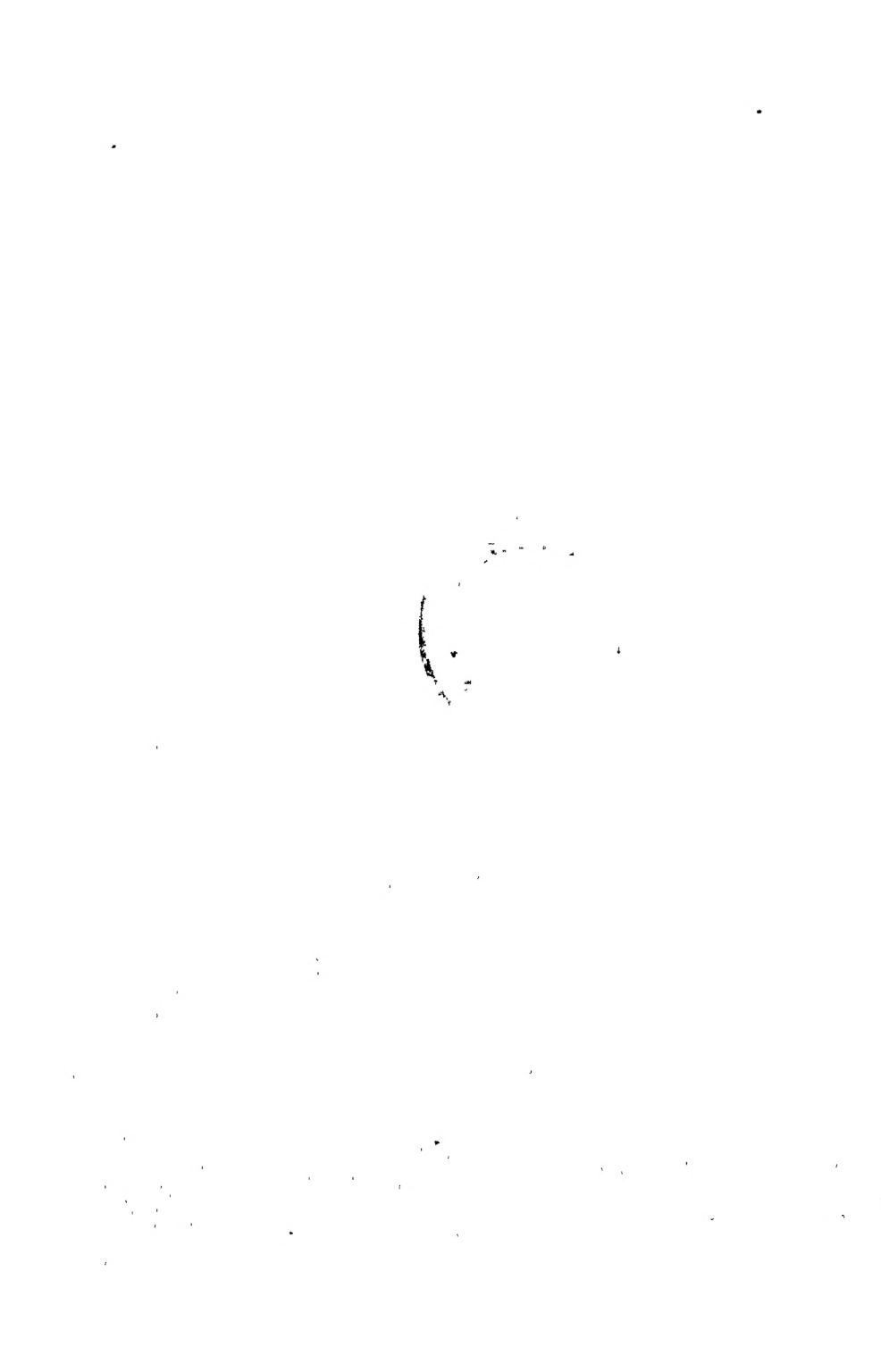
In spite of the many joys of Aldershot, which I always contend is the best Army Station in the world, I am afraid that I did not strike it at its best time. Economy was the order of the day. Reduction was the ruling factor. We were always carrying out trials; finality could never be reached. The War Office, or the Finance Branch seemed to want a hundred per cent perfection before going into production. The troops did not understand it. They, especially the infantry, were getting very tired of formations represented by flags.

We certainly had some very interesting and practical schemes, war games and tactical exercises, and there was one scheme in which I commanded a Corps with a complete Corps Staff. I also recollect a very interesting exercise in swimming



AT THE FULL-DRESS REHEARSAL, ALDERSHOT TATTOO, 1932

Photo : Sport and Genera



ALDERSHOT

the horses of the 1st Cavalry Brigade over the River Thames; many bridging experiments; many very interesting experiments carried out by Brigadier-General (now General) Wavell's Brigade at Blackdown; and many trials with the then latest pattern of tank.

We had a series of excellent lectures in the Prince Consort's Library; these were given by lecturers with very practical experience who were not confined to military subjects. I did, however, try to get those who were left of our great Commanders to come and give their experiences so that the present generation might see and hear them. I recollect Sir John Anderson giving us an interesting lecture on the work of the Home Office.

One is naturally very proud to have been privileged to hold the position previously occupied by such distinguished soldiers as H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Ypres, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Lord Haig, under all of whom I had the honour of serving.

How well I remember the Ceremonial Parades on Laffans Plain. What a changed Aldershot now from the days before the aeroplanes! I was present when Cody first flew the Basingstoke Canal. I was also playing cricket on the Command ground when he was killed.

How well I remember the first Tattoo in the grounds of Government House, and the second one below the Queen's Hotel, Farnborough. Little did one imagine that those efforts would develop into the present Tattoos.

The Aldershot Tattoo is a very serious affair; it has so caught the public mind that it has to be of the very best, and it is really hard work for the troops. I think I am right in saying that the Tattoo enables some £10,000 to be given annually to military charities at Aldershot, and some £10,000 to the upkeep of those splendid grounds for soldiers' recreation. I am interested in Tattoos, having instituted the one at York,

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but at Aldershot it is on such a great scale. Once I remember attending no less than eighteen rehearsals, and one year we had, I think, as many as a hundred and seventy-five people to dinner in five nights before going on to the tattoo. Queen Mary always honoured us with her presence on the last night. Her kindness to us we shall always treasure. The present King and Queen used to bring Princess Elizabeth to the daylight rehearsal, and I remember so well one occasion when the present Queen, who was then Duchess of York, said that if I liked to provide an open car, she would drive away from the front of the stand to Government House. I had not got an open car myself, so I borrowed one from my Chief of Staff. We had hardly left the grandstand when Princess Elizabeth exclaimed: "Mummy, why are we in a taxi?"

King George V at that time was no longer allowed, for health reasons, to attend the Tattoo, but he and Queen Mary honoured us each year by spending a day seeing the troops and hospitals, and lunching with us. We can never forget their kindness, nor that of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, a former C.-in-C. at Aldershot. He had lived in Government House, and planted many of the trees, not only there, but all over Aldershot, and he loved to visit his old haunts.

One always remembers the eye King George V had for any irregularities in dress. Sir Philip Chetwode told me that on one occasion, when he was dining with His Majesty at the Royal Pavilion, the King suddenly said across the table: "Chetwode, you have got your medals on wrong." A shock, and silence. I remembered this when I had occasion to receive His Majesty who came down to attend a function of one of the regiments at Aldershot during my tenure. The colonel of the regiment, who had retired many years previously, was dressed, partly in old regimental kit and partly in old Staff kit; fearing the worst when the King should see him, I decided that I must do something about it, so directly the King got out of his car, I said: "I am afraid, sir, that you will

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find the colonel of the regiment improperly dressed everywhere." The King was so amused that we had a most enjoyable ceremony.

During my tenure I entertained King Feisal; also several representatives of foreign countries, who were generally given a day at Aldershot, to witness a display of somewhat obsolete tanks, etc.

I tried hard to restore the Aldershot Command cricket, which I had enjoyed so much in my younger days before the war. I got the Indian Team (of which I was president) and the West Indians down to play the Command; this was followed, after I left, by the visit of the Australians. I helped to inaugurate the Aldershot Services Rugby Team. The races, the horse show, the hunt, the beagles, the club—all are happy memories.

It has always been my chief object to keep in touch with the regimental officers and men. I found this very difficult at Aldershot. The only chance was through various games and sports, the club, dances, teas at the races and horse show, meets of the hunt and beagles at Government House, etc.

The final of the Army Cup on Easter Monday always drew a big crowd. King George V used to attend and give the cup. On one occasion, a very cold day, when I was president of the A.F.A., within three minutes of the end of play, when both teams were level, he turned to me and said: "See that someone gets a goal; I don't want to stop for extra time." Mercifully the Sherwood Foresters scored in the last half-minute!

In November, 1926, His Majesty King George V had graciously consented to become Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Regiment, and in that capacity he visited the regiment at Aldershot when it was under my Command.

For many years we have had some very old china specially made for us and stamped "King's". Her Majesty Queen

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Mary was pleased to accept a coffee service of this pattern from the officers of the regiment.

It will always be a great source of satisfaction to me that my last function at Aldershot was attended by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught who came out to see the troops returning to Aldershot from manoeuvres in September, 1932.

Aldershot will always be a very happy memory for me, helped as I was by those loyal Divisional Commanders, Jakes Harman and Jackson, and by a most devoted Staff, also by the good fund of stories unfailingly supplied by my M.G.A., Major-General Evans, who told one at a Tattoo rehearsal, not realizing that the microphone was still on!

Whilst at Aldershot I was an A.D.C. General to the King, and attended many Courts, Levees and functions, and I represented His Majesty on many occasions. The post had special privileges as regards Ascot which will long be remembered.

Aldershot will always have an attraction for me. I served there first as a second lieutenant doing a signalling course in 1892; I served with my regiment there in 1897; as Brigade-Major, 1911-13; as a Company Commander in 1914; and as G.O.C.-in-C. in 1931-3. It is a busy place, and rightly so, but we did try to evolve a programme of training sufficiently definite for everyone to know exactly when they would be actively engaged. Our object was to enable an officer, asked perhaps to shoot, go on a cricket tour, or take part in some other form of amusement, to be able to say "Yes" or "No". By the old rules, which lasted so many years, leave could only be granted in the winter; but these are now relaxed, and it may, within reason, be obtained at any time of the year.

What a changed Aldershot to-day! I visited my old Chief of Staff, General Sir John Dill, just after war had been declared and before any troops had left Aldershot. The bustle in my old headquarters office, the movements of troops, lorries and every form of mechanized vehicle reminded me so

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much of August, 1914, only there was much more noise owing to these vehicles. It was difficult to realize that the vast machinery of the Army was being oiled up again; difficult also to realize that the reservists had rejoined, that conscription had been introduced, that the Territorial Army had been doubled, and that anti-aircraft defences had been put on a scale hitherto never contemplated. I looked out of my old window in what had been my office only six years before, and I thought of Henry Wilson's words early in 1919: "In rebuilding the Army always look through that window and think of war twenty years ahead." It was just twenty years. I went over to see the war memorial opposite the headquarters office, on which I used to place a wreath each year on Armistice Day, and I thought of those men to whom it was dedicated, and of the million little white crosses. I motored round and visited the old Officers' Club, the Command cricket ground and the Tattoo ground, all the scenes of happy memories, all empty and forsaken because the Aldershot troops were packing up for war. Just terrible! No doubt Aldershot is busy again. It always is, but this time with those being trained and got ready to replace the gaps in their predecessors.

Chapter XVI

GIBRALTAR

IN the summer of 1933, I was offered the Governorship of Gibraltar, which I accepted. I had been passed over for C.I.G.S., and I thought it was best to get out of the way, so I was glad to go to Gibraltar, and I have never regretted it.

My wife and I arrived by the P. & O. *Narkunda* on 20th October, 1933, and from the first met with nothing but kindness. We came ashore by launch at Governor's Landing and were received by the heads of the Naval, Military and Colonial services, by a Guard of Honour, and by "God Save The King" for the first time. On arrival at Government House I was duly sworn in, and received resolutions of loyalty from every kind of community.

The Colonial Office was good to us, and thanks to the kindness of Major Sir Samuel Wilson, then Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, I was given a special grant, and my wife, with the aid of Peter Jones, was able to make several additions to Government House.

My first big problem in Gibraltar was the Calpe Hunt. My predecessor, Sir Alexander Godley, had had an unfortunate disagreement with the Marquis of Marzales, who had been master for forty-three years, and who had, in past days, given great sport to the officers of the Gibraltar Garrison. I know nothing of the details of this affair and always refused to go into them. I was told by King George V, on going to Gibraltar, to put it right. It was not an easy task. The members of the Hunt and the garrison were pledged to observe the ban



HUNT STAFF



THE JOINT MASTERS, ROYAL CALPE HUNT, 1934



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of my predecessor against the Larios family. Our first guests at Government House were the Marquis and Marquesa de Marzales, whom we invited to lunch. After lunch I raised the question of the Hunt; I asked the Marquis if he would accept the position of Vice-Patron; this had been proposed by my predecessor. He refused, and said he would accept nothing but M.F.H. The Hunt continued that season under Colonel Barne as M.F.H., but had little sport, and the area in which hunting was allowed was very restricted and almost absurd; the farmers and Lord Bute, who were friends of the old Marquis, quite naturally denied their country. I refused, however, to interfere in any way with the committee. When I went home on leave in June, 1934, I was tackled by Lord Granard and Lord Bute, and urged to overrule the committee; they threatened that the King would order me to do so, but I would not be bullied. On my return to Gibraltar, however, I explained the situation to the committee; they could either get the old country restored, or they could go on hunting in a restricted area of rocks about the size of a croquet lawn; I personally would offer no opinion. I think the proposal to make my wife Joint Master with the old Marquis emanated from Mrs. Peatt, wife of the officer who hunted the hounds; anyhow, it was accepted and, from that day, the Royal Calpe Hunt has not looked back. The opening meet was held the following year at Guadecorte Farm, and before moving off, I made a speech restoring the former relations, and all was well.

It was at that very place that I last saw the old Marquis at a meet about ten days before he died in 1938. He died happily, and his last few years were a joy to him; he used to go about on his white pony, and his advice was sought and followed. I shall always be proud to have brought that very unfortunate affair to an end, and to have seen the old Marquis restored to happiness so that he died as he would have wished; to have seen the Don Pablos Fund established (when I left

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there was over £300 subscribed to save the Royal Calpe Hunt from any evil day); and to have had the pleasure of presenting the Marquesa with a beautiful silver salver, from past and present members of the Royal Calpe Hunt, as a testimony to what her great husband did through all those years for the officers of Gibraltar.

The Royal Calpe Hunt provided some amusing stories. One day, a few years ago, my wife, who was Joint Master, was close up to the huntsman when shots were fired at the fox by a farmer. They shouted at the farmer and he apologized profusely because he had missed the fox, and he added that if he had had another cartridge, he would probably have got it!

In 1937, after General Franco had given permission for hunting in Spain to be resumed, there was a meet at Los Barios, a place which had seen a lot of fighting in the early days of the war. My wife, who was riding with Captain Fellowes, R.N. and the Field, saw a man come out of his house waving his arms; my wife thought he must be expressing joy at seeing the hounds again, but she discovered he had his fists clenched and was furious; he thought that all those in pink coats must be Reds!

On another day this same winter, a sentry stopped someone riding in Spain with a red ribbon on the horse's tail; he snatched off the ribbon and ground it into the sand with his heel. After that, kickers had to wear yellow ribbons!

A few months after my arrival at Gibraltar, with the help of Lieutenant-Colonel Hewitt, commanding the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, I was able to re-introduce the old "Ceremony of the Keys", which for many years had been allowed to lapse. The keys are handed over to the custody of each Governor at his installation, and are kept in Government House. There is a "Key Sergeant" who is officially recognized by the War Office. At official dinners, as soon as the guests are seated, the Key Sergeant, accompanied by a drummer, marches round

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the dinner table and hands the keys to His Excellency the Governor, who places them on a cushion in front of him. Every Wednesday the battalion on duty, accompanied by its band and drummers in full dress, mounts the Guard at Government House, and in the evening the Ceremony of the Keys is held. An escort from the battalion on duty, with the band and drums, halts at Government House to collect the Key Sergeant and the Keys. They then march through the main street to Grand Casemates where the Key Sergeant goes through the old historic process of locking the gates. During this process the band and drums play suitable music. As the Key Sergeant approaches the main gate he is challenged by a sentry with: "Halt! Who goes there?" He replies: "The Keys." The sentry then says: "Whose Keys?" The Sergeant replies: "King George's Keys." The sentry says: "Pass, King George's Keys. All's well." The ceremony concludes with the hauling down of the regimental flag. The Keys are then marched through the town and handed back to the custody of the Governor. This ceremony is very popular; it is watched by large crowds, which include people of every nationality from the various touring ships.

Previous to the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in July, 1936, life in Gibraltar was very pleasant. Spain was open, and everyone was able to ride and motor in that beautiful country; the greater part of Gibraltar used to go into Spain on Sundays for bathing and picnics. On two occasions my wife drove herself home through Spain and France. Each year, at our King's Birthday Parade, a Spanish General with a mounted escort used to attend, and the Senior General from Seville, with an escort of a hundred and sixty, attended our King's Jubilee Parade.

It was a great disappointment to me that I was not able to see more of Spain. I always intended to do a tour of Spain before I left Gibraltar, but the Spanish War prevented it. Before the war, however, I did visit Seville at the time of the

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famous Seville Fair. I was much impressed by the Spanish dancing, and I thought that it would enliven our King's Birthday Garden Party if I got some of the Spanish girls to come down and dance in our garden, but when I went into the question I found the price was quite prohibitive.

In those days one could travel in French and Spanish Morocco. I took a party of thirty-five officers to French Morocco to visit the French battlefields in the Riff country which we were shown over by the French Commanders and Staff. Later, my wife and I took a car across to Tangier and spent a most delightful motoring fortnight. We visited Fez, Meknes, Ilfrane (in the Atlas Mountains), Casablanca, Marrakesh (a delightful place), Azron Quezzand, Tetuan, Xauen and many other places. It was towards the end of April then and the country was just a carpet of wild flowers.

I shall always remember a very stirring sight from our cottage at Europa Point. The great Marshal Lyautey's body was being transferred from France to Rabat—to the country for which he had done so much. It was borne in a French cruiser, escorted by other French cruisers and destroyers. Madame Lyautey and family, and General Gouraud were on a French liner. Our Navy, consisting of cruisers and destroyers under an Admiral, went out about eighteen miles off Europa to meet and escort the French ships. The sight of all these ships, steaming at full speed straight at my cottage and, when almost within a hundred yards, changing course at full speed and going down the Straits, is one I shall never forget. Later, I attended a talk, given by Marshal Lyautey's nephew to the Royal Empire Society on French Morocco, when he described that scene and the impression it had made.

It was during my time at Gibraltar that His Majesty King George V died; I shall never forget listening to those closing hours on the wireless. From the balcony of Government House, the Accession of King Edward VIII was proclaimed, and from the same place, later, our present King was proclaimed.

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The Coronation was fittingly observed in Gibraltar by a parade in the morning; a banquet at Government House in the evening, followed by a ball on the tennis court, the garden being illuminated; and a garden party the next day.

One of the great delights of Gibraltar was the presence of the Royal Navy. I first met the Navy at Constantinople under that grand sailor, Admiral Sir John de Robeck, and I made great friends with them all—Tyrwhitt, Chatfield, W. W. Fisher, John Kelly, Webb Thesiger and others.

I have a photo of Lord Chatfield and myself playing hockey together at Constantinople. He was then a Vice-Admiral.

It was, therefore, a great joy to me to meet the Navy again at Gibraltar, where, in normal times, both the Home and the Mediterranean Fleets used to meet both before and after their manoeuvres. Many naval officers' wives came at that time, and life was very gay. I rejoice to think of our last official dinner in Gibraltar; it was given when the First Sea Lord, Admiral Lord Chatfield, came out to say farewell to both Fleets—the Home Fleet under the late Sir Roger Backhouse, and the Mediterranean Fleet under Sir Dudley Pound—and there were sixteen Admirals present.

I shall always remember the kindness of the Navy to our soldiers in Gibraltar. Few of His Majesty's ships ever went out for exercises without taking some soldiers with them, both officers and men. I went home to England, in Jubilee Year, in H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* with my old and valued friend, the late Admiral Sir William Fisher.

During the war in Abyssinia, we were fortunate in having more of His Majesty's ships based on Gibraltar, and it became necessary at one time to have booms across the harbour entrances at night. It was soon after that that H.M.S. *Cape-town* brought Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Ethiopia, to Gibraltar, where he stayed for some three days before he proceeded to England. He was exceedingly courteous, dignified and grateful. It is curious that in my experience I should

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have had the last Sultan of Turkey, Amannullah, and Haile Selassie all through my hands in my various Commands.

Soon after that, clouds began to gather, and Gibraltar was never to be the same during the rest of my time.

On 18th July, 1936, the unfortunate Spanish Civil War began. I was on leave in England at the time; I returned by the next boat to find Gibraltar flooded out with refugees from Spain. I was never free of that problem until the day I left. In normal times Gibraltar has a population of some 18,000 and is much overcrowded at that. Some 4,000 men, women and children who are British subjects, live at La Linea, the nearest Spanish town, as it is cheaper, and some 3,000 Spanish labourers came from La Linea daily. There was severe fighting in and around La Linea, and these British subjects, and many Spanish, naturally took fright and rushed into Gibraltar. It was impossible to stop them, as one could not refuse admission to British subjects. Gibraltar was at once dangerously overcrowded. These people lived in caves, on hulks, in hovels of every kind, many in the streets, in taxis, in gardens and in a camp we prepared for them. For months we fed the worst cases in camp. Eventually, after giving them ample notice, I had to close it. They would obey no orders, however, and many just lay down in Commercial Square and refused to move. At the start of the war I had issued a warning notice that the policy of the British Government was one of strict neutrality, and that people in Gibraltar were to take no part in politics. The Spanish refugees were told that they must leave Gibraltar; if they were Nationalists they could return to Nationalist Spain, and if Government supporters they could be taken by British destroyers to a port in Government Spain, but they could not remain in Gibraltar.

I could not help being amused when, in the midst of my definite warnings that the policy of the British Government was one of strict neutrality, a man came into my office carrying the fragments of a bomb which had been picked up in a

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field near San Roque; it had a steel label attached to it bearing the name of a firm in Shepherd's Bush! I had tremendous satisfaction in sending that label direct to the C.I.G.S. On investigation it was found that the firm no longer existed!

In the early days of the war, the Government ships were in command of the Straits and, from the Governor's Cottage at Europa, I have witnessed a lot of bombing and shelling in the Straits. I saw the engagement, early in the war, in which a Government destroyer was sunk by a Nationalist cruiser. I witnessed the Government battleship *Jaime I* steam slowly past Algeciras, within a mile of it, and fire its broadsides into that undefended town. The first shell hit the house of the British Vice-Consul; he and his wife had a very narrow escape.

Then General Franco started to put guns to defend the Bay, and he mounted a number of approximately 6-inch guns at Carnero and at various other points, and some 12-inch howitzers near Palayo; these, however, had been removed before I left. Our Press made a certain amount of copy in respect of these guns and the danger to Gibraltar. In my opinion General Franco never had any hostile intention of any kind against Gibraltar, and his intention from start to finish was to safeguard his coast from any repetition of the *Jaime I* incident narrated above. In that no one can blame him.

In the earlier days of the war, it was interesting to see ships carrying Moorish troops being conveyed across from Ceuta to Algeciras by Nationalist trawlers and gunboats, and running the risk of being bombed from the air.

At 3 a.m. one morning in August, 1938, we were all woken up at Governor's Cottage by a terrific bombardment only a few miles off in the Straits, and we realized that a naval engagement was taking place. Apparently the Government destroyer *Jose Luis Diez* which had been repaired in France, was making her way back to rejoin the Government Navy. She had been waiting for a dark night to dash through the

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Straits, and decided to go that night; she ran into a flotilla of Nationalist destroyers and a cruiser.

The battle lasted about twenty minutes; we could see all the flashes. At 3.35 a.m. she limped into Gibraltar in a sinking condition. She asked for refuge, which was accorded, and she was berthed in the naval harbour. She had an enormous hole in her starboard side, which extended seven feet below the water-line. A few bodies were found in this hole and it is believed that some twenty other bodies had floated out through it. She had a crew of about 160 on board.

We were at once engaged in a most difficult International Law problem. General Franco's destroyers gathered round outside the entrances to our harbour, lying out at night without lights, and often inside our territorial waters, causing constant protests from our naval authorities. It was at first thought that by International Law she could only stay twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and the Nationalists thought she would make a bolt for it. As, however, belligerent rights had not been accorded to General Franco, the matter was most difficult, and I sent a number of telegrams to our Government on the subject. The situation was that our naval authorities could not repair her in view of our strict neutrality, and no civil firm would touch her, as their Spanish workmen would immediately have been forbidden by General Franco to enter Gibraltar.

When I left Gibraltar it had been agreed that she should be given three weeks in which to effect local repairs herself and go out, otherwise she should be interned. Apparently after I left the time was extended, and the French rendered assistance with regard to repairs.

At a later date she made a run for it, but she was engaged by General Franco's gunboats which had been watching for months, and she was hit in some vital pipe which stopped her steaming. The captain then ran her aground at Catalan Bay, and the crew were interned.

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These are the sort of problems with which I was connected ever since the war started in July, 1936. People in this country have never realized our position in Gibraltar. They have never understood how dependent we are on Spain, and how vital it is for us to be friends with our neighbours in Spain whatever their politics. We were not concerned with their troubles, or with Whites, or Reds, or whatever they might be.

My main difficulty, as I explained before, was the overcrowding in Gibraltar and the fact that almost all our technical labour for the dockyard and for the Army and Civil Services had to come in every morning from Spain, and return there nightly to sleep, as they could not be accommodated in Gibraltar. The Gibraltarian is not a technical man. Nearly all our carpenters and masons, and many other tradesmen are Spaniards. We depend on Spain also for all our vegetables, fruit, flowers, etc.; nothing is grown in Gibraltar. The coaling of ships is all done by Spanish labour. Gibraltar depends on being able to get some 6,000 Spanish workmen in through her gates daily and out again at night.

It was very easy for people to criticize. My Senior Medical Officer, and the Medical Officer of Health, and my Senior Staff Officer kept impressing on me the danger of an epidemic, and that we were living on a volcano; they urged me to send these Spanish refugees, and our own British subjects back to La Linea by force. In most cases this would have meant certain death. The responsibility was solely mine and I was quite prepared to accept it. I own that I did not like it, but I always comforted myself by the fact that I had been responsible for a far more serious situation in Constantinople, which is considerably larger than Liverpool, where we were inundated with Russians, Turks, Armenians and other refugees in far greater numbers, and we got through without any epidemic. Perhaps I have been exceptionally lucky in such situations.

Ever since the Spanish War started there were difficulties

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At one moment Spain closed the frontier; at the next, she opened it with all sorts of reservations. The difficulties over passes were never ending. All sorts of fines were imposed on those who worked in Gibraltar. The military and civil authorities at La Linea were always at loggerheads, and our negotiations with them became most difficult. At the same time I am quite prepared to state that the country administered by General Franco was much better administered than it had been before the war. There was at any rate a system and, although there were many delays through matters having to be referred to Burgos, I always felt that we were dealt with generously.

I was never privileged to meet General Franco, but I had many dealings with him, and I shall always be grateful to him for numerous matters in connection with Gibraltar, and especially for his consideration regarding the Royal Calpe Hunt. Naturally the first winter of the war, and before Malaga fell, we did not ask for permission to hunt in Spain but in both my last seasons General Franco was good enough to grant permission, and this will ever be gratefully remembered in Gibraltar. It may be asked why I should stress the question of hunting so much. It is for this reason: Gibraltar itself is a very confined place. At times, especially during the Levanter, it becomes very oppressive and this undoubtedly affects people's energy; it is, therefore, good for people to get right off the Rock and away into Spain. Polo, golf, bathing and other amusements take place in Spain, but the Royal Calpe Hunt, dating from the days of Wellington, has afforded sport to almost the whole garrison and has been much appreciated by all. During the first eighteen months of the war I never went into Spain, and I know what it means to be confined to the Rock. My alternative was to get off the Rock in my yacht.

I do not know what the future may hold for Gibraltar, but I like to think that before the war we were on such friendly



ON BOARD THE *DEUTSCHLAND*, GIBRALTAR, 1937



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terms with the Spaniards that I had actually arranged to exchange visits between the British regiments in Gibraltar and the Spanish regiments at San Roque and Algeciras, and I had hopes that the British regiments would be allowed to go into that ideal country for training.

It may be interesting at this point to give an account of our relations with the Germans at Gibraltar. On every occasion on which we were visited by German warships we were much impressed by the bearing and courtesy of the German sailors, who never passed my guard at Government House without saluting. One day, during the war, I was on the roof of Government House with my wife when we saw a German battleship approaching the harbour with her flag at half mast. On enquiry, I found that the German pocket-battleship *Deutschland*, which had been bombed off the Spanish coast, was coming in with twenty-six dead and eighty wounded on board. We took the wounded to our hospital at once. The Germans do not bury at sea if within reach of a port so, at their request, we buried the dead in our cemetery—a very impressive ceremony at which both the British Admiral and I attended. Before the funeral, however, the *Deutschland* for some reason was ordered to go to sea, leaving only her chaplain, and the ceremony was, therefore, wholly British. The day after the burial, I was asked by the German Government if the bodies could be dug up and sent back to Germany, to which I agreed.

The wounded were attended to in our hospital and treated with every care. These cases were pathetic—almost all were suffering from terrible burns. My wife and I saw them every day—a sight which we shall never forget. Two or three died, but the remainder, after weeks and months, recovered. The Germans were so appreciative of the goodness of our medical officers, nursing sisters and medical orderlies, that they honoured them by the grant of German decorations and signed photographs, etc. The highest German order of the

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Red Cross was awarded to the British Admiral, Rear-Admiral Evans, and to myself, which we greatly appreciated. These presentations were made to us in a German battleship after a very moving ceremony.

About this time a terrible accident happened to one of our new destroyers, H.M.S. *Hunter*. She struck a mine in Spanish waters and arrived in Gibraltar practically in half; she was literally held together by one sheet of iron deck. She had many wounded—again mostly burns. Our sailors and the German sailors were in our hospital together, and the pressure on our medical staff was so great that I had to wire to the War Office for help. Four nursing sisters were sent out by air; only one of them had ever flown before. They arrived one afternoon and two of them insisted upon going on duty within two hours of arrival. I was truly proud of them.

The heroism of Lieutenant-Commander Scourfield can never be forgotten. He was in his cabin aft when the explosion occurred. He rushed forward, jumped through two decks into the bowels of the ship in thick oil and himself saved five men, one of whom died afterwards. It was a glorious act of gallantry which was rightly rewarded by the grant of the Albert Medal. While she was in dock at Gibraltar, my wife and I went over the ship with Lieutenant-Commander Scourfield, but it was the other officers who explained to us what he had done. He had certainly added a page to the glorious traditions of our Navy.

To return to the Germans. Just after the crisis in September, 1938, and while our own Fleet was still mobilized, I got a message to say that the *Deutschland* wished to pay a courtesy visit to Gibraltar, and almost my last official function in Gibraltar was to entertain her captain and officers to lunch at my cottage at Europa. The captain was a charming man who had been a prisoner in England during most of the Great War. He told me how he and three others had escaped

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from a camp in North Wales. He walked to Liverpool where he got the train to London. Unfortunately at the far end of his carriage there was a crusty old man who suddenly said: "Why aren't you serving your country?" He was not quick enough, neither did he know enough English to say: "I am on leave." By the time he reached the next station the crusty old man saw that he was reading *The Times* upside down. That did it; the guard and police were called, and he taken back to his prisoner-of-war camp. He told me that he did not mind that so much, but that he was so sorry for our old Commandant who got the sack. He was much impressed by our method of punishment; they did not stop his tennis or his golf, but only his beer for a fortnight!

It had an amazing sequel. During the crisis in September, he had been watched by H.M.S. *Hood* and four of our destroyers somewhere off Cadiz, and now, with our Fleet still mobilized, here were the sailors of H.M.S. *Hood* (who was also in Gibraltar) and the sailors of the *Deutschland* going about arm in arm, the greatest of friends, playing football, and visiting cafés and cinemas together. Our sailors will do that with the Germans, for whom they have the greatest respect, and with no one else. I always say that if the sailors of both nations could have been sent, as I saw them, round the capitals of Europe, there would be no danger of war.

I was struck by the fact that one never saw a German sailor in Gibraltar who had not got a parcel under his arm. I told the captain of the *Deutschland* that I was curious to know what was in those parcels. He said he would find out. The next day he brought me the answer: "Japanese silk, and they tell them in your shops that it is made in Germany!"

To show our relationship I add some correspondence with the German Admirals. In view of what has happened, since the reading is pathetic, for I am convinced, as always, that they never wished for what is happening at the moment.

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I quote these letters. My letter of August 18, 1937.

Government House,
Gibraltar.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,

I want before you leave Gibraltar to send you a line to thank you most sincerely for the way in which you have conveyed the thanks of Der Fuhrer and your great nation, and your great Navy for the help given by the Staff and Medical Services in Gibraltar to your sailors in the *Deutschland*. I want you to take back with you the knowledge that every act that was done for your good sailors was done with that grand spirit of goodwill and fellowship which is so essential to both of our great nations. It brought out that great characteristic of the sailors, soldiers and airmen of both of our nations that we always honour the brave and always help others in time of trouble.

May I say that you did the whole ceremony so beautifully, and in so dignified a manner in a way that I shall never forget. I feel that in every act and in every sentence you express you were helping to strengthen that essential link between our two nations. I hope that you will express to Der Fuhrer my deepest thanks for this great honour which has been bestowed upon myself and on those under me. May I ask that my sympathy be extended to the relatives of those who lost their lives in this tragic incident, and may I hope also that the wounded will shortly be restored to health, and hope that they will always keep a place in their hearts for those who helped them in Gibraltar. To me this honour has an added sentiment. I finish my active career in a few months and I shall always treasure the fact that the last honour I can receive comes from the nation for which I have the most profound respect.

Again my most sincere thanks.

Yours very sincerely,
(Sgd.) C. H. HARRINGTON.

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His reply of:

Gibraltar, 19th August, 1937.

Admiral Scheer.

Der Flottenchef.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I tender to your Excellency my sincere and warmest thanks for your kind letter, and at the same time for your friendly reception afforded to the ships under my command and to myself in Gibraltar.

I would like to assure your Excellency how much I welcome such occasions, when as soldier to soldier and as man to man we come closer to each other. I see in this the best way of promoting understanding between our countries. On this depends so much the mutual well being of our nations and the consequent well being of Europe and its civilization.

We soldiers and sailors have the same cares and tasks and the same understanding in respect to each others difficulties.

From these identical aspects emanates our mutual esteem and regard. May this in the future be the case between our two nations in all respects.

It is a pleasure to me to be of the same opinion as your Excellency on this point.

I wish you with repeated thanks all the best for the future, and also for the time when after active service you return home.

With my most respectful sentiments,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) R. CARLS,
Admiral.

And a letter of 25th November, 1937, from Cadiz from Admiral Marschall.

Cadiz.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED EXCELLENCY,

The days spent at Gibraltar were for my flagship,

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and for myself so pleasant and delightful in every way that I would again tender you my heartiest thanks and those of my officers, for your kind reception.

During the days of our stay I have again observed, with particular pleasure, how quickly English and German train of thought can reckon on mutual understanding. During those few days, to my great pleasure, so many British officers came on board the *Deutschland* and so many German officers visited British ships, that I can only draw one solution therefrom: here there are two navies which have the highest respect for each other as brave, courageous seamen and soldiers, as well as good, noble, fair-minded comrades.

Like your Excellency, it is my one and sincere wish that the bulk of the British and German nations should also have the same mutual understanding and respect, as both navies have demonstrated in Gibraltar.

It is with great pleasure that I tender to Lady Harington and yourself our particular thanks for such an interesting and attractive lunch. We have felt really at home in your house, which inspires everywhere such proud and noble traditions.

With kindest regards to Lady Harington, as well as to yourself, dear Excellency, in which the Commander and my officers join.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) WILHELM MARSCHALL.

I also have a letter from Admiral Fischel and a very cordial message from Admiral Raeder acknowledging our help to the wounded of the *Deutschland*. I state quite frankly that those German naval officers and men never wanted to find themselves at war with us. Their one hope was to be friends.

Gibraltar has many attractions, and there is much of historical interest. There are the old galleries and fortifications, the Moorish Castle, the historic and charming little village of

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Catalan Bay, the water works and catchment areas, Rosea Bay into which Nelson's body was brought, and the little cemetery, ever fresh with growing flowers, containing the bodies of those who died of wounds after the Battle of Trafalgar. Then there is the old convent, now known as Government House, with King's Chapel attached. That chapel was very dear to me; it is a lovely old building, and the service was always most moving; I can never forget the Governor's Prayer, which runs as follows:

"Almighty God, from whom all power is derived, we humbly beseech Thee to bless Thy Servant the Governor of Gibraltar and grant that the sword which our Sovereign Lord the King hath committed into his hand, he may wield in Thy faith and fear, and use according to Thy blessed will and word. Let Thy grace enlighten him, Thy goodness confirm him and Thy providence protect him."

The Upper Rock has a peculiar fascination of its own with its unrivalled views and beautiful wild flowers, St. Michael's Cave, and the monkeys and their legends.

One of the greatest attractions of Gibraltar is undoubtedly the Alamada Gardens; they lie just below the Rock Hotel and are quite beautiful. Mr. Edwards, the well-known gardener, deserves the very greatest credit for all the improvements which he has effected there.

I was fortunate, during my time in Gibraltar, to see many improvements which I feel will be of lasting benefit. These include the new landing-sheds at Waterport, the Tuberculosis Hospital as our memorial to King George V, the new tenement buildings, the new fire station, Toc H., etc. I was privileged to lay the foundation stones of the hospital and of the first new tenements.

I have many happy memories of sport and games in Gibraltar. It was always a pleasure to me to entertain the Australian and English cricket teams on their way to and from Australia. One Sunday, while taking the salute after Church

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Parade, I had Bradman and his team behind me. As I saluted, Bradman took off his hat and I am quite prepared to say that the soldiers, on that occasion, looked Don Bradman in the face instead of the Inspecting Officer; in fact some papers, in their ignorance, went so far as to say that Bradman had taken the salute!

During my time Mr. G. O. Allen brought out a cricket side and we had most enjoyable games. The Yorkshire Gentlemen also brought a side as the K.O.Y.L.I. were stationed at Gibraltar at the time. Being a Vice-President of the Y.G. I played in a match for them. With that match I ended my long and happy cricket career by sending the ball out of the ground for six off the bowling of Major Wells Cole. That was the last ball I ever hit at cricket for he clean bowled me with the next!

There were many good football matches, and several visiting teams came to Gibraltar. There were all the Services' games, especially when the Fleets were in, also boxing. Then there were the races, both of the Jockey Club and the Civilian Racing Club; the Rowing and Swimming and Tennis Clubs; and finally the Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club, of which I had the honour of being Commodore for four years. I enjoyed that more than anything.

I can never think of my yacht *Maglona*, which I bought from Lord Londonderry, without thinking of my "Skipper", Mr. Day. He was the skipper of the W. D. Vessel *Sir Noel Birch*, and was a remarkable personality, beloved by all. He had sailed with my predecessor, General Sir Alexander Godley. I had never been in a yacht in my life before I got *Maglona*. He taught me everything, and I shall ever be grateful to him. His wise judgment, his keenness, and his delight in our successes will always remain among my happiest memories. Thanks to him and to my very efficient crew I had five years of most enjoyable sailing, during which time I was lucky enough to win the King's Cup twice and another year I only

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lost it by eight seconds. In my last season I won the Ocean Race Cup—a series of seven races over a course of twenty-odd miles. I sailed about fifty races each season and never enjoyed anything more. I shall always remember the kindness I received from the Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club of which I am a Life Commodore.

The mention of *Maglona* recalls an incident which occurred after the crisis in September, 1938. A rather gushing lady was saying how glad she was that I was in Gibraltar during the crisis as I had had previous experience of crises in Turkey and elsewhere. She asked me which I considered to be the worst crisis I had experienced, to which I replied: "That's easy, my worst crisis was in *Maglona* last year." "Whatever do you mean?" she asked, rather haughtily. I explained that one Sunday I was sailing *Maglona* in a twenty-five mile Ocean Race in a pretty rough sea, and was trying to get a bit of food at the same time. With my right hand holding the tiller, I suddenly found that my false teeth had stuck in a hard-boiled egg in the other hand! Easily my worst crisis!

There was always a very comfortable feeling of stability about Gibraltar. The police and the specials gave me great confidence and were always so kind to me. The Scouts, Sea Scouts, and Guides were very good, and so keen. The convent schools and Brympton were efficient and happy; and I do not forget our Christmas Day visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor when we helped in our aprons to serve out food to the poor.

The Colonial Hospital, which will ever be associated with the name of Dr. Lochhead, did excellent work, and on my last visit I was glad to see the recent additions which have been made.

I am, of course, talking of Gibraltar before the crisis of September, 1938. It is a matter of great satisfaction to me to hear of the splendid response made by Gibraltar to the calls of my successor when the situation became serious.

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Gibraltar is governed by an Executive Council, presided over by the Governor, with four ex-officio members—the next senior combatant officer, the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General and the Treasurer—assisted by three unofficial members nominated by the Governor. There is also a City Council composed of four members elected by the citizens of Gibraltar, three nominated from the Services to represent the Navy, Army and Colonial Government, and two other civilians appointed by the Governor. During my last two years the Chairman was Mr. P. G. Russo, one of the elected members, who filled the office with the greatest credit and has recently, I understand, played a leading part in the work of providing extra protection against possible enemy bombardment, and I was very pleased to see his name in a recent list of Birthday Honours as having been awarded the C.B.E. There are also other public bodies such as the Chamber of Commerce, the Exchange and Commercial Library, General Workers' Union, etc. I received nothing but the greatest help and kindness from them all.

It is a matter of great joy to me to think that I went through five years without one insuperable difficulty. My task was not easy. I had to preserve the policy of the British Government as regards neutrality, and I had to be friends with Spain on whom we depended for some 3,000 Spanish day labourers, and for allowing some 4,000 British subjects to live in La Linea. All I can say is that we remained friends throughout, and that I shall always be grateful to General Franco for his sympathy towards the many problems affecting Gibraltar.

It had not been my privilege before to meet and work with the Colonial Service. I had a most happy experience, and I am most grateful to Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Beattie, the Colonial Secretary, for his loyal and devoted help, and also to all those under him.

With regard to the other Services, I think I have already expressed my deep feelings over my happy association with



Photo : Charles E. Brown

OFFICIAL PARTY AT GIBRALTAR, 1938—16 ADMIRALS TO DINE

IN FRONT—Admirals SOMERVILLE, CUNNINGHAM, BACKHOUSE, CHATFIELD, SELF, POUND, KENNEDY PURVIS.

AT BACK—Rear-Admirals EVANS, TOVEY, PRIDHAM-WIPPELL, ROYLE, MACKINNON, CALVERT, BINNEY, EDWARD-COLLINS, KNIGHT-ADKIN, MOORE.



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the Royal Navy both in Constantinople and in Gibraltar. I have nothing but happy memories of my dealings with three Rear-Admirals, Gibraltar—Austin, Pipon and Evans—and their Staffs.

As regards the Army in Gibraltar, I can only say that I received the same loyal and devoted service there as it has been my privilege to receive in various parts of the world through the past twenty years of High Command.

It was a hard struggle, in October, 1938, to part with my Army life, and it was a very happy coincidence that the last unit which came under my command should have been the very battalion which I had joined forty-seven years before.

To the civilian community of Gibraltar I can but say: "Thank you." Their kindness and courtesy to my wife and myself we can never forget. From people in all walks of life we received nothing but goodness.

I must now pay tribute to two great men, whose help and advice I shall always remember with gratitude—Major Pedley and Andrew Speed.

Amongst his many other activities in Gibraltar, Major Pedley was for years in charge of the Boy Scouts. The Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, knew his great work and, on his last visit to Gibraltar in my time, went to see Major Pedley in his house shortly before he died.

Andrew Speed, the head of Sacconi and Speed, died shortly after I left Gibraltar. No man has rendered more faithful service to Gibraltar than Andrew Speed. His sound judgment, and his advice and service to the Executive Council will always be remembered. It was my privilege to nominate a representative of Gibraltar to attend the King's Coronation; with the goodwill of all Gibraltar, Andrew Speed and his wife attended that great ceremony.

Nearly all the month of October, 1938, I was occupied with farewell parades and visits, and I was entertained by various units and friends and by the Royal Gibraltar Yacht

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Club, all of which was to terminate on October 24th, when I embarked in my launch at Governor's Landing, where a Guard of Honour of the 2nd Battalion, The King's Regiment, was drawn up, and several hundreds of dear friends assembled to bid me farewell. Unfortunately, just as I was inspecting the Guard of Honour, a perfect deluge of rain came down. I shall never forget the band of the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, playing me out from the end of the south mole to "Auld Lang Syne."

I embarked in the P. & O. *Cathay* and was escorted out by the destroyers *Hasty* and *Hyperion*—an honour which I shall always treasure. My late yacht *Maglona* (then transferred to the Royal Engineers) with my old crew, and other yachts, also escorted me out.

On October 30th, I reached Tilbury, and was met by my wife and motored to our new home in Sussex, where we are now safely installed.

I was succeeded by General Sir W. E. Ironside, an old friend of mine. At this time the situation in Europe was getting more serious. Gibraltar guards the gates to the Mediterranean. He at once started on making Gibraltar more secure against whatever might happen. Money was forthcoming and the defence schemes, or rather a ten-year scheme, approved by the War Office and personally by Lord Milne and Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd, on which we had been working during all my tenure, was able to be accelerated by one hundred per cent.

I was the last of the old generation of Governors. They included in recent years such names as Sir George White, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Sir Charles Monro, Sir Herbert Miles and Sir Alexander Godley, who had all done their best to carry on the traditions of those who went before them, from Sir George Elliot downwards. They reigned through the best days of Gibraltar as I did till the recent Spanish War came upon us.

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In the previous pages I have written of Gibraltar in its best days with an open and friendly Spain. I have written of Gibraltar during the Spanish Civil War and the difficulties which were happily mostly surmounted. I have written of Gibraltar during the crisis of September, 1938, shortly before I left. Since that time all has changed. Gibraltar has gradually changed from peace to war. The war cloud suddenly appeared. My successor was employed from the first in preparing for war and he met with a loyal response from the colony. Since that time, however, things have developed seriously as regards Gibraltar. As I write air attacks are being made on the Rock. The women and children have been evacuated and Gibraltar is prepared for whatever may happen. Gibraltar may, I fear, have a bad time and I am sorry for my many friends still therein. I do not think that the danger from the air is very great as there is so much cover. I was always told that in order to hit Gibraltar you had to drop your bomb eight miles before you got there. Damage will occur and the town itself will probably be set on fire. The danger to my mind is from guns mounted in Spain, which might make the harbour and dockyard untenable. In the Spanish War Franco mounted some heavy howitzers at Palayo, not far from Algeciras. These were never directed against us, but were to defend the Straits against the Reds. At the same time they could have reached our harbour and so could guns if mounted near San Roque or the Queen of Spain's Chair. We no doubt have our means of dealing with them. How often at Gibraltar I used to look across the bay and say how I wished we had the hinterland in Spain. We just wanted the country of The Royal Calpe Hunt—twenty miles round. The days of the old siege have all gone. Gibraltar has withstood thirteen sieges. No more firing of red-hot shot. One must have room nowadays owing to the range of modern guns. I remember how Henry Wilson used to tell me that the Chatalja Lines was the finest natural position in

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the world, and so it was before modern artillery. Later I reconnoitred it and subsequently manned it against a threat to Constantinople by the Greeks. I always think the reason that Mustapha Kemal made Ankara the capital of Turkey instead of Constantinople was because of the range from Chatalja.

I often used to wonder whether in our happy days with Spain we could not have acquired that hinterland by purchase or agreement. Algeciras, San Roque, Campamento, La Linea were all more British than Spanish. They depended almost entirely on Gibraltar. All their produce came into the Gibraltar market. Algeciras was full of British visitors. I think the inhabitants would have welcomed it, certainly the farmers and supporters of the Hunt would have, and British wages would have been very acceptable. I did raise the question soon after I went to Gibraltar, but I got no support and was only told that it would take at least two divisions to hold the hinterland. That was true and it was also put forward at the time when those terrible reductions in our Army were being enforced, and for which we have paid dearly since. The trouble of Gibraltar is lack of space for an aerodrome. One can only land on the Race Course under the very nose of a hostile Spain. An old friend of mine, Admiral Usborne, with whom I was at the Staff College, wrote a series of articles when I was Governor of Gibraltar on the old question of Ceuta versus Gibraltar and which he used to send me before publication. The main advantage of Ceuta would have been space for the air arm. It is a pity at the moment that we do not hold both. I am deeply interested in Gibraltar to-day not only on account of my many friends there, but from the fact that a battalion of The King's Regiment, of which I have the honour to be Colonel, is included in the garrison and has been for the past three years.

A few days afterwards I was graciously received by His Majesty the King, also by the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

So ended a long and happy innings.

Chapter XVII

PERSONALITIES

ON looking back I think how lucky I have been during my career to have met so many men, from all nations, who have played great parts in history during the past twenty-five years. Starting with Aldershot, before the war, these names come to my memory; Smith-Dorrien, Haig, Byng, Plumer, Henry Wilson, Robertson, Jellicoe, de Robeck, Fisher, Tyrwhitt, Backhouse, Allenby, Currie, Monash and others, all now taken from us, with the exception of Admiral Tyrwhitt.

Of our French Allies: Clemenceau, Foch, Weygand, Gouraud, Pellé, Charpy, Admiral de Bon, and Poincaré. Of Italians: The King, Diaz, Badoglio, Mombelli, Garroni, and Orlando. The late King of the Belgians; General Pershing; Admiral Bristol. Of Turks: Mustapha Kemal, Ismet, the Sultan, the Crown Prince, Halidé Hanoum, Adnan Bey and others. Wrangel and Baroness Wrangel; Amannullah and Haile Selassie; King Feisal; our High Commissioners in Turkey; the late Lawrence of Arabia; Horace Rumbold and Nevile Henderson.

Of the Cabinet: Mr. Lloyd George, Curzon, Balfour, Bonar Law, Milner, Winston Churchill, Derby, Baldwin, Seely, Halifax, Austen Chamberlain, Stephen Walsh, Jimmy Thomas and many others; and outside politics the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Willingdon.

German Admirals, and senior naval officers of various nations passing through Gibraltar; and lastly, my dealings with General Franco and his representatives at Seville, Algeciras, etc.

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Few soldiers can have been privileged to meet and work with so many distinguished people.

Their names recall to memory many incidents and stories.

I remember well sitting next to M. Clemenceau at dinner one night when he was staying with Lord Plumer at our Second Army Headquarters. I offered him a cigarette and he replied: "No thank you, I smoked for the first fifty years of my life; I am not smoking during the second fifty years, and I haven't made up my mind yet what I will do for the third fifty."

I saw quite a lot of Marshal Foch in France, and in Italy (shortly after Caporetto), when he came to visit Lord Plumer, and again in London when he came to see Sir Henry Wilson; there was nothing more ludicrous than to see these two great soldiers seriously studying the situation, each wearing the other's military cap! Marshal Foch was very kind to me when I attended a conference in Paris with Lord Curzon on the Near East. At least twice that conference broke up on account of differences between Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré, and on each occasion I was allowed by Lord Curzon to go and see Marshal Foch and General Gouraud with a view to restoring relations. The latter was the French Military Adviser to the Near East and was most helpful and kind. He visited Constantinople and in later years he visited India and the Indian Frontier. He was coming to stay with me at Quetta but the weather turned so bad that it was considered unsafe for him to fly across the mountains from Waziristan.

I was a great friend of Admiral De Bon, the French Commander-in-Chief. One night, shortly after we had been to a dance at his house on the Bosphorus, there was a big fire in which he lost a great deal, including his two British decorations, which he prized greatly; he was very upset about it. The next time I was on leave I asked His Majesty King George V if they might be replaced, to which he agreed and gave me duplicates to take back with me. Later, at a parade of all the

Allied Forces, I dismounted and made the presentation in front of a large gathering of all nations. Luckily they were out of earshot for all the time they thought that I was making an impassioned address, I was really saying: "No, I won't kiss you. Nothing will make me!"

An interesting person I met at Constantinople was Halidé Hanoum, the novelist, wife of Adnan Bey who was Administrator to Constantinople before I left. Halidé Hanoum used to interpret for me at interviews with Ismet, who was very deaf but could read everything from her lips. She was, I understand, condemned to death by Abdul Hamid twice before the war. She fought as a sergeant in the Kemalist Army under Mustapha Kemal. She was a very interesting woman; she and her husband often came to tea with me. The day I left, she became Minister of Education in Turkey; as such she must have had a lot to do with the unveiling of the Turkish women, and also with the new language and education. I subsequently heard that her husband had been expelled and that she was living at Dorking with two grown-up sons, but quite recently I was told that peace had been restored, and that she and her husband were back in Turkey.

In my experiences in Turkey I also had dealings with another lady whom I never met—Odette Keun. Soon after I arrived in October, 1920, I was informed that there were thirty-seven people with Bolshevistic tendencies, including three women, who should be removed; I approved of the plan to transfer them to the Crimea, which was then in the hands of the Reds. They were arrested and placed on board a caique and towed to the Crimea by the British destroyer *Splendid*. The three women were taken in the destroyer. When within easy distance of the shore, the women were put aboard the caique, which was cut loose, the destroyer standing by until the caique landed. Odette Keun afterwards got to Paris and inundated me with abuse. I only wish I had kept her letters. Later, she threatened to kill me on the tennis courts of the Beau-Site

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Hotel at Cannes; she was then staying at Grasse. Apparently she was persuaded otherwise at the last moment, but she wrote to ask me to pay her for the revolver which she had purchased for the purpose. Subsequently she wrote a book called *The Man Who Never Understood*, in which she abuses me considerably. I was not the man in question, or the hero of the book; he is reported to have been a young naval officer. She sent me a copy and inside the cover, written in her own hand, is the following:

TO CHARLES HARINGTON,

You are to send me the two hundred francs you still owe me for that revolver . . . I should be ashamed to owe money to a woman if I were you, and you are to write a letter which I shall forward to Miss S. Green, thanking her for having saved your swashbuckler's life. I can assure you that you were *very* near death when you went to Cannes last year. Also, when you next sign an order for the arrest and deportation of a woman, see that you enquire into her case with more justice than you did for me, and stop allowing liars and bullies like Colonel — to lead you by the nose. (I refer you to one of my books *My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia* for my more explicit comments on you and him.) A nice judge of men you are really, to have relied as you did when you were in Constantinople on your ruffians of the Military Police.

ODETTE KEUN.

The story in the book is interesting. Apparently she heard that I was coming to Cannes for a holiday. She decided to shoot first me and then herself. She bought this revolver, made her will and then confided her resolve in a letter to her friend Miss Green. Next day Miss Green (if that is her real name) arrived by train to reason with her. She appears to have reasoned without success and to have said at last: "Well, my child, if you've made up your mind that it is your duty

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to kill General Farroway (my name in the book) I have nothing to say against it. If I were sure that you would be calm enough, in the critical and very short moment, to put a conclusive end to yourself immediately, I should not dream of raising any objections. But supposing that in the comprehensible nervous flurry which would overtake a person of your emotional temperament after she had shot somebody, even a guileless creature like Farroway, you missed 'Yourself'? You would probably not be condemned to death by a French Jury but you would go to prison for twenty years. Are you sure that twenty years prison would not 'break your spirit'? Think it quietly out." According to her story she did think it out, walking about all night until quite exhausted, when Miss Green found her and put her to bed. Next morning reason came.

I never heard of her again until quite recently when a former British Ambassador to Turkey told me that she was still alive and had entirely changed her views on life. I should be very happy to meet her and Miss Green if occasion arose.

Others who came through Constantinople in those days included Miss Gertrude Bell, who was most interesting on all her experiences, Clare Sheridan, whom I met again later, Lord Rawlinson's brother and his party of faithful followers, whose release from the Turks we were able to effect, and Lord Baldwin's son, who had also been a prisoner.

I look upon General Wrangel as one of the most outstanding men I have ever met. He always impressed me by his calm bearing through all those trials: the seventy-five overloaded ships coming down the Bosphorus with the last of the White Russians—with just everything in the world gone—was a sight which can never be obliterated from my memory; I having been told from Home that I was not to help them, as it was entirely the job of the French. (We were, after much representation, allowed to help and were granted money.)

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I often think of my "Trio" as I call those three who passed through my hands—the last of the Sultans of Turkey at Constantinople, King Amannullah at Quetta, Haile Selassie at Gibraltar—Kings one day, refugees the next. How thankful we may all feel for our King and Country.

I was very interested to hear quite recently from our late Ambassador to Turkey, Sir Percy Loraine, that the old regime is never on any account mentioned in Turkey, nor is the word Constantinople—always Istanbul. Thinking of whichever you like, reminds me of a story of that grand old sailor, Admiral Sir John de Robeck. I had ordered the arrest of some thirty Turks by twelve noon on a certain date, and had said that if they were not handed over by that date and time I should arrest the Turkish Minister for War. The date arrived; the Admiral was taking the Fleet to sea for exercises in the Marmara; before he left, he said: "If you have any bother, make me a signal and something will happen." That was too good to miss; the Turks had not been handed over, so I made the signal and something did happen. In a very short time five battleships, ten cruisers and dozens of destroyers came round the point. They steamed through the Bosphorus, the battleships returned and anchored off the Golden Horn, the cruisers anchored mostly off my house at Therapia and the destroyers at Buyuk Dere—a wonderful sight, which made one proud indeed of the British Navy. I got my prisoners, but as they all, or almost all, had the same name—Abdul something—I do not know whether they were the right ones. Anyhow, I did not arrest the Minister for War, Kia Pasha, who was a friend of mine. I always think it would have been fun to have arrested a Minister for War! That would, indeed, have been a new experience.

May Day recalls another incident at Constantinople. There was a general strike of workers, and the head of the workers was a man called Hilmi. I had confined the troops to barracks for the day, and in the afternoon I was playing tennis at our

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house at Therapia when I got a message to say that Hilmi wished to come out and see me. I may say that, before the strike, he had asked me to agree to thirteen points and I had refused every one of them. Anyhow I agreed to see him and he arrived with four car loads of his supporters with red flags and red ties. I asked him why he had come to see me as I had refused every one of his thirteen points, and he replied: "That is why we have come. We want to thank you, and if you say that there is to be no strike, there will be no strike and you can release your soldiers." He protested that he was in earnest, so I told him that I would accept his word, and by telephone I released the soldiers. In several subsequent dealings I had with him, that man played absolutely square with me. I am very sorry to say that he was afterwards murdered in the French quarter in Stamboul for being, I understand, too friendly with me.

Under the heading of Personalities I must mention my predecessor, General (now Field-Marshal Lord) Milne, as I think his handing over to me must be a record. He left before I arrived but left me a note to say that his A.D.C. would tell me everything, and he hoped that we would take on his two old Greek housemaids; this we did. It had a sequel, as my wife and her sister—my A.M.S.'s wife—arrived out, about three weeks after I did, on a very cold night after a journey by the Orient Express. They both had new hot water bottles and thought that by various signs they had conveyed to the old Greek housemaids that they wanted these bottles filled. The old housemaids disappeared and nothing happened. It transpired that they thought the bottles were being given to them as a present, and we never saw those bottles again!

I always look upon General Smith-Dorrien as one of the best soldiers we have ever had. He was a great trainer of troops, and had the gift of being able to sum up the lessons learnt at any of his exercises, so that everyone was able to

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leave knowing that they had really learnt something valuable. His action and bearing at Le Cateau in the Retreat of 1914 is already embodied in history. I always look upon Smith-Dorrien as the one big soldier of the Great War from whom the country did not get full value, not through any fault of Smith-Dorrien. Far from it. I have always understood that he and General French had not got on amicably for years, and that this came to a climax when French was C.-in-C. and Smith-Dorrien was in Command of the Second Army. The British Army was the loser. In the latter part of the war he went to East Africa, but his health broke down. He was very much liked as Governor of Gibraltar. He had a most charming and attractive way with him which inspired confidence.

Field Marshal Lord Haig was quite different. Equally charming and kind to those who served under him, and himself an intense student of war, he was very greatly handicapped by being unable to speak. One felt at all his conferences and public speeches that he had all the stuff there but could not put it out. It was strange for a man who had stood before so many thousands of troops and audiences, but he never got over it and, but for that handicap, I always understood that he would have been Governor-General of Canada.

I think that it was the inability to express his views in public which made Mr. Lloyd George, with his extra quick brain, impatient when dealing with Lord Haig. The latter also found difficulties when dealing with Marshal Foch, especially in the later stages. The canny Scot was taking nothing for granted. He had a very difficult part to play and played it loyally.

I was with Lord Plumer at the Doullens Conference when Haig loyally accepted his subordination to Marshal Foch. One must remember that Mr. Lloyd George hated the Western Front, and was only too anxious to divert troops from that

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front to Italy or elsewhere. Haig must have known that Mr. Lloyd George was only too ready to have him replaced. He also knew that there were other influences at work at Versailles and elsewhere. The Scot had a very hard task, but he won through, and till his death never ceased to work for the good of those who had served him.

I have dealt in earlier chapters with my own three chiefs: Byng with the Canadians, Plumer with the Second Army, and Sir Henry Wilson as C.I.G.S. The first-named with his attractive personality and capacity to get the best out of everyone who came in contact with him, either as Commander or as Governor. Lord Plumer with his firm belief in thoroughness and discipline. He was beloved by all because he was trusted by all. He was really the last of the old school. There were no half measures with him. Not one of us who lived in his mess ever dared to be a moment late for any meal, and breakfast was at 7.30 a.m. No one was ever allowed to refer to anyone like Lord Rawlinson, Lord Byng or Lord Birdwood as "Rawly", "Bungo" or "Birdie". If anyone did once they never did it a second time! He had the asset of being a very good speaker and spoke without notes. His greatest triumph was the opening of the Menin Gate Memorial at Ypres.

As regards my other chief, Sir Henry Wilson, I have tried in an earlier chapter to give a true picture of this much maligned and misunderstood man. No more human or kinder-hearted man ever lived, or one more loyal to his King and Country. Too quick a brain, too great a sense of humour, seeing something funny in everything which slower brains did not always understand, brought him enemies and jealousies. His devotion to Ireland and Ulster ruined him, and led to his foul murder. Not a good chapter in our history. I think what hurt him most was the fact that, when he was washed overboard from his yacht at Cowes and nearly drowned, the only politician who wrote to congratulate him on his

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escape was Lord Curzon, who was really no friend of his. I know he felt that deeply.

Another personality I would mention is the late Lord Rawlinson, a soldier who, as his memoirs by Sir Frederick Maurice disclose, had had a very varied career. I first met him when I served under him when he commanded a brigade at Aldershot. In the early days of the war he appeared from Antwerp or somewhere, and later commanded the Fourth Army with great distinction. He had a most engaging personality, always cheerful and always optimistic. He had some difficult times on the Somme, but his courage never failed, and it was therefore a delight to his many friends when he came to his own on August 8th, 1918, and his army moved forward to success. His association with his Chief of Staff, Major-General (now Field-Marshal) Sir Archie Montgomery-Massingberd, was indeed a happy combination. In later years Lord Rawlinson proved himself a very able and successful Commander-in-Chief in India.

Of Sir William Robertson I can say but little as I never actually served under him, but I shall always treasure his kindness to me on various occasions. I recall one particular incident when I was Chief of Staff of the Canadian Corps at Bailleul soon after the corps was formed. An A.D.C. came to my office to tell me that Sir William Robertson, then C.G.S. of the B.E.F., would like to see me. I went down to see him in his car and he said: "Get inside." He said: "I hear you are worried about things in the corps, so tell me." I did, and he replied: "Don't worry, leave that to me." I did, and certain changes soon took place. He had been told of these things by his deputy, and I quote it to show the human side of this great man who came out to see and help a comparatively junior officer who he knew was up against certain difficulties. I never forgot that kind act.

I pass for the moment to the Royal Navy. It had never been my privilege to meet the Royal Navy until I went to

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Constantinople in October, 1920, and I rejoice to think of the first sailor I met, Admiral Sir John de Robeck. That was the start of a long and valued association with the Royal Navy which only ended in October, 1938, when I left Gibraltar. John de Robeck was a wonderful personality. He was acting as High Commissioner at Constantinople when I arrived in October, 1920. He was succeeded shortly afterwards by Sir Horace Rumbold. On the arrival of the latter, John de Robeck returned to his former command of the Mediterranean Fleet. He and I became friends at once. We had much in common with our cricket and other games. We talked the same language. We came from the same country. His flagship was the *Iron Duke*, and what a ship. She used to anchor opposite my house at Therapia, close to the entrance to the Black Sea. The present Duke of Kent was a midshipman in her at that time.

I often quote our Second Army Staff under Lord Plumer as the best team in which I ever played, but the *Iron Duke* team was a worthy rival. There was a great similarity between those two great commanders, de Robeck and Plumer. They were friends, and I was privileged to know them both really well. In later years they both were honoured by being made President of the M.C.C., the greatest honour which can befall a games player. They both fulfilled that office with honour. I think they are the only two Service Chiefs who have held that high office. I always remember a dinner which was given by the Royal Navy to Admiral de Robeck in honour of his having been made President of the M.C.C. I was the only non-naval representative present. I was at that time President of the Army cricket and rugby, and we had been lucky at that time in our encounters with the Navy in both those games. I always remember in a speech by the captain of the Navy cricket—Ginger Evans—that he said: "We shall never do any good until we get rid of that damned fellow Harington." Within a week of that speech I was sent out to Quetta. Ginger

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Evans and I served together at Gibraltar many years afterwards, and often recall that incident.

To me, John de Robeck was a wonderful man. Adored by his sailors, he had that power of attraction which drew all to him. He invested all around him with a spirit of honesty, sportsmanship and kindliness. To have known John de Robeck was an honour and an inspiration.

In those great days his Chief of Staff was W. W. Fisher, a remarkable man. I knew him well in the Constantinople days, but it was my privilege many years afterwards, when Governor of Gibraltar, to meet him again as C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet, on his annual visits to Gibraltar. They say that if you live long enough with your dog you grow like it. Anyhow I used often to tell "W. W." that each day he grew more like John de Robeck. They were exactly similar characters, always delightful, always charming and always spreading something which brought out the best from those around them. I am, naturally, not in a position to make any remarks from the naval point of view, but I can say and do say, that they were two very wonderful characters, and it was indeed a privilege for a soldier to have known those two men as closely as I did.

Another sailor for whom I had a great admiration was the late Sir Roger Backhouse, who became First Sea Lord towards the end of 1938, after completing his command of the Home Fleet. Unfortunately his health broke down under the strain.

Both Lord Chatfield (then Vice-Admiral) and Admiral Tyrwhitt were in Constantinople when I was there. I remember at the time of Chanak when war was in the balance, Admiral Tyrwhitt told me that if we went to war his job was going to be to run his flagship H.M.S. *Cardiff* at full speed through the Bosphorus. For safety reasons, owing to the wash, ships had to pass through the Bosphorus at a very slow speed. Admiral Tyrwhitt's action would have wrecked every ship and craft in the Bosphorus, all the boathouses and cafés,

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and most of the houses on each side. He was just itching to do so. Memories of his gallant work in the war evidently came back to him.

In an earlier chapter I have related stories of Marshal Foch and his close association with Sir Henry Wilson, and I have also mentioned General Wegand. I have, like many others, received a great shock over General Weygand's recent actions, and we must just await the true story. I had put such great faith in his close association with General Wavell in the Near East. He paid me a visit at Gibraltar on his way to Morocco to see his son who was serving in the French Foreign Legion.

In an earlier chapter on Turkey, I have referred to my dealings with both Mustapha Kemal and Ismet, as they then were, so I will not repeat, but I will try to give a picture of the last Sultan and the Crown Prince. I was received by the Sultan on some three or four occasions. He was always very kind and courteous, but the visits were purely formal, and at that time his authority had practically failed. His writ no longer ran. He knew the end was near. The old officials of the Sultan's Government deserted him one by one. He was a broken man when I saw him in his palace. The morning we got him out by his garden gate and I took him out on my launch to put him on board H.M.S. *Malaya*, he was more alert. I shall always remember his little son, aged about twelve, who was dressed in a new London suit with new gloves on and carrying a new umbrella. I saw the Sultan once again at San Remo, where he was living in a villa. That was about a month before he died. He was very courteous and grateful.

The Crown Prince, Abdul Medjed, was a very different type. Alert in body and mind and striving by every means to save his country and the old regime, but broadminded enough to realize that many changes would have to be made, he was deeply interested in politics, and used to write me pages in French, but I am afraid that I did not rise. That was

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outside my province, but I got to know him well in connection with the work which we did for the Turks in distress. He was a very fine and dignified figure of a man, and he gave me a photograph of himself seated in the chair which had been occupied by Sultans throughout the centuries. He never became Sultan, but I believe, left Turkey with dignity, and has lived ever since in the South of France.

I mentioned General Wrangel in an Eastern chapter when I met him on his arrival at Constantinople from the Crimea. He was indeed a fine body of a man, standing some six foot eight inches in his Cossacks uniform. He and his very wonderful wife used to come to our house on the Bosphorus frequently. In fact he used to take his exercise round our garden. I can safely say that no man in life has impressed me more than General Wrangel, whom I met first when he came to Constantinople with seventy-five overcrowded ships of White Russians.

In a previous chapter I have described my meeting with King Amannullah when I met him on the frontier at Chaman, on the start of his world tour, and how the next time he came to Chaman he was fleeing for his life. I say quite frankly that I was impressed by nothing which I saw of him. His tour was a complete "flop".

The last of the trio who passed through my hands—the Sultan and Amannullah—was Haile Selassie, at Gibraltar, a very delightful and courteous gentleman, whom I saw again last year at Wellington College where he has a son at school. He has recently flown to Egypt in the hope of getting back to his old country.

Whilst still remembering Constantinople, there are two people to whom I should like to refer, the High Commissioner, Sir Horace Rumbold, and his second in command, now Sir Nevile Henderson, the late British Ambassador in Berlin. I can never be sufficiently grateful to Sir Horace Rumbold for his kindness and help during those difficult days. They

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were, indeed, difficult. Sir Horace had, naturally, to carry out Mr. Lloyd George's policy in favour of Mr. Venezelos and the Greeks. I was only concerned with the safety of my Force, a very small one. When the Greeks were completely routed in Anatolia, which ended in the debacle of Smyrna, the situation of the British Forces became exceedingly critical. It is well known that both the French and Italian Forces were pro-Turk, so that the whole burden fell on us. The way in which both the French and Italian Governments deserted us at Chanak by withdrawing their Forces is not forgotten.

SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON AND OTHERS.

It was in Constantinople during the years 1920-23 when I was Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces of Occupation in Turkey, that I came in contact and formed a firm friendship with Neville Henderson. He was then first secretary at the British Embassy under Sir Horace Rumbold. That friendship grew.

It was at Mudania in October, 1922, that I signed with the French and Italian Commanders, Generals Charpy and Mombelli, a convention with General Ismet Pasha, now President Inouyi, which avoided a war with Turkey within seventy-five minutes of the first shots being fired at Chanak. Whether rightly or wrongly I do not know. I was strongly condemned in certain quarters for having done so, and Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Cabinet fell in consequence, though quite unknown to me at the time and, as I have said, attempted to pass a vote of censure on me for having made peace instead of war, but it was frustrated by Lord Curzon.

It seems to-day that we are very glad to have Turkey as our friend. Should we have had Turkey as our close friend to-day if we had gone to war with her in October, 1922? I did not think that our country wanted another war, and the chilly answer of our Dominions to Mr. Winston Churchill's appeal

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for help, showed the true feeling. My close relations with Neville Henderson began after that.

The First Lausanne Conference under Lord Curzon broke down. One remembers the dramatic end of the conference when Lord Curzon left Lausanne and General Ismet Pasha was expected to run down the platform asking him to sign. Ismet did no such thing. Delay then occurred during which truce our situation in Constantinople was getting more difficult. Eventually the conference at Lausanne reassembled and Sir Horace Rumbold was sent as the British representative. I remember so well Sir Horace Rumbold's last words to me were that I was responsible for the Sultan's life and, if things got to the worst, the Sultan's bandmaster, who was father to one of his wives, would warn me as I have told elsewhere. This brought me into direct touch with Neville Henderson. Things became very difficult in Constantinople. We got the Sultan away safely after he had asked me for his safe removal.

Mustapha Kemal then sent some very difficult men to Constantinople, including Rafel Pasha, always with the idea of gaining power and lessening the authority of the Allied Forces of Occupation. After all these years there is no harm in saying that both the French and Italians were wholly on the side of the Turks, and that the dumps and arms entrusted to the care of the Allies after the Armistice of 1918, were released by both the French and Italians to the Turks, and that those arms formed the nucleus of the army which Mustapha Kemal built up.

I have nothing but admiration for the loyalty extended to me personally by the French and Italian Commanders, Generals Charpy and Mombelli, but they were directly under their Governments and had to submit to what they were told, and at that time M. Franklin-Bouillon was carrying out a very deep intrigue with Turkey.

Neville Henderson in his recent book mentions that he and I were both labelled as pro-Turk. Nothing was further from

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the truth. As far as I am aware I have been nothing but pro-British through life. At the same time one had no easy part to play. The Turks became very obstructive and threatening. They meant to be. It was part of their policy to undermine our authority. I got all sorts of orders from home. At one moment I was told that I could evacuate Haidar Pasha and the Anatolian side, and to hold Constantinople. Anything more ridiculous could not be imagined. With Haidar Pasha in Turkish hands, no warship could have remained in the Bosphorus, and in case of trouble we could never have got out. A Turkish sniper, to say nothing of artillery, could have killed an Admiral on his quarter-deck. I always think that the authorities at home must have thought that the Bosphorus was as broad as the English Channel. Once in an official wire, in order to bring things home, I said that the Bosphorus was so narrow that I had myself swum across it and back. I was later told that I could evacuate Constantinople. Had we abandoned those thousands of Christians to their fate, I wonder what would have happened to our prestige and what the French and Italians would have said. It is true that we moved our base to Kilia and were very light in Constantinople in view of any emergency. I was also told that I could evacuate Chanak, but that I was to hold on to Gallipoli. Fortunately at long last the Second Lausanne Conference came to an agreement though perhaps an unsatisfactory one, and by that agreement we were given a time limit of some six weeks in which to evacuate.

On October 4th, 1923, I sailed in the last ship, the *Arabic* after a most warm and stirring "send off" by the Turks. Nevile Henderson came to see me off. My wife and I had stayed with him before we left. He brought me a letter from General Ismet Pasha which I shall always treasure. Nevile Henderson and I had been through some very difficult times with the Turkish authorities, but we had got through successfully. It might have all been so different. It is just possible

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that that friendly departure may have had some little influence towards the friendly situation to-day. I only hope that it has. Anyhow, one thing is clear and that is that Nevile Henderson played a great part in it. He understood the Turk as no one else did, and it was a real honour and a pleasure to have worked so closely with him through those anxious years.

It is quite clear from his recent book that he tried by every means in his power to understand Hitler and his methods, and in order to do so got himself labelled in some quarters as pro-Nazi, but he did so for a good cause, for the cause of peace, but, as he says, his mission failed.

Chapter XVIII

TOC H

It would be impossible to write at length on the subject of Toc H without repeating much of what I wrote in *The Life of Lord Plumer*, which I do not propose to do. He was the chief man behind this great movement. He saw the value of its work almost daily in the Ypres Salient at Poperinghe. He saw what it meant to men who were faced daily with danger and death. He himself often visited that Upper Room and knelt at the old Carpenter's Bench. In that Upper Room many thousands had their last communion. Lord Plumer recognized the inspiration of our Founder Padre. He saw the value of that "Everyman's Club" where people could look in and be sure of a warm welcome and a helping hand—a place where men could find a "quiet room" in which to write perhaps their last letter to their loved ones at home, before they marched up that old road to Ypres, never knowing whether they would come down it again.

It was to my mind the most glorious example of "Unselfish Service". There was no bitterness amongst those men—no pettiness—no jealousy; they were just prepared to give their all if need be. It was on that note that Lord Plumer and others supported "Tubby" Clayton's vision to try to impart that spirit to the younger generation after the war. Thanks to the generosity of certain people, Houses (called Marks) were given, in which various rooms were dedicated to officers and men who had given their lives, and to certain units or corps.

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In some of these Houses thirty or so young fellows live together in the friendly spirit of the Toc H, go to their work daily, do something each day to help others, and live honest Christian lives in which the word "bitterness" is never allowed.

Gradually, as was natural, the soldiers who had fought in the war fell out and the movement passed to the younger generation; this was our object. I think we now have some 1,500 branches throughout our Empire and beyond, and some 40,000 members, all pledged to what we call the four points of our compass:

1. To think fairly.
2. To love widely.
3. To witness humbly.
4. To build bravely.

Some people have an idea that Toc H is a mysterious and secret organization, full of hidden signs and symbols, and others that it is an ex-soldiers' organization. It is nothing of the sort. There are also those who think that it is some sort of religious body. It is not. It is simply and solely that we believe and trust in God, and that we are always out to help others along the road of life first, and ourselves last. It is part of our Toc H prayer to be allowed to "leap with joy to the service of others". We are really a band of Christian people who do not intend to let the memory and example of those "million little white crosses" die. Do they not represent the finest example of "Unselfish Service"? At all our meetings we say: "At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them."

In recent years the League of Women's Helpers (L.W.H.) has been formed under an organization of many devoted women.

Anyone who has attended what we call our Birthday Festival in the Albert Hall will not forget the scene. Having been

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away in Gibraltar for five years I had missed these gatherings and it was, therefore, a joy to me on my return, to attend, one evening, a service in St. Paul's Cathedral of some 4,000 members of Toc H, and to be present at a gathering in the Albert Hall of some 8,000 from all parts of the Empire, and to attend our Founder Padre's church of All Hallows next morning, with some 2,000 others, for communion. All Hallows is the beautiful old City Church in which the lamp of our late patron (the Duke of Windsor) burns day and night. No one could fail to be impressed by the above scenes.

We do not ask anyone to join us. We never have. All we ask is for others to come and see. I do not think that in these troubled days, anyone could look down on that scene in the Albert Hall without being thankful that those 8,000 to 10,000 men and women are representatives of thousands more throughout the Empire who are imbued with the same spirit of "Unselfish Service".

Thanks to the generosity of Lord Wakefield, the old House (now alas destroyed!) at Poperinghe was restored. It was quite delightful and contained the old Carpenter's Bench and other memories of the old House. It was much used by the various pilgrimages to Ypres and the old Ypres Salient.

Thanks also, in the main, to the same great gentleman, the project for the improvement of Tower Hill is well on its way to fulfilment; it is a scheme by which the hideous buildings of "Mazawattee Tea" and others are disappearing and being replaced by gardens, playing grounds for children, bathing places, etc.—all designed to improve the facilities of life in our great City of London.

The recent dinner at the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayor presided, leads us to hope that the City of London will help us in our great project—a project in which both the King and the Queen, who is patron of the L.W.H., are taking so much interest. In 1939 I attended the Garden Party at Hampton Court, which Her Majesty the Queen graciously

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honoured with her presence, after her return from her visit to Canada. This was organized for the furtherance of the Tower Hill scheme. I also attended when H.R.H. the Duke of Kent visited All Hallows Church, Toc H, the Tower Hill improvements and the Headquarters of the League of Women's Helpers. He wished to see the organization before leaving for Australia where the movement is so strongly supported. His departure for Australia has since been postponed owing to the war. His brother, the Duke of Windsor, was our patron for many years; he knew the old house in Poperinghe so well, he visited it constantly.

My old Chief's (Lord Plumer) last words to me were: "Build up Toc H in the Army." Now that I have retired, that is my life's work. I am a president of Toc H and chairman of the Services Advisory Committee. Toc H was born in the Second Army. I have known it from the start. The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force are supporting it nobly and I have great hopes that the Army support will increase shortly; I left a flourishing Toc H House in Gibraltar, named after me, and my latest reports are that the Combined Fleets, which have recently been at Gibraltar, have made full use of it as they do of the House at Malta.

I can only say that Toc H has meant a great deal to me in life, as I know it did to Lord Plumer. Toc H is really my religion. By this I mean that I try each day to fulfil two objects:

- (a) To do something to help someone else, preferably someone who is up against trouble or sorrow.
- (b) To be able to go to bed at night without having said anything unkind, or done anything unkind to anyone during the past twenty-four hours.

I am only human so I must often fail, but it is my ideal, and is, I hope, in accordance with God's Will.

It is a matter of great joy to me that the Army Council have

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recently issued the following letter to the Army, in support of the one issued in February, 1930, after agreement between the late Lord Plumer, General Sir Walter Braithwaite (then A.G.) and the Rev. P. B. Clayton:

14th July, 1939.

The War Office,
London, S.W.1.

SIR,

I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that they wish to bring to your notice the aims and objects of Toc H.

I am to say that Toc H originated from Talbot House, Poperinghe, where serving soldiers could find the amenities of home life—rest, recreation and friendship.

In February, 1930, the Army Council stated that there is no reason why officers and men should not exercise, should they so desire, full membership in peace as they did during war. The Council wish again to commend the objects of the movement to all soldiers and especially to the newly formed militia. They trust, therefore, that General and other Officers Commanding will give every facility to personnel under their command to associate themselves, if they so desire, with Toc H.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) H. J. CREEDY.

I have great hopes that good will come of this. To be quite frank the Army has not given Toc H the support it deserves, or the support given to it by the other Services. Since the war started we have settled down to do our part. We are mindful of and inspired by the part played by the original Toc H in the last war. Lord Halifax, a brother president, has given us an inspiration. He tells us to carry on and we will.

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This generation has only two choices—to live up to their standard, or to fall below it. Toc H exists to help men to live up to the best traditions of the Army and the community.

Lately I visited our Toc H House in Liverpool, called "Gladstone House", the very house in which that great Prime Minister was born. Some thirty young fellows live there, from which they go to their work daily. As I stood in that house I felt conscious of a great link with the past.

By an extraordinary coincidence Tubby Clayton, our Founder Padre, was on holiday in the Orkneys when war started. He did not come south. The old House at Poperinghe came back to him. Here was his mission; with his great vision he saw his chance and took it. He just said: "There is work here," and at once formed a Toc H House to help the sailors; a home to which they could come for rest and warmth and comfort. He got a deputy to answer for him at his great church in London, All Hallows. He loves the Navy, and his call was in the Orkneys with the ships, especially the small ships, the destroyers and the minesweepers, manned by the men who have the hardest of times.

It is by an act of God that Tubby is alive to-day. He was to have been on board the *Royal Oak*, the very night on which she was lost, but two destroyers came in that day and begged for him to go to them, so he asked the *Royal Oak* if he might postpone his visit until the following day, and he went to the destroyers that very night.

As I write, great work is being done in a number of centres, in our ports and in our camps. Those of us who served in the Ypres Salient in the last war know the glorious work which was done by Toc H and our soldiers. We know well that the great work will be carried on to the full in this war.

We now know that several centres of Toc H were started in the B.E.F., and that much splendid work was done and we have had testimony to that effect from many sources. Then the crash came. As I write we have no news of Rex

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Calkin, Reg Staton, Colonel Bonham Carter, Hugh Pilcher and Padre Austen Williams who were all doing yeomen work in the B.E.F. We know that Pat Leonard and Graham Hamilton got away. We believe that our old House in Poperinghe was laid flat. To those of us who knew it in the great war, to those of us who have known it since, as restored by the generosity of Lord Wakefield, it is just a tragedy. In any case what has been done is just in keeping with what we of Toc H stand for namely: "Unselfish Service."

Chapter XIX

THE BRITISH SOLDIER

I COULD not close these "Memoirs" without a tribute to the British soldier. I think I can claim to have known him better than most Commanders have. I have played and worked with him for the last forty-seven years, in peace and in war. There is no one else like him. There is nothing comparable to the trust of the British soldier if one can attain it. It has been my goal in life, ever since I joined at Aden in January, 1892, to win this trust and confidence.

In my early days, especially, and throughout my service, I have been very poor and I could never afford the more expensive luxuries of hunting, polo, etc., so I confined my activities to games. Others have often tried to impress on me how much I have missed. I regret nothing. Had I devoted my time to more expensive forms of sport for my own enjoyment, I should never have been able to go into retirement with the knowledge that I held the trust and affection of the British soldier to the end. It was a priceless asset and always will be. Ever since those early days at Aden and Manchester, I developed a great friendship with the British soldier, and all the years I was in the regiment I ran, or supervised, the regimental games and sports; and how well do I remember all the training for the Army cup.

In my happy days as Adjutant I made many good friends; I often meet men who remind me of those days; one in particular comes to my mind. A draft for India was being prepared at

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Hollywood, and one soldier was determined not to go with it; he kept getting into trouble purposely. Two days before the draft sailed he committed himself again and, at Orderly Room the next day, he had every intention of electing to be tried by District Court Martial instead of accepting the C.O.'s award. I was able to persuade the C.O., however, to give him a Regimental Court Martial, against which there was no appeal. He was awarded the maximum of forty-two days' imprisonment of which forty-one days were remitted. Next day, when I marched the draft from Hollywood to Belfast for embarkation, I had much pleasure in halting outside the guard-room to collect him. Each year at an Old Comrades' Dinner in Liverpool that man comes up to thank me for my act. It saved him and made a man of him.

The mention of Hollywood recalls to mind the first attempt that was made, while I was Adjutant there, to start what was later known as Vocational Training. It was an attempt to teach the soldier a trade before he left the Army. I think the enormous sum of £50 was to be allotted for the first year, and all work turned out was to be sent to the War Office. I remember so well tying a label addressed to the War Office on to what was supposed to be the leg of a chair! Although I speak as a very amateur carpenter I have never seen such an appalling bit of work! It was my job to work up enthusiasm, and I collected, from all men in their last year of service, a list of the trades they wished to learn. Some put down for hatters, some for bakers, tailors, messengers, postmen, etc., and I was able to make arrangements for attaching them to various shops in Belfast. I was completely beat, however, by one soldier who put down for "Painting signs on noble-men's carriages"! As a subaltern, I certainly knew no nobleman, and if I had known one, I could not see him lending me his carriage so that my private soldier could paint signs, crests and armorial bearings all over it! I have been a keen supporter of vocational training since then, and I should be

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interested to know how they deal with similar applications to-day.

In 1911, I formed the Old Comrades' Association of my regiment; this still flourishes in Liverpool, and reunions take place annually in Liverpool and London. At Liverpool we have a service at our beautiful memorial in St. John's Gardens, and then a dinner which the Lord Mayor usually attends; we generally get some 350 old Kingsmen together. It is always a joy to meet them. Before the Great War, when trade was good at Liverpool, employers were so kind to us that we could place any man of good character in a job the day after he left the Colours. It was a great asset. The employers would do the same to-day if they could. It is a great pleasure to me as Colonel of the regiment to know that we have built up a real and lasting friendship with all our Territorial battalions, and with the City of Liverpool, and with the National Employment of Sailors and Soldiers; this Association is very good to our men. Recently we have established a liaison with the new cruiser H.M.S. *Liverpool* to which we have just presented a Drum-Major Staff. Besides being allied to the Royal Regiment of Canada, late Toronto Grenadiers, our regiment is also allied to the 8th Australian Infantry. For many years I have enjoyed the privilege of being Hon. Colonel of the 7th Battalion The King's Regiment, in addition to being Colonel of the regiment. This battalion has recently been converted into the 40th Battalion Royal Tank Corps, and I have been converted also and am now entitled to wear a beret.

Before the war we enjoyed our games, but our trouble was that we had not enough grounds on which to play them. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien realized this and, ably assisted by Brigadier-General Kentish and others, made many improvements at Aldershot, but it was not until after the war that we were really able to do big things for the soldier and his games throughout the Empire.

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I have mentioned in a former chapter that I hold the proud position of being the founder of the Army Sports Control Board and I have, in my time, been President of nearly all the Army games and sports. I shall always bless Sir Charles Harris, Financial Secretary Adviser to the War Office, for the Army Sports Control Board and its subsequent help to Army games. He was a good friend to me, but a difficult man to convince if you wanted money! I think I won because I produced a new theory; when everyone else was proclaiming that they had won the war, I said that "Leather" had won the war. I was talking a great deal of common sense. If people had seen, as I saw, unit after unit come back into rest from the front line, shattered to pieces, their best friends all gone, their hearts, their morale—all gone to zero and below, they would realize what the leather of the football and the boxing-glove did. Life came back, morale returned, and those same gallant units went back fitted to endure those dangers again. Perhaps, as a games player, I realized their value more quickly than others did. Now we have grounds; we have the means of keeping them up; we have pavilions and changing-rooms and bathrooms—all according to schedule and allowed by the War Office.

The British soldier remembers the part I played. He knows that I have worked to make his life happier in many parts of the world.

To me the British soldier is just wonderful. Once gain his trust and affection and you have won something which no money can buy. There is no loyalty like it. I think, as I write, of servants, grooms, orderlies, chauffeurs, and others who have been with me in various places and who would quite cheerfully have given their lives for me.

It has been my special study to watch the treatment of the British soldier by his officers, both senior and junior. From my old Chief, Lord Plumer, who always said: "Good morning" and a cheery word to every soldier, to some junior

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officers who were invariably rude to the British soldier and who thought it was right to talk to him as if he were an Indian "sweeper". One thing was quite clear to me and that was that those officers could never command men—so foolish. You can lead the British soldier anywhere if you treat him properly; he will give you anything in return; but drive him and you will fail, and rightly so; there may come a time in a tight place, possibly on the Frontier of India, when a little bit of kindness and understanding might mean the little extra bit of loyalty and devotion which would save the officer's life.

The British soldier is the best judge of character in the world. He knows the value of his officers. I claim no credit for anything that I have done; I have merely treated the British soldier as a very human being. I have joined in his joys and in his sorrows, and I have realized the grand good that there is in him. I receive literally hundreds of letters from soldiers who have served under me in various parts of the world, sometimes from men whom I cannot personally recollect, but they remember some incident in which perhaps I said some kind word. Only recently I had a letter from a man who was a medical orderly in Constantinople eighteen years ago; he writes to tell me that he is now a male nurse at Tunbridge Wells, quite near to us, and that he thanks God for every remembrance of me. It is very touching after all these years.

I have always fought for the regimental officer and the men under him. The regimental spirit is just all. It is real strength, and I am alarmed at many recent changes; I wonder whether the present authorities realize the value and strength of the regimental spirit. Quite recently I was honoured by the Sherwood Foresters asking me to take the salute at their reunion of both battalions at Bordon. I had certainly had both their battalions under me in Turkey and Karachi, and I had also had their depot and Territorial battalions under me

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in the Northern Command, but the compliment of asking me to come out of retirement to attend their historic reunion and take the salute is one which I shall always treasure.

You can't beat the British soldier. I have known him in war and I have known him in peace. My admiration for him and his sailor and airman brothers is unbounded.

From one's retirement it is always a joy to find oneself back amongst old soldiers. Not long ago I attended a service in the Scottish church in Pont Street on the anniversary of Lord Haig's death, and had the honour of seeing several branches of the British Legion. Later I spoke to fourteen branches of Ex-Service Organizations at Eastbourne (in 1924 I had the honour of being presented with the Freedom of the Borough of Eastbourne), and again recently to a rally of the British Legion (the branches of North-East Sussex) at Rotherfield. I also dined with the veterans of the South African War at Tunbridge Wells. I am also president of the Canadian Ex-Servicemen's Association.

I am proud to think that my G.C.B. Banner hangs over a stall in Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

I meet friends who ask me how I employ my time in my retirement; I can only reply that I am more busy than I ever was as a soldier! The calls of Toc H Playing Fields, Boys' Clubs, Old Comrades' Association, Ypres League, Ypres School, the British Legion, Bisley (of which I am a vice-president), M.C.C. Committee, I.Z., Cheltenham and Welling-ton, Sandes Homes, etc.—all give me a full day's work between them, and to this is added the many duties connected with being Colonel of my regiment. Since the war started I have still more activities.

In the preceding pages the British soldier I have written about is the British soldier whom I knew. I can only speak of the present soldier, Militiaman or Territorial soldier as I see him. From observation and from talks to many soldiers who have served in the B.E.F. and returned from that tragic

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retreat from Dunkirk, I am absolutely convinced that these splendid men have no intention whatever of being one fraction behind their gallant predecessors of the last war.

I was privileged not long ago to inspect and give shamrock to the London Irish on St. Patrick's Day, and was much impressed by all I saw. Shortly after that I had the honour of inspecting and talking to every one of the 700 old Chelsea Pensioners. It did the heart of an old soldier a great deal of good to see the spirit of those fine old fellows.

I must now say a word about three people whom many of my readers will know as Molly, Teresa and Ginger, the most wonderful trio I have ever known. Over twenty years ago we had these two Irish sisters as our only servants, Molly the cook and Teresa the housemaid. We went to Turkey where we found "Ginger," who subsequently married Molly. During the twenty years since then we have had big Government Houses—in Constantinople, York, Quetta, Aldershot and Gibraltar—with much entertaining; through it all Molly has been housekeeper, ordering every meal, and supervising the whole establishment, with dozens of servants under her. Let me tell you that when we had been one month in Quetta, this trio came to me to say that they were so happy they wanted no wages. That is just pure love and devotion. To-day, in our retirement in our humble little house in Sussex, Molly is our cook and scrubs the kitchen floor on her knees; her sister Teresa is housemaid, and Ginger, the chauffeur, just does everything. Such devotion is uncanny. It is the most wonderful "team" in the world.

As I look back on life the two most outstanding factors are the great loyalty and devotion which I have always received through all these years from the British soldier, and the real affection and devoted service bestowed on us by our most loyal team.

I have tried, in these pages, to give a picture of a very happy and contented life from second lieutenant to the Senior

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General in the Army. I must end with a tribute to the one who has made that happy life—my wife, to whom this book is dedicated.

She was born in my regiment—The King's—and I have known her since she was eight years old. We have been married for thirty-five years. Known to all as "Paddy", she has been the personality throughout. From cadets at Sandhurst to admirals and generals of all nations, to kings and queens, ministers and politicians, she has been the same. She has won all hearts by her charming Irish nature. With her wonderful gift for artistic decoration; her fondness of flowers, of horses and all animals; and with her great love of sport, she has gained the affection of all. I like to picture her now, leading her band in Quetta and at Aldershot; riding an elephant in the Indian jungle; and so happy as Joint Master of the Calpe Hunt, where she was in her element and will be remembered by many. No reference to her would be complete without mention of the joy which she derived from her caravan. We bought it in 1924 at the Ideal Home Exhibition; it has been a faithful friend ever since. As it weighs three and a half tons it is too heavy to take on tour. Her delight has been to have it in some orchard, or quiet place, and to have tents pitched near-by for her friends. I recall it on the Yorkshire moors, at Runswick Bay, at a farm near Cooden, in our grounds at Aldershot and, for the past ten years, in an orchard near Cooden. That old caravan is surrounded with happy memories.

We are now settled down in a dear old house in Sussex. We both of us have many happy memories, many good friends and, I hope, not too many enemies.

Forty-seven years is a long innings. I have tried to play it with a straight bat.

Ever since the Great War I have always had on my desk the following, which was given to me by our Second Army padre, the Rev. F. I. Anderson:

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“When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your
name,
He writes—not that you won, or lost—but how you played
the game.”

I end by saying :

“Whate’er the weather, and often it’s rotten,
There are many old friends who will ne’er be forgotten.”



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Appendix I

EXTRACT FROM MY DESPATCH

THE following is an extract from the Despatch which I forwarded on my return from Constantinople in October, 1923. This Despatch was never published. It deals with the part played by the British Forces in Turkey during the period between November, 1920, and the end of the Allied occupation in 1923.

CR/BFT/58410/C.H.H.

Confidential.

SUBJECT: BRITISH FORCES IN TURKEY.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S DESPATCH.

PERIOD 1920-1923.

General Headquarters,
Constantinople.

20th October, 1923.

1. I have the honour to forward the following despatch dealing with the part played by the British Forces in Turkey during the period between November, 1920 and the end of the Allied occupation in 1923. This period covers many interesting phases of the Near East problem, during some of which the situation has been very acute and hostilities imminent, but I am happy to report that the British Forces have come through a trying and difficult period with credit.

2. I will only deal briefly with the earlier period, which dates from a fateful week in November, 1920, when the following events took place:

- (a) The debacle of General WRANGEL'S Army, which was thrown into Constantinople in a deplorable state;

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(b) The fall of KARS;

(c) The overthrow of VENIZELOS;

all of which had a great effect on the situation. The influx of this large number of Russians into Constantinople made the problem of maintenance a very difficult one. Although the responsibility for this fell mainly on the French, it was necessary, for humanitarian reasons, for all possible help to be given. The help given by the British sailors and soldiers at that time was typical of their generosity to those in distress.

3. At this time by agreement with the Allies, the British Forces had been reduced to one Cavalry Regiment, one Brigade R.F.A., two British and four Indian battalions. I also had the 11th Greek Division at Ismid under my command, and the 2/4 Battalion Archipelago Regiment. The French troops consisted of six battalions, one Brigade Field Artillery and two squadrons of Cavalry and the Italian troops of one battalion.

4. The military situation was as follows:—

General PARASKEVOPOULOS had carried out a successful campaign in Asia Minor, which ended in the capture of Brusa and the occupation of Eastern Thrace by the Greek Army.

The Kemalist Army was, at this time, in its infancy. It consisted mainly of belligerent bands under certain energetic and patriotic leaders, with MUSTAPHA KEMAL at their head, and in no way could be considered a serious military factor. It may also be recorded that it was from this period that the Soviet influence began to make itself felt, both at Angora and in Constantinople. I found it necessary to carry out the arrest of certain people who were engaged in matters affecting the security of the Allied Forces. These included certain Bolshevik agents, who were transported to South Russia.

5. We were able, during the winter of 1920 and spring of 1921, to deal with the situation in Constantinople, but as the Kemalist Army grew in strength and organization, it was evident to me that the foundation was being laid at Angora of a weapon which was intended to drive the Greek Army out of Anatolia and force the Allies to evacuate Constantinople.

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As I was not very sanguine of the reliability of the Greek Army for serious operations, I asked for permission to go home and explain the situation, which I did to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (the late Field-Marshal Sir HENRY WILSON, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O.) and also to the late Cabinet. My views were contained in a memorandum (C.P. 2981, of 26th May, 1921), in which I represented that the British Forces in Constantinople appeared to be without a definite objective. In my opinion the Force was too small to impose its will and too large merely to hold up the Flag, and from this opinion I have never wavered. Based on purely military reasons I recommended the withdrawal of the British Force from Constantinople in the above paper.

6. In view of the constant changes in the Greek Army, subsequent to the fall of VENIZELOS, I doubted the ability of that army to carry out serious operations. In my opinion the material was good, but I did not think that the Greek High Command and Staff—many of whom were untried—were capable of bringing large operations to a successful conclusion, especially if a check was received. The latter months of 1921 proved this to be correct. After an initial failure to capture Eskishehr, both this place and Afium Karahissar were subsequently captured by a well-conducted operation. After this, however, the Greek Army embarked on further operations, having for their objective the capture of Angora. The plans for this were well conceived, but required a highly trained Higher Command and Staff to carry them out. The Greek Army was, at this time, unbeaten, and, in my opinion, a serious mistake was made in attempting to carry out the capture of Angora, which, in itself, even if successful, would not have beaten the Kemalist Army in the field; also, the problem of the maintenance of an army so far from its base was bound to be a difficult one and one necessitating a highly trained staff. The Greek plan, as I said above, was a brilliant one, but, as soon as checked east of the Sakaria River, the value of the Greek Army was known to the Turks, and the Staff was not capable of carrying out the complicated manœuvres required. Troubles of supply

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set in, with the result that the Greek Army was forced to come back to its original line. It was, however, able to beat off an attempt on the part of the Kemalists to capture Afium Karahissar.

7. This was followed by a stalemate. Both sides were about evenly balanced and neither appeared to have the power to force a decision. It became then a question of the moral of the two armies. The Greek Army was naturally disappointed at its non-success, whilst the Kemalist Army had made up its mind that, with further reorganization, training and equipment, it would be able to defeat the Greek Army. In other words, one army had an objective while the other had not.

8. Then followed a period during which the Kemalist authorities made strenuous efforts to equip their army, and there is no doubt that a large amount of equipment and arms was smuggled secretly to that army from various sources. The British remained strictly neutral throughout, giving no assistance of any kind to either side.

I would add that, before operations commenced, I had asked permission to hand back the 11th Greek Division and the 2/4th Battalion of the Archipelago Regiment, in order that the British should not be involved. This request was granted.

9. I had also, in July 1921, been granted command of the Allied Forces, the French contingent being about the same size as our own and the Italian contingent considerably less. From this time, with the help of my colleagues—Lieutenant-General E. MOMBELLI, K.C.M.G., and Major-General Ch. CHARPY, C.B.—I was able to initiate several Allied measures of administration which have been beneficial to the maintenance of law and order in Constantinople.

10. As time went on, it is safe to say that the initiative passed to the Turks. The Greek finance failed, and the army began to show signs of discontent. Many changes were made in the Greek Army from time to time for political reasons, and that army in Anatolia never again settled down to serious training for war.

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11. In the spring of 1922, it became evident that the Greeks were having great difficulty in maintaining their army in the field, and in March, 1922, they placed themselves in the hands of the Allied Powers with a view to a satisfactory settlement being reached. It was hoped that the decision of the Allied Conference in Paris in March, 1922, would lead to this result, but, as will be remembered, the Turks would not accept the conditions offered, although all plans had been made for the carrying out of the evacuation of the Greek Army from Anatolia under Allied supervision. It will always be a matter of regret to me that the Allied scheme for the evacuation of the Greek Army and the installation of Turkish Administration in Western Anatolia was never carried out. Had it been, Western Anatolia and Smyrna would not be a scene of devastation to-day.

12. The Greeks then appointed General HADJIANESTES as Commander-in-Chief, who, it is understood, when visiting his army, led them to believe that they would shortly be withdrawn to a more contracted front covering Smyrna. He, at the same time, conceived a plan for transferring a portion of his army to Eastern Thrace with a view to capturing Constantinople by a *coup de main*. This, in my opinion, was an ill-conceived scheme and never had any chance of success. At a certain moment, when I had definite information in my possession that this attack was to take place, I issued a communique warning the Greeks that any attempt to cross the neutral zone, as laid down by the Allied High Commissioners in May, 1921, would be resisted by the Allied Forces, and, at the same time, I transferred the bulk of the British troops on the Ismid Peninsula to the Chatalja lines, placing the same under the command of Major-General Ch. CHARPY, C.B. The French at this time received reinforcements of three battalions of infantry and one regiment of cavalry. These measures proved to be successful and the Greeks did not press their attack. The neutral line referred to ran from Kalikratia—Sinekli just west of Istranja to the Black Sea, some forty miles west of Constantinople.

13. The Turks, however, took advantage of the transfer

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of Greek troops from Anatolia to launch an offensive. Their plan was a brilliant one, and was launched with great force in the neighbourhood of Afium Karahissar. It was known that the Turks were endeavouring to obtain a success, but it is doubtful whether they anticipated operations on the scale which followed. The Southern Group of the Greek Army broke badly, as is well known, and never put up any serious resistance after the first day. It was eventually driven from Anatolia in one of the greatest debacles in history. Credit must, however, be given to part of the Northern Group which extricated itself successfully to Thrace.

14. The Turks, naturally elated by their success, next turned their attention to the Allied Force in Anatolia. At that time, these Forces were wholly British, and at Chanak I only had one battalion of the Loyal Regiment and two British battalions on the Ismid Peninsula. In order to show the Allied unity, I asked the French and Italian High Commissioners to assist me with French and Italian detachments at both Chanak and on the Ismid Peninsula, which request was readily granted, and I issued a communique exactly similar to the one referred to in paragraph 12. The French and Italian Governments, however, did not approve and ordered their detachments in Anatolia to be withdrawn. The true defence of Constantinople lies on the Asiatic side in the defence of the Maltepe-Dodulu-Chiboukli line, some ten miles east of the Bosphorus, which had been prepared for defence by the Allied troops. The decision of the French and Italian Governments that none of their troops were to be employed on the Asiatic side made my position very difficult, as I had insufficient British troops with which to defend either the Ismid Peninsula or Chanak against a serious attack, and it soon became evident that the Turks were concentrating against both places. I reinforced Chanak from my local resources and withdrew all the troops which I had sent to the Chatalja lines. The British Forces were certainly taken at a disadvantage, as, during the previous two years, I had spared no effort to effect reductions and a saving in the expense of the Forces, and it is safe to say that, when these dangers came upon us,

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the Forces were practically immobile. It required, therefore, great efforts to improvise the means by which we could carry on until reinforcements arrived.

15. On 9th September, 1922, I sent Colonel Commandant D. I. SHUTTLEWORTH, C.B.E., D.S.O., to organize the defence of Chanak. The situation was rapidly becoming serious. He only had one battalion of infantry—the Loyals—one squadron 3rd Hussars, and one battery R.F.A. He was shortly afterwards reinforced by the 1st Battalion the Gordon Highlanders and the 2nd Battalion the Royal Sussex Regiment, from Malta. The work of this little Force, under the able and energetic direction of its Commander—assisted by detachments landed by the Royal Navy to wire and dig trenches—is worthy of all praise. This Force was threatened by very superior numbers. I directed all available reinforcements, including the 1st Battalion The King's Own Scottish Borderers, the 2nd Battalion Sherwood Foresters, 2nd Battalion the Highland Light Infantry, 17th and 19th Brigades, Royal Field Artillery, and 5th Pack Artillery Brigade, Royal Garrison Artillery, to Chanak, and I was always comforted by the fact that each hour the position was being strengthened by all ranks of this stout-hearted little Force.

On 26th September, 1922, I sent Major-General T. O. MARDEN, C.B., C.M.G., to re-form the 28th Division at Chanak, and to receive the further reinforcements of artillery and infantry which were arriving, which included the 2nd Battalion the Royal Fusiliers, the 2nd Battalion the Rifle Brigade, and also units of the R.A.F. Major-General MARDEN at once pushed out his Force to extend his perimeter. He took in further ground to the north covering Nagara Point, which proved of great value.

16. By this time, the Allied Note of 23rd September, 1922, had been presented and the Mudania Conference was in sight. I was, therefore, anxious to avoid any conflict if possible, and I issued instructions accordingly. The Turkish attitude, however, very nearly precipitated matters. Their object was to pin the British troops to their position. At first their troops, which were drawn from mounted units,

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did not appear to take the situation very seriously, but later these troops were replaced by infantry, who apparently had orders to provoke a conflict. The situation became extremely critical. Every officer and man in the British Force was trying his utmost to carry out my wishes to reach the opening of the Mudania Conference without incident. Twice, Major-General MARDEN who was loyally carrying out my instructions, telegraphed to me to say that he feared that the limit of human endurance and safety had been reached and operations were imminent. Twice I replied that I fully endorsed any action that he thought fit to take, as I felt that everything possible had been done. Twice I expected to hear in the morning that operations had commenced. No words of mine can express my admiration of the way in which Major-General MARDEN and his subordinate commanders handled this very difficult situation, and it speaks volumes for the self-restraint, forbearance, and discipline of the British troops.

17. I was forced to represent the seriousness of the situation to His Majesty's Government, from which I received every help and support, even to the extent of being authorized, for the protection and safety of the troops under my command, to inform the Kemalist Commander that his troops must be withdrawn behind the neutral line—the line fixed by the Allied High Commissioners in May, 1921—within a time limit or fire would be opened. All preparations were made for issuing this warning, but happily the necessity was avoided within hours of the close of the meeting at Mudania. I was convinced that I was acting in the interests of peace, and in accordance with what I felt would be the wishes of His Majesty's Government, in withholding the warning, as I alone was in a position to judge the situation on the spot.

I found it necessary, just previous to this time, to order the evacuation of the British women and children.

In consultation with the War Office and the Eastern Telegraph Company, I had the cable connecting Constantinople with Europe led over from the Asiatic to the European side of the Dardanelles, to be out of the reach of Nationalist

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sabotage. This measure proved useful, as the instruments on the Asiatic side were actually destroyed by the Nationalist's side forty-eight hours later.

18. The Mudania Conference opened on 3rd October, 1922, and resulted in the Convention being signed on 11th October, 1922. During the Conference, reinforcements of artillery and infantry were arriving daily; the Fleet had been considerably reinforced, and a substantial Air Force was being disembarked and in process of getting ready for action. I will not dwell on the details of this Conference. It was, I understood, to be a military conference of Allied Generals to settle with General ISMET PASHA, Commanding the Turkish Western Army, a line in Thrace behind which the Greek Army should withdraw. I soon found, however, on arrival that General ISMET PASHA was accompanied by political representatives, and that it was intended to draw the Allied Generals into a discussion of political questions outside the province of their instructions. I firmly resisted this attempt. After many long and arduous discussions, we eventually presented General ISMET PASHA with the draft Convention on 9th October, as the limit to which we could go within our instructions. General ISMET PASHA asked for an adjournment until the following afternoon in order to consult his Government. I then returned in H.M.S. *Iron Duke* to Constantinople to complete my plans in case of a rupture, which I anticipated. On my return to Mudania next day in H.M.S. *Carysfort*, I was met by my colleagues, who informed me that the general atmosphere had changed towards peace and that General ISMET PASHA would sign subject to agreement being reached on a few outstanding points. I was not, however, very sanguine, as I had very definite orders from His Majesty's Government to obtain a line of safety for my Force at Chanak and also for the Straits, and also to get a number fixed for the gendarmerie to be allowed in Eastern Thrace. After much discussion, we reached agreement, and the Convention was signed early on 11th October, 1922. The Greek delegation were unable to sign, as they had not received instructions from their

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Government. These were given shortly afterwards. I would like to mention the difficult position in which the Greek delegation, under General MAZARAKIS, found themselves at Mudania. The Allied Generals fully appreciated the soldierlike way in which the Greek delegation faced these distressing circumstances.

I should like here to record the loyal assistance which I have received throughout from my colleagues—Generals MOMBELLI and CHARPY, and also the help and support given to me by the Marquess CURZON of KEDLESTON, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., who went to Paris during this critical period, and by the British Government.

I should like also to record my appreciation of the way in which General ISMET PASHA carried out the negotiations. Though reserved at first, from the moment his suspicions were removed our relations became quite friendly, and every request I have made to him since, has been granted.

19. I returned from Mudania hoping that matters would remain quiet until the Conference at Lausanne opened, and which, at that time, I was under the impression would assemble on 20th October, 1922. In this, however, I was disappointed, and we were soon faced with another difficult period. General RAFET PASHA arrived in Constantinople from Angora as the representative of the Government of the Grand National Assembly and with a view to proceeding to Eastern Thrace as Military Governor. He had several meetings with the Allied Generals for the purpose of making arrangements regarding the evacuation of Eastern Thrace. At one of these he announced to us that the Sultan's Government had been overthrown that day and that he had taken over Constantinople on behalf of the Government of the Grand National Assembly. It certainly came as a surprise to us, when we realized that we were passing through a revolution. The introduction of the new regime very soon brought with it several measures extremely distasteful to the Allied occupation. The point of view taken by the Government of the Grand National Assembly at Angora was that the Allied occupation

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was in no way recognized, but only the presence of Allied troops without control was recognized. This led to a series of difficulties between the Allied Generals and General RAFET PASHA, and it was only after great difficulty and patience that the Lausanne Conference was enabled to open on 20th November, 1922, without a rupture at Constantinople having taken place. This constituted one of the most difficult periods through which we have passed. The Allied High Commissioners were naturally much disturbed by the new regulations issued almost daily by General RAFET PASHA in the name of the Government of the Grand National Assembly, such as the increasing of customs dues and prices generally (resulting in a shortage of bread), assumption of control of Turkish police and gendarmerie, the suppression of mixed Courts, the suspension of officials of the Ottoman Public Debt, the prohibition of certain articles indispensable to foreigners, etc., and several meetings were held between the Allied High Commissioners and Allied Generals on the subject. It was agreed that the Allies should show a united front, and the Allied Generals were instructed to see General RAFET PASHA with a view to endeavouring to overcome the difficulties. It was agreed that, if these could not be overcome, a state of siege would have to be instituted, and the Allied Governments agreed to this course. The Allied Generals were able to induce General RAFET PASHA to modify some of the measures but not all.

20. I was personally in favour of every possible avenue being explored before a state of siege was instituted, firstly because it meant serious operations, the extent of which could not be gauged, and, secondly, I was unaware to what extent the French and Italian Governments would be prepared to send reinforcements, to my assistance. Then, again, the brunt of the enemy's attack was certain to fall on the British, and drastic action in Constantinople would have been the signal for the British Forces at Chanak and on the Ismid Peninsula to be attacked. I explained, therefore, to the Allied High Commissioners that the institution of a state of siege would probably have meant the commencement of

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very serious operations, and that my troops, both at Constantinople and on the Ismid Peninsula, constituted my reserve troops for the defence of the Straits, the defence of which had been given to me as my primary objective; therefore I was in no position to defend Constantinople. If I found myself unsupported by Allied troops—and it was impossible in the time for reinforcements to arrive—I should have to withdraw to the Gallipoli Peninsula, in which case all the Christian population in Constantinople would have been in a state of panic, and it was impossible to forecast what might happen. There were, at the time, some 350,000 Christians in Constantinople. It must be remembered that there was great uneasiness in Constantinople after the reports of the scenes which had taken place at Smyrna had been received, and the Christians were relying on our protection. The institution of a state of siege would also have meant that we should have to take over the complete administration of the city under martial law, and we had not the means of finding the necessary officials. I therefore resisted, and, on looking back, I am confident that my request to be allowed to continue my efforts to make a working arrangement with General RAFET PASHA, especially in view of the fact that we were within a few days of the Lausanne Conference, was the correct one. It was, therefore, with feelings of intense relief that the opening of that Conference—on 20th November, 1922—was reached.

21. During this period the Greek Army had, in accordance with the Mudania Convention, been evacuated from Eastern Thrace with the assistance of Allied missions and troops, and by 30th November, 1922, the Kemalist administration and gendarmerie had been established therein almost without incident, reflecting great credit on the Allied missions and troops concerned. In order to carry this out, I formed a composite brigade of three battalions under Colonel Commandant W. B. EMERY, C.B., C.M.G., whose duty it was to carry out the evacuation of that portion of Eastern Thrace entrusted to British supervision. The total number of Allied troops employed amounted to seven battalions. It was

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a high test of administration, which was carried through in a manner exceeding my anticipations. On the completion of this task, each of the Allies left one battalion on the Maritza to form a buffer between the Greeks and Turks in accordance with the arrangements made at Mudania.

The Turks made several charges of villages being destroyed and other acts of destruction in Eastern Thrace, but, thanks to the initiative of the British High Commissioner in having, before the Mudania Conference, suggested that Allied military missions should proceed to Rodosto, Adrianople, and Kuleli Burgas, to use their influence with the Greek commanders and officials to prevent disorders of every kind, we were able to show the Turks that every care was being exercised and that their charges were in every case unfounded.

One cannot pass from this subject without reference to the assistance given to the Allied missions by General NIDER, C.B., the General Officer Commanding the Greek Army in Thrace, who in all his dealings with the British Army acted with entire loyalty and straightforwardness throughout the operation.

22. At this time I was considerably exercised regarding the life and safety of His Majesty the Sultan, whose protection had been entrusted to me by the Allied High Commissioners. On 16th November, 1922, however, he applied to me in writing for British protection, and two days later he was secretly removed from his palace under arrangements made by the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and transferred to Malta in H.M.S. *Malaya*. The task was a delicate one and was very well carried out by those concerned. The Sultan expressed his gratitude for the arrangements made.

23. During the earlier days of the Lausanne Conference our difficulties continued, but gradually we came to a certain understanding with the Kemalists authorities, and incidents decreased. There was, however, a considerable influx of Kemalists soldiers into Constantinople, and it was evident throughout that they had been preparing organizations, both in Eastern Thrace and in Constantinople, which, in the event of a rupture, would have carried out active operations against

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the Allies. Thanks to the excellence of my intelligence service, I was fully informed of all these preparations throughout.

24. At the same time it is only fair to say that the terms of the Mudania Convention regarding the actual line of demarcation agreed upon were not infringed by the Kemalist troops. These lines of demarcation were actually settled on the ground between Allied and Kemalist officers. The Kemalist Forces which could have been brought against us at this time were approximately 40,000 at Chanak, 50,000 on the Ismid Peninsula, 30,000 Central Reserve, 20,000 at Constantinople, and 20,000 in Eastern Thrace.

25. My instructions from home have been clear throughout, and I am very grateful for the confidence which has been extended to me. My orders have been to hold the Straits as my primary objective.

(a) To hold Gallipoli at all costs.

(b) To hold Chanak as long as I could without endangering my Force.

(c) To evacuate the Ismid Peninsula when forced to by threat of serious attack.

(d) To evacuate Constantinople when forced to.

It must always be remembered that the troops on the Ismid Peninsula and at Constantinople were the reserve troops for the Dardanelles.

26. My plans were placed on the above, and were made in conjunction with the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. The governing factor in any forced evacuation of Constantinople was the Royal Navy. Should I have been forced to withdraw from the Ismid Peninsula, it would have become a matter of days until the Turks could get guns on to the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, which would have made the anchorage untenable for the Fleet. Consequently, I should have had to evacuate Constantinople before the Fleet was forced to leave, and my arrangements were made accordingly. I have realized throughout the necessity for Allied unity. I have no hesitation in saying that the views of my colleagues and myself have coincided on all military questions. In this case, however, the instructions of their Governments differed from

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mine, as the retention of Constantinople—partly owing to the number of their nationals—was given to them as their primary objective, whereas my primary objective was the Straits.

27. The colonies concerned at Constantinople were as follows: French, some 6,000; Italians, 15,000; British, 3,000. My greatest desire throughout has been to reach the signature of peace with our troops still holding the various fronts—Chanak, Ismid and Gallipoli Peninsulas—and with the flag flying high in Constantinople. I am happy to think this has now been realized; there have been moments when it looked impossible. It was evident that had a serious rupture taken place, the Turks would have attacked. Their objective was to drive the British out of Anatolia and to capture Constantinople. They hoped to achieve the latter by a *coup de main* whilst we were engaged in operations at Chanak and on the Ismid Peninsula. I had made my plans accordingly in conjunction with the Allies. Had the Turks attacked us in Constantinople, the Allied troops would have held a perimeter covering the embarkation of the French, Italian and British subjects, and the subsequent embarkation of the British troops. The French troops were to hold Stamboul until such time as their own subjects were evacuated, and would then have withdrawn to Makrikeui, outside Constantinople. It would have been a very difficult operation to carry out, and I am much relieved that it has been avoided. Owing to all the secret and dangerous organizations in Constantinople, an operation of this nature would have given rise to panic, and the fate of the Christian population would undoubtedly have been very serious.

28. I was naturally very disappointed at the failure to reach an agreement at Lausanne in February, more especially as we were then approaching the finer weather, when owing to the country drying up, operations would have been easier for the Turks. I had an opportunity of seeing General ISMET PASHA on his way through from Lausanne to Angora, and I gathered from him that he was sincerely desirous of obtaining a peaceful settlement. In view of the fact that peace had been

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so nearly attained at Lausanne, we had every hope that a settlement would be reached on the outstanding questions without either much delay or likelihood of further danger. It was, therefore, with confidence that we saw the Second Conference of Lausanne open on the 20th April, and watched its progress. As the weeks followed each other we became conscious of a serious difficulty arising between the Greeks and Turks on the question of reparations. Both parties remained firm. Our information showed that the Greek Army had been thoroughly reorganized and was preparing in real earnest to cross the Maritza and retake Eastern Thrace. We also knew that the Turks had been secretly preparing to resist such advance. We were aware of other secret organizations which had been established by the Turks in Constantinople in order to resist the authority of the Allied Forces of Occupation. During this period, however, we became aware of the difficulties the Turks were experiencing in keeping their army in the field, and consequently that they had found it necessary to demobilize certain classes. The climax was reached on 26th May, when happily an agreement was made between the Greeks and Turks regarding the reparations. I look back upon this moment as one of the most critical through which we have passed. Had the Greeks advanced on Constantinople, the position of the Allied Forces of Occupation in Constantinople would have been exceedingly difficult. I am only too thankful to have been spared the task of maintaining law and order under such circumstances.

29. Again I had reason to hope that with agreement reached between the Greeks and Turks we had surmounted the last obstacle to peace, but we were soon to find out that this was not the case. For many more weeks negotiations dragged on, the outstanding questions of coupons, concessions to various companies and evacuation proving most difficult. On more than one occasion a rupture at Lausanne appeared imminent. It is interesting to note that at the same time as the Angora Government was more stubborn and exacting in its demands, the Turkish Army was getting weaker and

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decreasing in value. The men were getting tired and were demanding to be sent home; demobilization was being carried out; discontent augmented by difficulties of supply and clothing settling in; so much that early in June, 1923, I became convinced that the Turkish Army was not more than fifty per cent of its value six months previously. I, therefore, felt it my duty to inform His Majesty's Government that I was of opinion that if the Allies should decide to stand firm and make no further concessions to the Turks, the Allied Forces would be able to enforce any policy decided upon, provided the Allies were prepared to reinforce up to a similar strength to the British. I was convinced that the Turks would not push matters to extremes. I was soon to have an opportunity of testing their attitude. For months past I had been aware of the transport of men, guns, machine-guns and equipment from Anatolia to Eastern Thrace, where a Turkish Army was being built up, presumably to resist a Greek advance. This was strictly against the Mudania Convention which allowed the formation of 8,000 gendarmerie only in Eastern Thrace. When the Greeks no longer threatened, I became aware of the Turkish intention to re-transfer men, horses and guns to Anatolia.

30. On a certain day in June, after verifying my information from the air, I asked the naval Commander-in-Chief to hold up s.s. *Umid*, which was believed to be carrying guns from Silvri to Anatolia. This proved to be correct. The s.s. *Umid* was escorted to Constantinople by H.M.S. *Splendid*. She was boarded by a party of Grenadier Guards and Royal Marines, assisted by bluejackets of H.M.S. *Splendid*. She was found to contain:

500 soldiers.

300 horses.

4 field guns.

14 mountain guns.

The whole operation was admirably carried out under the direction of Major R. E. HARENC, Indian Army, assisted by my A.D.C.—Lieutenant H. N. LEVESON-GOWER, Royal Artillery. Two field guns, the breech blocks of two more field guns, and

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fourteen mountain guns were removed, and the ship subsequently released. No opposition was offered. All attempts of the Turks to explain away the presence of these guns in Eastern Thrace proved futile.

31. The last nine months have not been an easy period for the Allied Forces owing to the fact that the Angora Government has refused throughout to recognize our occupation but only accepted our presence. This has led to certain incidents owing to the fact that it has been necessary for the Allied Generals to insist on our right to try any persons for committing offences against the safety of the Allied Forces. Although General RAFET PASHA agreed to this right of ours, the Angora Government constantly refused to recognize it. On the whole, however, it is a source of satisfaction that incidents have been so few. It was with relief that we learned that agreement had been reached on all points at Lausanne and that peace would be signed on 24th July, 1923, and that the Allied Forces were all to be evacuated within six weeks of ratification by the Angora Government. The closing stages call for little comment.

32. On the eve of peace being signed on 24th July, I issued a Special Order to the troops asking them to conduct themselves with dignity and to maintain the high standard of discipline and restraint which they had shown throughout. I also paid an official visit to the Turkish Military Governor—General SELAHEDDIN ADIL PASHA—to wish peace and prosperity to Turkey, and requested him to assist in establishing the old traditions which have existed formerly between the British and Turkish Armies so that incidents might be avoided and so that we might carry away with us the same respect which our Forces have always had for one another, either as friend or foe. I also said we should leave behind us in Turkish soil the bodies of many thousands of our Forces who had given their lives in fair fight, and we felt sure their memory would always be respected. The Allied Generals also decided that the usual compliments paid between armies should be observed as regards the Turkish Forces. General SELAHEDDIN ADIL PASHA readily agreed and gave orders accordingly. I

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am happy to report that the peace celebrations in Constantinople passed off without incident as regards the Forces.

33. I would draw attention to the refugee question during the period under review. In the early days of November, 1920, after General WRANGEL's defeat, we were faced with some 140,000 Russians, and this was later followed by some 70,000 Turkish refugees. To this must be added the Armenians and other nationalities, and the influx of nearly 100,000 Greek refugees from Anatolia made this problem one of constant anxiety. I cannot speak too highly of the generosity that has been shown by the British Services and the British Colony in affording relief, and great credit is due to the Inter-Allied Sanitary authorities for their efforts in preserving the health of the city under such circumstances. We have been very fortunate in avoiding any serious disease. I would like to pay a tribute to the American Red Cross and Near East Relief as regards this vast problem, and to the League of Nations' Work under Mr. Lawford CHILDS, and also to the work of the Allied and other nations. It is only fair to judge by results. On the termination of the Allied occupation only some 7,000 Russians remain, the majority of whom have regular employment, whilst others are going to America, Bulgaria, and other places. It is indeed a record of which all concerned may well be proud.

34. At my inspection of every unit in the Force, I have been immensely impressed with the spirit throughout. The decision of the late Government to reinforce this Force last September, and the rapidity with which these reinforcements were despatched by the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry, undoubtedly saved the situation and made the Turk decide to stay his hand. The way in which the reinforcements were dealt with, the accommodation which was erected, and the base which was established at Kelia, also the measures which have been taken for the comfort and recreation of the troops, in order to get through the winter months, reflects the highest credit on all concerned, and I am glad to record that these efforts have been greatly appreciated by the troops themselves. The behaviour of the troops and the

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standard set by them, not only amongst the troops of our Allies, but amongst all nations in Constantinople, is worthy of all praise. Constantinople is a thoroughly bad city for troops, beset as it is with bad drink and disease, and I cannot speak too highly of the efforts made by the officers of the Force, the officers' wives, the N.A.A.F.I., and the Y.M.C.A. to help the men and to provide counter-attractions. The steady improvement in the health of this Force during the last three years is a matter of great comfort to me and reflects great credit on the medical and sanitary services, which have been carried out throughout to my entire satisfaction.

This is, I understand, the first occasion on which the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes have been called upon to provide a canteen organization in the field for troops from the day of landing on foreign shores, and I can only say that they have come through with immense credit, and their efforts at Chanak and Gallipoli last winter will not be forgotten by the troops. The Supply and Transport Services of the Force have been carried admirably and have given general satisfaction.

35. I should like also to pay a special tribute to the sister Services. The ever-ready assistance afforded to me by Admiral Sir O. DE B. BROCK, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., and by his predecessor, Admiral Sir J. M. DE ROBECK, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., has been very great. The powerful Fleet standing behind us has been a very great comfort. The assistance given by Rear-Admiral J. D. KELLY, C.B., at Chanak in landing parties to assist Colonel Commandant D. I. SHUTTLEWORTH, C.B.E., D.S.O., to wire our position when the situation was extremely critical, was of great value. No commander could possibly have enjoyed more loyal support than I have from the Royal Navy, and I am very grateful indeed to the Admiralty. The kindness extended to our soldiers on His Majesty's ships has been very greatly appreciated. I have also had the honour of having a fine battalion—the 11th Royal Marine Light Infantry Battalion—under my command.

36. I am also very grateful for the help given to me by the

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Air Ministry, and it has been a great honour to have the highly efficient squadrons of the Royal Air Force—under Group Captain P. F. M. FELLOWES, D.S.O.—under my command. They have loyally responded to every call made upon them. I am also very grateful to the Air Ministry for the 1,000 Air Force personnel *en route* to Mesopotamia who were transferred to Constantinople to assist me in the preservation of order in the town during a very critical period. I am very proud to say that the firm friendship and co-operation between the three Services in Constantinople has not only been a sign of great strength, but, I believe, has been realized and appreciated by everyone in those Services, and will, I am confident, have far-reaching results in the future.

37. I should also like to pay a tribute to the assistance given to me by the British High Commissioner—His Excellency Sir HORACE RUMBOLD, Bart., G.C.M.G., M.V.O.—and by Mr. NEVILLE HENDERSON, C.M.G., who has acted as High Commissioner in the former's absence at Lausanne, and to their staffs.

It has been not only an honour but a great experience and pleasure to have had such an opportunity of working in close co-operation with the Diplomatic Service.

I would also record my appreciation of the kindness extended to me by the French and Italian High Commissioners—His Excellency General PELLE, C.B., and His Excellency the Marquess GARRONI, G.B.E. I have had a great many dealings with the Allied High Commissioners during the last two years, and our relations have always been of the most cordial nature.

38. The difficulties of a Force of Occupation must always be great, especially in a city the size of Constantinople, but I feel confident that many useful administrative measures were introduced by the Allies, notably the formation and maintenance of the Turkish Gendarmerie in the areas under Allied occupation. The assistance which we obtained from the gendarmerie in the Scutari Sanjak was of particular value. Various sanitary measures for protection against venereal disease—which is rampant in Constantinople—repair of

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roads, etc., will, I think, all prove to have been beneficial. I have personally received nothing but kindness from representatives of all nations with whom I have come in contact during the past two years in the institution of various administrative measures.

39. The work of the Allied Police Commission under Colonel C. R. BALLARD, C.B., C.M.G., and subsequently under Colonel CAPRINI, Italian Carabinieri, deserves great credit. The work of this Commission during the past three years has been very great. They have been responsible for the maintenance of law and order in the city and have worked in the closest relations with the Turkish Police. The best tribute I can pay to their work is to say that it has never once been necessary to call on the assistance of the troops to help them maintain order.

The British section of the Allied Police has been controlled to my entire satisfaction by Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. MAXWELL, O.B.E., M.C., the Cheshire Regiment, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. O. FAVIELL, D.S.O., the Queen's Regiment, and Major T. L. C. CURTIS, Coldstream Guards, in succession. The British Military Police also did excellent work and maintained a very high standard throughout.

The administration of justice by Mixed Courts and the protection of Allied subjects has been very well carried out by military magistrates attached to the Allied Police Commission.

In all questions affecting International and Turkish Law I have been most loyally and wisely advised by my legal expert, Captain (Temporary Major) G. SIMS MARSHALL, M.B.E., Durham Light Infantry, Deputy Judge Advocate General, and much assistance has been given by His Honour Judge LINTON THORPE, His Britannic Majesty's Supreme Court.

I would also mention the work of the British Fire Brigade under Captain W. C. P. DAWSON, Royal Field Artillery. The brigade made a great name for itself in Constantinople. It reached a very high standard of smartness and efficiency and was instrumental in saving much life and property.

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40. I cannot close this despatch without reference to the manner in which the evacuation has been carried out.

On the evening 23rd August, 1923, I was informed officially that the Treaty of Lausanne had been ratified by the Government of the Grand National Assembly.

The evacuation of the British Forces began the following day and was carried through according to programme from start to finish, ending on October 2nd, 1923, with the departure of the Allied Generals and the termination of the Allied occupation.

The period of evacuation will always be associated in my memory with the highest example of the conduct of British troops. I called upon the British troops to conduct themselves with dignity and to hand over all barracks and camps in good order. I am glad to report my wishes have been carried out to the letter. Every unit has left in perfect order and I am very proud to state that not one incident has occurred throughout the whole period.

The greater part of our surplus stores, huts, etc., were sold to the Turkish Red Crescent and were all handed over in good order.

The Turkish war material which had been in Allied charge was similarly handed over in accord with the agreement made at Lausanne.

All requisitioned buildings were also handed over.

The close of the occupation was marked by a very impressive ceremony. Each of the Allies and the Turks furnished a Guard of Honour of 100 men with Colours—the British Guard being composed of Grenadiers and Coldstream Guards with a Colour Party of the Irish Guards. The whole parade was under the command of Colonel Commandant J. McC. STEELE, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding 1st Guards Brigade.

The three Allied Generals were received on parade by the above Guards.

After inspection of the Guards of Honour the Colours of the British, French and Italian Guards were marched to the front and saluted by the Allied Generals whilst their respective

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National Anthems were played. Similarly, the Turkish Colour was brought forward and saluted.

The ceremony was meant to represent the hauling down of the Allied flags with due honour and the hoisting of the Turkish flag. The British, Italian and French Guards of Honour then marched past the Allied Generals and embarked.

At this moment I witnessed a scene which I shall never forget.

The dense crowd of Turks which had witnessed the ceremony and had greeted the Generals and troops of the Allied nations with the greatest applause and respect, suddenly broke loose and swarmed round the Allied Generals.

It was a most spontaneous outburst of goodwill and appreciation of our efforts of the past years and will ever be remembered. The British Guard with Colonel Commandant STEELE marching at its head was warmly applauded all the way to its embarkation.

After taking leave of the High Commissioners and Corps Diplomatique and representatives of the several communities assembled, as well as the Turkish Military Governor, General SELAHEDDIN ADIL PASHA and Dr. ADNAN BEY and other Turkish officials, the Allied Generals embarked on their respective ships. I embarked in the S.S. *Arabic* with the 2nd Battalion the Grenadier Guards and the 3rd Battalion the Coldstream Guards.

The ships carrying the Allied Generals then steamed out through the Allied Fleets by whom they were saluted by guards and bands. The Allied Fleets then followed.

Thus ended the Allied Occupation of Constantinople.

A particularly gracious compliment was paid by the Royal Navy as we passed through the Dardanelles at midnight in S.S. *Arabic* with the two battalions of the Guards, the last of the British Forces in Turkey.

His Majesty's ships at Kilia and Chanak furnished an archway with their searchlights under which I passed from my late Command and so ended a very happy association with the Senior Service which none of us will forget.

Before leaving, farewell services were held at Haidar Pasha

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Cemetery, where those we have lost during the occupation lie buried alongside their comrades of the Crimean War, and also at SUVLA BAY, where a last tribute was paid to those who fell in the GALLIPOLI Campaign. A memorial service was also held in the Crimean Memorial Chapel on the last Sunday before leaving, and to which chapel the Union Jack which had flown over G.H.Q. was presented.

I also sent a Staff Officer Brevet Major (local Lieutenant-Colonel) HEYWOOD to place wreaths on my behalf in the British cemeteries at the STRUMA, DOIRAN and MIKRA, to the memory of our comrades of the British Salonika Force who fell in that campaign.

41. It is my pleasing duty to bring to your notice the support of my Allied colleagues—Lieutenant-General E. MOMBELLI, K.C., and Major-General Ch. CHARPY, C.B. Since the Allied Command was formed in July, 1921, these two officers and their staffs have given me the most loyal and devoted support. We have worked daily together through difficult times and have become the firmest of friends. Our work together has been nothing but a pleasure. It has been a great honour to have been entrusted with the Allied Command and one which I shall always look back upon with nothing but affection.

42. I attach a list of officers whose services I wish specially to bring to notice.

NOTE. As I mentioned in the Text, with the exception of the grant of a K.B.E. to Major-General Marden and one junior brevet, no honours or rewards of any kind were given to either British or Allied officers in connection with the above.

Appendix II

FOREIGN OFFICE LETTER TO ARMY COUNCIL.

Copy.

E 9961/7781/44

Foreign Office, S.W.1.

11th October, 1923.

SIR,

With reference to my letter No. E 9950/7781/44 of the 10th instant, enclosing a copy of the despatch from the Acting British High Commissioner at Constantinople forwarding copies of correspondence between himself and General Sir Charles Harington on the occasion of the latter's departure from Turkey, I am directed by the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston to transmit to you, herewith, to be laid before the Army Council, an extract from a further despatch from Mr. Henderson, reporting the final evacuation of Constantinople by the British troops on the 2nd instant, and recording his deep appreciation of the part played by General Sir Charles Harington and his troops during the period of occupation.

2. The Secretary of State fully shares Mr. Henderson's appreciation of the attitude of General Harington and of the troops under his command. He has read Mr. Henderson's description of the close and cordial relations which have always existed between General Harington and His Majesty's High Commission with the greatest satisfaction; and he cordially endorses all the sentiments expressed in the enclosed extract.

3. His Lordship has had many opportunities of appreciating the unfailing tact and skill with which General Harington has performed his most difficult duties during the period of the Allied occupation of Turkish territory, and considers that the fact that a peaceful and satisfactory settlement with Turkey has finally been reached is due in no small measure to the part played in the events of the last few years by the British Commander-in-Chief.

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4. I am therefore to request that a suitable expression of His Lordship's high personal appreciation of his services may be conveyed to General Sir Charles Harington on his arrival in this country.

I am,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Sgd.) D. G. OSBORNE.

The Secretary to the Army Council.

Appendix III

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON'S DESPATCH.

Copy.

E 9961/7781/44.

EXTRACT FROM MR. HENDERSON'S DESPATCH NO. 622 DATED
2ND OCTOBER, 1923, FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

As I had the honour to report to Your Lordship in my telegram No. 485, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Harington and his staff and the last contingent of the British Forces in Turkey left Constantinople on board the S.S. *Arabic* this afternoon. The *Arabic* was followed by the *Graz* and the *Medie II* with Generals Mombelli and Charpy and the last Italian and French contingents, and escorted by H.M.S. *Marlborough* flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Watson. Their departure constituted the final act in the evacuation of the Allied Forces, which has been carried out without a hitch or incident of any kind—a satisfactory consummation which reflects the highest credit on General Harington and all the officers and men under his command.

The final proceedings on shore took the form of a short but impressive military parade the details of which are described in the programme attached to this despatch. British, French, Italian and Turkish detachments took part, the colours of each being saluted in turn, in the presence of the

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Allied Generals, Allied High Commissioners, Turkish civil and military representatives, the Diplomatic representatives of neutral powers and a very dense crowd of Turks.

The British Guard of Honour was furnished by 100 men from the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards and the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstreams together with a Colour party of the Irish Guards. The Turks could not resist the impression given by the magnificent appearance, bearing and drill of the British detachment which alone was cheered by the Turks themselves as it marched off the ground, and all through the streets to the quay where it embarked about a mile away. I do not think that this last impression will be easily forgotten.

Immediately on the close of this parade, which took place on the square by the Dolma Baghtche Quay, Sir Charles Harington and his Allied colleagues proceeded to the vessels which were to convey them to their respective destinations. About an hour later I followed Sir Charles Harington on board the S.S. *Arabic* in order officially to wish him good-bye and to express to him my personal appreciation of the very generous help and consideration which I have never failed to experience at his hands during the various periods that I have had the honour to be in charge of His Majesty's High Commission.

It only remains for me now to report officially to Your Lordship my deep acknowledgment of that help, as well as my sense of appreciation of the very valuable services which Sir Charles Harington has rendered to His Majesty's Government during the tenure of his appointment at Constantinople.

In their larger sense these services are of course already well known to Your Lordship, but I refer here to those connected with the solution, often with consummate tact and patience, of the many local difficulties and delicate situations, the details of which must be unknown to Your Lordship, with which he has had to deal under the very abnormal conditions which have obtained here during the last twelve months.

By the force of his own personality General Harington succeeded in winning the complete confidence and respect of the Turks. This was conspicuously apparent during the

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final six weeks' period of the evacuation, which was carried out in a manner which has greatly enhanced British prestige in this country.

Nor can I omit to bring to Your Lordship's notice the cordial co-operation of the Army Staff, which has done much to simplify our common task in Turkey.

I should be grateful if Your Lordship would see fit to convey to the Army Council an expression of Your Lordship's thanks for the great assistance and loyal support which has invariably been rendered to this High Commission by General Harington and the Forces under his command. The close relations between us has enormously facilitated my own task and in this respect I am under a deep personal as well as official obligation.

Appendix IV

LETTER FROM FRENCH HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Haut Commissariat de la
République Française
en Orient.

Constantinople.
le 1er Octobre 1923.

Service Politique.
1/10b.

MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL,

J'ai l'honneur d'accuser réception à Votre Excellence de sa lettre du 29 Septembre et de la remercier très vivement des sentiments qu'elle veut bien y exprimer.

Ces sentiments trouvent de notre côté le plus sincère écho.

Au moment où vous quittez Constantinople, je tiens à vous dire en mon nom, comme en celui de la Colonie Française de Constantinople, le profond souvenir que nous garderons de votre présence ici et de la manière dont vous avez exercé vos hautes fonctions.

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Le Général PELLE vient de me faire parvenir le télégram suivant :

“Veuillez transmettre mes remerciements et mes vœux au Général HARINGTON, à qui nous sommes principalement redevables du parfait accord entre les armées alliées.”

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Général, les assurances de ma haute considération.

(Sgd.) for French High Commissioner.

Son Excellence

Monsieur le Lieutenant-Général Harington

Commandant en Chef les Forces Alliées

d'Occupation de Constantinople.

Appendix V

LETTER FROM GENERAL ISMET PASHA.

His Excellency General Harington,

General Officer Commanding the Allied Forces.

I thank you sincerely for Your Excellency's congratulations. I hasten to congratulate Your Excellency for the happy result of your efforts made in this matter.

Your comrade of Mudania,

(Sgd.) ISMET.

23rd August, 1923.

Appendix VI

LETTER FROM CROWN PRINCE ABDUL MEDJID.

EXCELLENCE,

Ayant déjà eu l'occasion d'apprécier les éminentes qualités qui vous caractérisent ainsi que les sentiments généreux

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qui vous animent, j'avais senti un vif plaisir en apprenant que vous aviez été chargé par votre Gouvernement de le représenter à la Conférence de Moudania. Je m'estime très heureux de constater aujourd'hui que les grands espoirs que j'y avais fondés se sont grace à Dieu entièrement réalisés.

Quelque glorieuses que soient les victoires militaires, de nos jours les œuvres de paix le sont, et à juste titre, bien plus encore. Ainsi je me fais un plaisir de vous féliciter sincèrement du grand bienfaisant succès que vous venez de remporter sur ce champs.

Je considère l'accord réalisé comme le premier pas vers le retour à la *traditionnelle amitié* qui a rattaché nos pays pendant siècles. Profondement convaincu de cette imperieuse nécessité, je n'ai point manqué de l'exposer à différentes reprises à l'opinion publique anglaise par l'intermédiaire du Morning Poste de même que je vous en fait par aussi occasionnellement. Je pense que le moment est enfin venu de renouer forcément, dans l'intérêt commun, les liens de cette cordiale entente séculaire.

En espérant fermement que vous voudrez bien vouer tous vos efforts à cette noble tâche, je profite de l'occasion, Excellence, pour vous renouveler les assurances de ma très haute considération.

(Sgd.) ABDUL MEDJID.

Baglar-Bachi le 14 Octobre, 1922.

Appendix VII

ADDRESS BY C.-IN-C. AT "MUDANIA DINNER" HELD AT
PERA PALACE HOTEL ON 30/10/22.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES AND BROTHER OFFICERS,

First of all let me say that this will be the only speech, so don't anyone be frightened. I cannot, however, let this occasion go by without making a few remarks.

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First of all, I appreciate the honour of Your Excellencies in coming to dine this evening, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Your Excellencies for all the support which you have always given to the Allied Generals, and especially to myself. We have just completed two strenuous years of work together, and I shall look back always with pleasure on the amicable way in which our many problems have been faced and dealt with.

I am also glad of this opportunity to pay a just tribute to my colleagues—Generals MOMBELLI and CHARPY. I am very proud to have been entrusted with the Allied Command, and I can only say that I value their friendship very dearly. We have worked together for a long time and dealt with innumerable questions to the best of our ability with never a cross word or cross look, and the loyal and devoted way in which they both supported me at Mudania is a memory very dear to me. We were faced with a very difficult situation—I especially so—and I was not slow to see from start to finish that my two colleagues were straining every nerve, both in and out of the Conference room, to help me. They knew my task and responsibility was a heavy one. I had to do my utmost on the one hand to secure an agreement to help towards peace, and, on the other hand, I had to prepare in case our efforts failed.

I must allude to other help extended to me. During the past two years I have received more than kindness from the Allied Admirals as well as from the Allied High Commissioners and Generals. Our relations with the navies could not be better. The British Navy has been like a "big brother" to me during the past two years. I have passed through many anxious times; the "big brother" always comes to see I am not bullied. The help extended to me through the recent crisis cannot be measured by any words that I can express. The help of Admiral KELLY at Chanak, and their ready help here is beyond all praise. I am sorry Admiral BROCK could not be here to-night, but I will ask his able representative—Admiral TYRWHITT—to accept my tribute as only an indication of what I really feel.

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I should next like to refer to the Royal Air Force. I have always looked upon Air-Marshal TRENCHARD as one of my greatest friends. He has certainly proved it lately. I can only say that in Group Captain FELLOWES and the magnificent squadrons which I have seen under his command the Royal Air Force has given of its best. The squadrons are full of officers with most distinguished records. I ask Group Captain FELLOWES to accept my warm appreciation.

I should next like to thank the Staffs. The work between the Allied Staffs, both here and at Mudania, has won my entire confidence and admiration. I have seen it daily, and in it I have seen some of the best work I shall ever be privileged to see. No Commander has ever been served by more loyal Staffs. It is always dangerous to mention names, but the Allies will agree with me that the patience and physical effort of Lieutenant-Colonel HEYWOOD at Mudania in interpreting every word of the conversation, and in committing the same to writing, was an effort of which he may well be proud.

I come lastly to those who were never out of my thoughts. The Allies will not only pardon me, but will join with me, in expressing their admiration of their restraint and forbearance. The troops under my command were very sorely tried, both at Chanak and on the Ismid Peninsula. They were exasperated beyond words. The Kemalist troops were all around them; every provocation was put in their way. I know instances of men crying because they felt the limit of endurance had been exceeded. I doubt if troops have ever been called upon to endure such provocation. Every man was fighting within himself to help us at Mudania, to give us a chance of success. Had the guns gone off, all chances would have vanished, and you and I do not know what the situation to-day would have been.

Now let me pay a just tribute to the man to whom the chief credit is due—who is here to-night—General MARDEN, the Commander at Chanak. We Allied Generals have had far too much credit showered upon us. We had long and anxious times, no doubt, but not to be compared with the

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man responsible on the spot, seeing the situation daily, receiving at every hour reports of the situation becoming more and more impossible, beyond what human nature could endure. He and I were in constant touch. Twice I told him that he had done all that was humanly possible, and he must act. But yet this loyal, cool and determined Commander held his fire in order to help me. I shall always picture the Chanak force—built up from one battalion by Colonel SHUTTLEWORTH, standing at bay, increased to a considerable size, backed up by the great gunfire of the Royal Navy and Army, supported by a most powerful Air Force—all in readiness—but every officer and man trying to give the Allied Generals a chance. I can never be grateful enough to General MARDEN, Colonels SHUTTLEWORTH and BECKWITH, and the officers and men under them, and to Colonel EMERY and the men under him on the Ismid Peninsula. A wonderful test of discipline. I am devoutly thankful that the Allied Generals did not fail them.

We are interested to see that General ISMET PASHA, our late friend, has been chosen to represent the Nationalist Government at the Peace Conference. We only hope that his selection, and the evident desire for peace which he showed when we parted, may be good omens of a real and lasting peace.

I should fail in my duty if I did not allude to the masterly way in which General NIDER withdrew his army and the Greek inhabitants from Thrace under heartrending conditions, and I announce that the installation of the National Administration and Gendarmerie began this morning.

The Allied Generals claim nothing. They only hope that their humble efforts at Mudania may be found to be of use to the representatives of our respective Governments at the forthcoming Peace Conference.

I thank you all for listening to me, and for doing me the honour of being present to-night.

Constantinople

October 30th, 1922.

Appendix VIII

ADDRESS BY THE ALLIED GENERALS TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL ISMET PASHA

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

The three Allied Generals who had the honour of meeting you just ten months ago at Mudania have come to-day to offer you their best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of Turkey and to offer you their sincere congratulations on the wonderful task which you have brought to a successful conclusion in the interests of your country.

Your country may justly be proud of you. We are happy to think that Peace has at last been reached and happy to think that we formed the first link with you which has led to the present peace. We met you then as a soldier who had commanded the Western Army with such success.

We appreciated your soldierlike qualities and the friendship you extended to us and we have since admired the statesmanlike qualities which you have shown at Lausanne.

We are not concerned as soldiers with Peace Terms or Treaties. We were sent here as soldiers to carry out a task. That task has not been an easy one, especially during the past year. We are happy to think our task is nearly completed and that we have managed by goodwill on both sides, to steer successfully through many difficult situations.

There have been certain incidents but I am glad to say they have been few. They are all attributable to the same cause. While we have by International Law had to uphold the right of the Allied Forces to try those who have committed offences against the safety of Allied Forces, your Government did not agree to recognize our occupation. That has been the sole difficulty. We have throughout tried to show every courtesy and consideration to your nation. We have done our best to preserve the health, sanitation and property in Constantinople. Our fire brigades have done useful work.

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We have also protected your city and safeguarded it against the outbreak of epidemics. Since peace was signed we have been glad to arrange for the exchange of the usual compliments and salutes between friendly armies.

We are anxious that old traditional friendships should be re-established.

I say this very sincerely on behalf of the British Forces, and we gladly recall the days of the Crimea when our Forces fought side by side. My great friends and colleagues, Generals Mombelli and Charpy, will wish to express similar sentiments as regards their Forces. We are anxious to withdraw our Forces in accordance with the agreement which you have made. We wish to avoid any incidents and we wish to withdraw with the dignity and respect befitting our nations. We shall carry away with us many happy memories of Constantinople and your nation.

We hope that History will give us credit for having done our best to carry through a difficult task, both justly and kindly. The evacuation will be carried out exactly in accordance with the terms of the treaty, and will be concluded within six weeks of ratification. Our arrangements are all completed and will be communicated to your representatives in due course.

Arrangements will be made for handing over the war material in accordance with the terms of the treaty.

We will co-operate with your representatives and do our best to meet their wishes in so far as lies in our power.

We leave behind us many Allied soldiers who gave their lives in fair fight. We know well that you will always respect the memory of gallant soldiers who nobly carried out their duty.

We also ask that those who have been employed in various capacities by our respective Forces will not be molested or interfered with. They have merely been employed on non-combatant work, labour, etc., which is the recognized custom of all armies in foreign countries.

Your Excellency, we ask you to accept our very best wishes and the best wishes of our respective Forces. We

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shall watch your future with great interest. We ask you to remember the three Allied Generals and our friendship formed at Mudania.

We ask you also to convey our respects and best wishes to your President, His Excellency General Moustapha Kemal Pasha. We should like to take this opportunity of bringing to your notice the courtesy and help which we have received from Dr. Adnan Bey, General Rafet Pasha and General Selaheddin Adil Pasha.

Appendix IX

LETTER FROM LORD CURZON.

Private.

1 Carlton House Terrace,
S.W.1.

October 20th, 1922.

DEAR GENERAL,

I am much obliged for your kind words. We should have been idiots had we not backed you up and trusted your sound judgment, and perfect command of the situation. But as I think, the most difficult part of the road lies before us and the Peace Conference fills me with gloomy apprehensions. However, we shall doubtless meet and discuss all this. We are in the midst of a crisis here almost as bewildering as Chanak.

I am,

Yours sincerely.

(Sgd.) CURZON.

Appendix X

LETTER FROM LORD BALDWIN.

Chequers.
Butler's Cross, Aylesbury,
Bucks.

5th June, 1937.

MY DEAR HARINGTON,

Your kind telegram gave me great pleasure for you are a judge of an innings and of the straightness of the bat! I may add that I have stood up to a bit of body-line bowling too!

It would be a great pleasure to me if we happened to meet at Lord's next month.

Ever yours sincerely.
(Sgd.) STANLEY BALDWIN.

Appendix XI

LETTER FROM ADMIRAL SIR W. W. FISHER.

Commander-in-Chief,
Mediterranean Station.
Queen Elizabeth,

MY DEAR TIM,

Feb. 5.

Bless you for the kindest of letters—just like you. Everyone tells me what I already know, that Gibraltar is Utopia, and that it is to you both—your consideration for all, your accessibility, your sympathy and understanding that this has come about. Gibraltar is lucky. You have smoothed away all discord and every man and woman, English and Spanish, is entirely devoted to you.

Yours ever.
(Sgd.) W. W.

Appendix XII

DRAFT SPEECH TO ISMET

I have just before I left the *Iron Duke* received a message to say that Lord Curzon has, after to-day's Cabinet Meeting, proceeded to Paris to confer with M. Poincaré.

I beg Your Excellency to note this evidence of immediate action. I am confident that all will be well.

Whilst at Constantinople I have made all arrangements to send troops without a moment's delay to Thrace should that be the decision arrived at.

I hope you will give me credit for my efforts to help you. I know your feelings over Eastern Thrace. Will you believe me when I tell you that your reports of burnings are not confirmed? There was a big forest fire near Serai. It was not the burning of villages. So far our Allied Commissions have obtained no evidence to confirm your fears.

Will you also give me credit for one more effort? I have been told twice to-day to wait at Constantinople for reply from Paris after meeting between Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré. I have not done so as I considered myself in honour bound to come and inform Your Excellency of the situation. I tell you frankly that I am very hopeful. The solution is in sight.

You have named the date for the big conference as 20th October, fourteen days from now. You have left no doubt of the necessity for immediate action by the Powers. I give you the message of immediate action. What you have been promised is before you.

I beg of you to do nothing to mar your progress towards that result. You trust us and we will gladly trust you.

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